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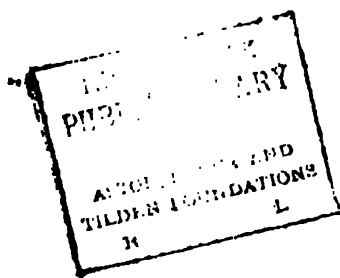
IN THREE VOLUMES.

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M DCC XL.





T H E
British Muse.

P A N D E R.

L'M kept for pleasure, though I never
taste it.

For 'tis the usher's office, still to cover
His lady's private meetings with her
lover.

Marston's Insatiate Countess.

I. At best 'tis but a goodly pandarism.

brewd business.

A child in thrift, thou fool of honesty ;

disparagement for a gentleman,

friends of lower rank to do the offices

necessary kindness without fee

one another ; courtesies of course,

hubs of society ; when petty mushrooms,

uplanted from their dunghills, spread on mountains,

pass for cedars, by their servile flatteries

great mens vices ?——pander——th'art deceiv'd,

word includes preferment,——'tis a title

lignity, I could add somewhat more else.

beauteous sister like a precious tissue.

O L. III.

Not shap'd into a garment fit for wearing,
 Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning
 'To set the richness of the price at view ;
 'Though in her self all wonder.

John Ford's Fancy chaff and

But you are
 'The squire of dames, devoted to the service
 Of gamefome ladies ; the hidden mystery
 Discover'd, their close bawd : thy slavish breath
 Fanning the fires of lust ; the goe-between
 'This female, and that wanton sir : your art
 Can blind a jealous husband, and disguis'd
 Like a milliner, or shoemaker, convey
 A letter in a pantoufle, or glove
 Without suspicion ; nay, at his table,
 In a case of pick-tooths : you instruct 'em how
 'To parley with their eyes, and make the temple
 A mart of looseness. 'To discover all
 'Thy subtile brokages, were to teach in publick
 'Those private practices, which are in justice
 Severely to be punish'd.

Massinger's Emperor of the
 Pimps manage the great bus'ness o'th' nation,
 'That is—the heav'nly work of propagation !

Crown's Sir Courtly

P A R A S I T E.

Ah, when the means are gone, that buy this pra
 'The breath is gone whereof this praise is made !
 Feast-won, fast-lost : one cloud of winter-show'rs
 'These flies are couch'd.

2. The swallow follows not

Summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

1. Nor more willingly leaves winter : such summe
 Birds are men. —————

Shakespeare's T

May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends : smoke, and luke-warm
 Is your perfection, This is *Timon's* last ;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
 Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long ;
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites ;
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
 Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks ;
 Of man and beast the infinite malady
 Cruel you quite o'er !

Shakespeare's Timon.

————— O ! your parasite
 Is a most precious thing, drop'd from above ;
 Not bred 'mongst clods and clod-polls here on earth.
 I muse, the mystery was not made a science,
 It is so lib'rally profest ! almost
 All the wise world is little else in nature,
 But parasites, or sub-parasites. And, yet,
 I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
 'To know who's fit to feed them ; have no house,
 No family, no care, and therefore mould
 Tales for mens ears, to bait that sense ; or get
 Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
 'To please the belly, and the groin ; nor those
 With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and flatter,
 Make their revenue out of legs and faces ;
 Echo my lord, and lick away a moth :
 But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,
 And stoop, almost together ; like an arrow
 Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star :
 Turn short, as doth a swallow ; and be here,
 And there ; and here, and yonder, all at once ;
 Present to any humour, all occasion ;
 And change a vizor, swifter than a thought !
 This is the creature had the art born with him ;
 'Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
 Out of most excellent nature : and such sparks
 Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

Johnson's Volpone.
 'Tis

'Tis true, that sway'd by strong necessity,
 I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread,
 With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
 That I am fain to spin my own poor raiment,
 Out of my mere observance, b'ing not born
 To a free fortune : but that I have done
 Base offices, in rending friends asunder ;
 Dividing families ; betraying councils ;
 Whisp'ring false lies, or mining men with praise ;
 Train'd their credulities with perjuries ;
 Corrupted chastity ; or am in love
 With mine own tender ease, but would not rather
 Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
 That might redeem my present estimation ;
 Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Johnson's Volpe

A tassell that hangs at my purse strings ; he dogs
 Me, and I give him scraps, and pay for his
 Ordinary, feed him ; he liquors himself
 In the juice of my bounty ; and when he
 Hath suck'd up strength of spirit, he squeaseth
 It in my own face : when I have refin'd
 And sharpened his wits with good food, he cuts
 My fingers, and breaks jests upon me ;
 I bear them, and beat him.

Marston's What you w

P A R D O N.

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain ;
 But makes one pardon strong.
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
 No word like pardon, for kings mouths so meet.

Shakespear's K. Richard

'The higher those great powers have rais'd you,
 Press that which lies below, with gentler weight :
 To pardon miseries is fortune's height.

Goffe's Courageous T

When I call to mem'ry our long friendship,
 Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong,

T

That then I should not pardon. Why should man,
 For a poor hasty syllable or two,
 And vented only in forgetful fury,
 Chain all the hopes and riches of his sou',
 To the revenge of that, die lost for ever ?
 For he that makes his last peace with his maker
 In anger ; anger is his peace eternally :
 He must expect the same return again,
 Whose venture is deceitful.

Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quaker.

But by his heralds first he pardons sent,
 So *Tamberlaine* sent his white flag before.
Henry by lenitives, not corr'lives meant
 Those ulcerated members to restore.
 No soldier but a herald ; nor a blow ;
 But strange, a pardon overthrew the foe.

The best of trophies ; chiefly when the war
 Is between king and subject : these are best
 Complexion'd conquests, which least sanguine are ;
 And those most modest, which do blush the least.
Camillus, once was by *Rome's* senate thought
 Worthy to triumph, tho' he had not fought.
 And greatest trophy too : they laid their hearts
 At *Henry's* feet to be triumphed o'er,
 And yielded their minds captive ; which imparts
 The bravest glory to the conqueror.

Alecyn's Henry VII.

When *Kent* was in commotion, I know,
 Corr'lives did cure the ulcers of the state ;
 But should you use that course of physick now,
 You might the patients more exasperate ?
 So the same simples, as th' experienc'd find,
 Gather'd at sev'ral times, do purge or bind,
 If to be great, not good were your intent ;
 I have chalk'd out your way : 'twere a false aim,
 If by the ruins of the slain you meant,
 To raise the pile and structure of your fame :

They

They which survive will the best trophies be,
And living statues of this victory.

Alcyn's Henry V.

If *Rome* could pardon sins, as *Romans* hold ;
And if such pardons might be bought with gold ;
An easy judgment might determine which
To chuse ; to be religious, or else rich :
Nay, *Rome* does pardon ; pardons may be sold :
We'll search no scriptures ; but the mines for gold.

Quai

Have you no words but what are only good,
Because their ill is quickly understood ?
Dispose of *Claudio's* life ! Whilst cruel you
Seem dead, by being deaf to all that sue :
Till by long custom of forgiving none,
You're so averse to all forgiveness grown,
That in your own behalf you shall deny
To hear of absolution, when you die.

Sir W. Davenant's Law against Love

P A R E N T S.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings,
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Off'ring their own lives in their young's defence ?

Shakspear's Third Part of King Henry V

Parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein, they do ho'd in
Their child's affections ; and controul that love,
Which the high pow'rs divine instruct them with :
When, in their shallow judgments, they may know,
Affection cross'd, brings misery and woe.

Robert Taylour's Hog bath lost his Pea

Fathers that deny their daughters lawful
Pleasures, when ripe for them ; in some kind, edge

Th

Their appetites, to taste of the fruit that
Is forbidden.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother.

Oh, the blindness of a cov'itous wretched
Father, that is led only by the ears,
And in love with sounds ! Nature had done well
To have thrust him into the world without
An eye, that like a mole is so affected
To base earth ; and there means to dig for paradise.
Fathers their children, and themselves abuse ;
That wealth, a husband, for their daughters chuse.

Shirley's School of Compliments.

Honour thy parents to prolong thine end ;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend :
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather
The truth a while, than lose th'ir loves for ever :
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed ;
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

Rand. pb.

P A R T I N G.

And by the way, she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay ;
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The fear whereof seem'd much her to affray :
But all she did, was but to wear out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take ;
And oft again devis'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot ; whereby excuse to make :
So loth she was his company for to forsake.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

———— I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor pris'ner in his twisted gyves ;
And with a silk-thread plucks it back again,

So loving jealous of his liberty.

Shakeſpear's Romeo and Julia

With his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out of doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet

1. So long,
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
'The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

2. 'Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs ; ere left
'To aſter eye him.

1. Madam, ſo I did.
2. I would have broken mine eye ſtrings, crack'd 'em, but
'To look upon him ; till the diminution
Of Space had pointed him ſharp as my needle ;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted, from
'The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air ; and then
I have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

Shakeſpear's Cymbelin

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay : Ere I could tell him,
How I would freely think on him, at certain hours ;
Such thoughts, and ſuch ; or, I could make him ſwear,
'The ſleets of *Italy* ſhould not betray,
Mine intereſt and his honour ; or have charg'd him
At the ſixth hour of the morn, at noon, at midnight
'I encounter me with priſons ; for then
I am in heav'n for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
'Twixt two charming words, comes in my father ;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shalt'ſt all our buds from growing.

Shakeſpear's Cymbelin

With that, wringing my hand, he turns away ;
 And tho' his tears would hardly let him look,
 Yet such a look did through his tears make way ;
 As shew'd how sad a farewell there he took.

Daniel's Arcadia.

Sweetest love, I do not go,
 For weariness of thee ;
 Nor in hope the world can show
 A fitter love for me :
 But since that I
 Must die at last, 'tis best,
 Thus to use myself in jest
 By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
 And yet is here to day ;
 He hath no desire nor sense,
 Nor half so short a way :
 Then fear not me,
 But believe that I shall make
 Hastier journeys, since I take
 More wings and spurs than he.

Dr. Deane.

As in *September*, when our year resigns
 The glorious sun to the cold watry signs,
 Which through the clouds looks on the earth in scorn,
 The little bird, yet to salute the morn,
 Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
 The leaves then lying on the mossy root ;
 And there a silly chirruping doth keep,
 As though she fain would sing, yet fain would weep :
 Praising fair summer, that too soon is gone,
 Or sad for winter, too fast coming on :
 In this strange plight, I mourn for thy depart,
 Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.

Drayton's Queen Margaret to Duke of Suffolk.

I make no doubt, as I shall take the course,
 Which she shall never know, till it be acted ;

And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank
for't.

I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb; who ere they shew their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseas'd part:
So out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;
'Then she'll commend the cure.

Middleton's Women beware Women

P A S S I O N S.

Behold the image of mortality,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire;
When raging passion with fierce tyranny,
Robs reason of her due regality,
And makes it servant to her basest part!
'The strong it weakens with infirmity,
And with bold fury arms the weakest heart;
'The strong, through pleasure soonest falls, the w
through smart.

Spenser's Fairy Q

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
'The motive virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and
'These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reason's light,
Do from the passions of the sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
'The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bri

From the kind heat which in the heart doth reign,
'The sp'rits of life do their beginning take;
'These sp'rits of life ascending to the brain,
When they come there, the spirits of sense do n

These spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
 Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
 And so they send a good or ill report
 Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
 And longing hope, and well-assured joy:
 If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
 And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Sir John Davies.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose:
 The violence of either grief or joy,
 Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, joy grieves on slender accident.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

————— Passions are desperate,
 And tempt with uncouth woe, as well as joy:
 It evil is, that glories to destroy.

Lord Brooke's Alchem.

Passions are oft mistaken, and misnam'd;
 Things simply good, grow evil with misplacing.

Lord Brooke's Majest.

Who would the title of true worth were his,
 Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive:
 The bravest trophy ever man obtain'd;
 Is that, which o'er himself, himself hath gain'd.

E. of Sandwich's Davies.

Fear seeing all, fears it of all is spy'd:
 Like to a taper lately burning bright,
 But wanting matter to maintain his light;
 The blaze ascending, forced by the smoke,
 Living by that, which seeks the same to choke:
 The flame still hanging in the air doth burn,
 Until drawn down, it back again return:

B 6

Then

Then clear, then dim; then spreadeth, and then close
 Now getteth strength, and now its brightness loseth
 As well the best discerning eye may doubt,
 Whether it yet be in, or whether out :
 Thus in my cheek, my sundry passions shew'd ;
 Now ashy-pale, and now again it glow'd.

Draughton's Lady Godalme to the Earl of Sur

The grief that melts to tears, by't self is spent :
 Passion resisted, grows more violent.

Turnour's Atkeist's Trag

—————Each small breath
 Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters :
 But winds must arm themselves, ere the large sea
 Is seen to tremble.

Habington's Queen of Arra

—————Passions without power,
 Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury.

Denham's Sq

The gods from passions might have made us free ;
 Or gave us only those, which best agree.

Sir R. Howard's Vestal Vir

These starts, are the convulsions of weak reason,
 When fits of passion grow too strong upon you :
 We have all our haggard passions, but none so wild
 Or so unmann'd as yours. —————
 They may be tam'd and brought from their excess,
 And watch'd by reason, into gentleness.

h

—————Passions are like thieves
 That watch to enter undefended places ;
 And rob you too, of all that puts a difference
 Between wild beasts and man.

Sir R. Howard's Blind La

—————Oh ! these passions
 Are but the cracks and splinters of the soul ;
 Shatter'd and bruis'd by some external pow'r,
 Which might securely lie in its own haven.
 Mens minds, like kingdoms, never so much flourish

As when they raise the price of native goods ;
And set low values upon foreign wares.

Fam's Love in the dark.

'Tis hard to say, what men, whom reason guides
Intend to do ; much more, whom passion rides.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

We oft by light'ning read in darkest nights ;
And by your passions, I read all your nature,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

Crown's First Part of Henry V I.

Oh, fir! your passion's dead ; and you are weaving
Garlands of fine expressions for it's funeral.

Crown's Second Part of Henry VI.

P A T I E N C E.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mock'ry makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Shakelpear's Othello.

Patience unmov'd——no marvel though the pause ;
They can be meek, that have no other cause :
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain ;
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

Shakelpear's Comedy of Errors.

What fortune hurts, let suff'rance only heal ;
No wisdom with extremities to deal.

Drayton's Duke of Suffolke to Queen Margaret.

1. For he whose breast is tender, blood is cool,
That no wrong heat it, is a patient fool :
What comfort do you find in b'ing so calm ?
2. That which green wounds receive from sov'reign
balm ;

Patience, my lord ; why, 'tis the soul of peace :
Of all the virtues 'tis nearest kin to heaven ;
It makes men look like gods : The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,

A full

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
 The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.
 The stock of patience then cannot be poor ;
 All it desires, it has ; what monarch more ?
 It is the greatest enemy to law
 That can be ; for it doth embrace all wrongs ;
 And so chains up lawyers, and womens tongues.
 'Tis the perpetual pris'ner's liberty,
 His walks and orchards ; 'tis the bond-slave's freed
 And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,
 As though he wore it more for state, than pain :
 It is the beggar's musick ; and thus sings,
 Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.
 O my dread liege ! It is the self same bliss
 Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss :
 And last of all, to end a household strife ;
 It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Wh

'Tis an easy thing for him that has no
 Pain, to talk of patience.

Tourneur's Atheist's Trag

Patience grows fury that is often stirr'd ;
 When conquerors wax calm, and cease to hate ;
 The conquer'd should not dare reiterate.

Goffe's Courageous I

I have heard you with that patience,
 (And with no better) as the troubled pilot
 Endures a tempest, or contrary winds :
 Who, finding nevertheless his tackling sure,
 His vessel tight, and sea-room round about him,
 Plays with the waves, and vies his confidence
 Above the blasts of fortune, till he wins
 His way, through all her threatening, to his port.

Richard Brome's Damois

He that's besotted to his fear, or ease ;
 Will make his patience prove his worst disease.

Tatham's Distracted St

Patience

Patience in cowards is tame hopeleſs fear ;
But in brave minds, a ſcorn of what they bear.

Sir R. Howard's Indian Queen.

P A T R O N.

How many great ones may remember'd be,
Who in their days moſt famously did flouriſh ;
Of whom no word we hear, no ſign we ſee,
But as things wip'd out with a ſponge they periſh ;
Because they, living, cared not to cheriſh
Some gentle wit, thro' pride, or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize ?

Spencer's Ruins of Time.

O grief of grief ! O gall of all good hearts !
'Tis ſee that virtue ſhould deſpiſed be
Of ſuch, as firſt were raiſed for virtuous parts ;
And now, broad-ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoot up, that nigh them planted be :
O let not thoſe of whom the muſe is ſcorn'd,
Alive, or dead, be by the muſe adorn'd.

Spencer, Ibid.

Who grac'd the muſes, which her times became :
For they who give them comfort, muſt have fame.

Daniel's Civil War.

And to invite great men from foreign parts,
Guests worthy of this table, he did add
Rich ſalaries to ſublimiate their hearts
For high deſigns : Some guerdon muſt be had
To raiſe a great, and a dejected ſoul :
Virtue ſteers bravely, where there's ſuch a pole.

Antiquity the arts ſo flouriſhing ſaw,
Chear'd by their patron's ſweet and temp'rate air :
'Twas hope of meed that made *Apelles* draw
Such an unvalu'd piece of *Philip's* heir ;
And well he might : Rewards not only can
Draw ſuch a picture, but make ſuch a man.

Aleyn's Creſcey.

P E A C E.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
 And neither party loser.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

Let me have war, say I ; it exceeds peace,
 As far as day does night ; it's sprightly, waking,
 Audible, and full of vent. Peace is a
 Very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd,
 Deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter
 Of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer
 Of men.

2. 'Tis so ; and as war in some sort
 May be said to be a ravisher, so
 It cannot be denied, but peace is
 A great maker of cuckolds.

1. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

2. Reason, 'cause they then less need one another.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

1. Now all's peace, no danger : Now what follows ?
 Idleness rusts us ; since no virtuous labour
 Ends ought rewarded, ease, security,
 Now all the palm wears ; we made war before
 So to prevent war ; men with giving gifts
 More than receiving, made our country strong :
 Our matchless race of soldiers then would spend
 In publick wars, not private brawls, their spirits ;
 In daring enemies, arm'd with meanest arms ;
 Not courting strumpets, and consuming birth-rights
 In apishness, and envy of attire :
 No labour then was harsh, no way so deep,
 Nor rock so steep, but if a bird could scale it,
 Up would our youth fly to. A foe in arms,
 Stirr'd up a much more lust of his encounter,
 Than of a mistress never so be-painted :
 Ambition then, was only scaling walls,
 And over-topping turrets : Fame was wealth ;
 Best parts, best deeds, were best nobility ;

Honour

Honour with worth ; and wealth well got, or none.
Countries we won, with as few men as countries.
Virtue subdu'd all.

2. Just : And then our nobles
Lov'd virtue so, they prais'd and us'd it too ;
Had rather do, than say : their own deeds hearing
By others glorify'd, than be so barren,
That their parts only stood in praising others.

1. Who could not do, yet prais'd, and envy'd not :
Civil behaviour flourish'd ; bounty flow'd ;
Avarice to upland boors, slaves hang-men banish'd.

2. 'Tis now quite otherwise ; but to note the cause
Of all these foul digressions, and revolts
From our first natures ; this 'tis, in a word :
Since good arts fail, craft and deceit are us'd :
Men ignorant are idle ; idle men
Most practice, what they most may do with ease,
Fashion, and favour : All their studies aiming
At getting money, which no wise man ever
Fed his desires with.

Chapman's Revenge of Bussey D'Ambois.

Thus mighty rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty workings ; when in pride
Small torrents roar more loud, and work much less :
Peace greatness best becomes. Calm pow'r doth guide
With a far more imperious stateliness,
Than all the swords of violence can do ;
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.

Daniel's Panegyrick to the King.

The people thus in time of peace agree
To curb the great men still ; ev'n in that form,
As in calm days they do disbranch the tree,
Which shrowded them of late against a storm.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.

The misery of peace ! Only outbids
Are then respected : As ships seem very
Great upon the river, which shew very

Little upon the seas ; so some men in
The court, seem *Colossuses* in a chamber ;
Who if they came into the field, would appear
Pitiful pigmies.

Webster's White Devil.

————— Pox of peace ———
It fills the kingdom full of holydays ;
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers ;
And makes th' idle drunken rogues get spinners :
By heav'n it is the surfeit of all youth,
'That makes the toughness, and the strength of nations
Melt into women. 'Tis an ease that broods
Thieves, and bastards only.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.

————— In this plenty,
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd
In martial discipline ; and your ships unrigg'd,
Rot in the harbour ; nor defence prepar'd,
But thought unuseful : as if that the gods
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure ;
Nor change fear'd, or expected.

Massinger's Bondman.

————— States that never knew
A change but in their growth, which a long peace
Hath brought unto perfection, are like steel,
Which being neglected, will consume itself
With its own rust : so doth security
Eat through the hearts of states, while they're sleeping
And lull'd in her false quiet.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipia.

Men are unhappy when they know not how
To value peace, without its loss :
And from the want learn how to use,
What they could so ill manage when enjoy'd.

Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.

Surfeited with fulsome ease and wealth,
Our luscious hours are candy'd up for women ;
Whilst

Whilst our men lose their appetite to glory;
Our pilots all their skill, for want of storms.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

P E R S E V E R A N C E.

Perseverance keeps honour bright :
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost ; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run
And trampled on : then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand ;
But with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer ; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was !
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin ;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted :
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax* ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs.

Shakepear's Troilus and Cressida.
Know

Know mortals, that the men the gods most love,
In hard and dang'rous arts they always prove ;
When men live brave at first, then fall to crimes,
'Their bad is chronic to future times :
For who begins good arts, and not proceeds ;
He but goes backward in all noble deeds.

Cassio's Courageous Turk

Not to promote what we do once commence,
Argues a weakness, and a diffidence.

When great ones, for great actions are bound,
And failed far i'th' voyage, they will not
Turn for their honour, but be rather down'd ;
Nor can, perhaps : as those the gulph have shot ;
Or not begin, or finish, is a rule,
As well in *Muri's*, as in *Penn's* school.

Nerves would be cramp'd, the lazy blood would freeze,
Limbs be unactive, should they longer lie ;
And if they still should sacrifice to ease,
Valour would fall into a lethargy :
Dull lakes are cheak'd with melancholick mud ;
Motions do clear, and christallize a flood.

Aleyn's Potellors

Revolt is recreant, when pursuit is brave ;
Never to faint, doth purchase what we crave.

Machen's Dumb Knight.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

Herrick

P E T I T I O N.

You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Johnson's Volpone

Virtue is either lame, or not at all ;
And love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
When it bars up the way to mens petitions.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

How wretched is that suppliant, who must
Make suit to obtain thee, which he fears to take ?

Richard Brome's Mad couple well match'd

————— They have robb'd me
 Of all means to prefer my just complaints
 With any promising hope to gain a hearing ;
 Much less redress : Petitions not sweetned
 With gold, are but unfav'ry ; oft refus'd :
 Or if receiv'd, are pocketted, not read.
 A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams
 Of chol'rick authority are dry'd up,
 Before they fall ; or if seen, never pity'd.

Maffinger's Emperor of the East.

————— Petitions shall be drawn,
 Humble in form ; but such for matter
 As the bold *Macedonian* youth would send
 To men he did despise for luxury :
 The first begets opinion of the world,
 Which looks not far, but on the outside dwells :
 Th' other enforces courage in our own ;
 For bold demands must boldly be maintain'd.

Suckling's Brannorait.

P L A Y E R.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his visage warm'd :
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function tiring
 With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing ?
 For *Hecuba* ?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*
 That he should weep for her ? what would he do,
 Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,
 That I have ? he would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech ;
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculty of eyes and ears.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

1. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 It to you, trippingly on the tongue. But
 If you mouth it, as many of our players
 Do, I had as lief, the town crier had
 Spoke my lines: and do not saw the air too
 Much with your hand thus, but use all gently;
 For in the very torrent, tempest, and,
 As I may say, whirl-wind of your passion,
 You must acquire, and beget a temp'rance
 That may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends
 Me to the soul, to hear a robustious
 Periwig-pated fellow tear a passion
 To tatters, to very rags, to split the
 Ears of the groundlings: who, for the most part,
 Are capable of nothing, but inexplicable
 Dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a fellow
 Whip'd for o'erdoing termagant; it
 Out-*Herods Herod*. Pray you, avoid it.

2. I warrant your honour.

1. Be not too tame neither; but let your own
 Discretion be your tutor, sute the action
 To the word, the word to the action;
 With this special observance, that you o'erstep
 Not the modesty of nature; for any
 Thing so overdone is from the purpose
 Of playing; whose end, both at the first and
 Now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror
 Up to nature; to shew virtue her own
 Feature, scorn her own image, and the very
 Age and body of the time, his form and
 Pressure. Now this o'erdone, or come tardy
 Of, tho' it makes th' unskilful laugh, cannot
 But make the judicious grieve: the censure
 Of which one, must in your allowance o'er weigh
 A whole theatre of others. Oh, there be
 Players that I've seen play, and heard others
 Praise, and that highly, not to speak it prophanely,
 That neither having the accent of christian,

the gait of christian, pagan, nor man,
 to strutted, and bellow'd, that I have
 might some of nature's journeymen had made
 and not made them well ; they imitated
 nature so abominably !

Alas, we have reform'd that indifferently
 us,

! reform it altogether.

At those that play your clowns, speak no more
 is set down for them : for there be of
 them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some
 kind of barren spectators to
 laugh too ; though, in the mean time, some
 necessary question of the play be
 to be consider'd : that's villainous ;
 shows a most pitiful ambition
 in a fool that uses it.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

————— Players

never more uncertain in their lives :
 know not when to play, where to play, nor
 to play ; not when to play, for fearful fools ;
 nor to play, for puritan fools ; nor what
 day, for critical fools.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

————— They abuse our scene,
 say we live by vice, indeed 'tis true ;
 as physicians by diseases do,
 to cure them : they do live we see
 by looks by pomp'ring prodigality ;
 which are our fond accusers. On the stage.

And supple humors : hence the cause doth rise,
Blind are not won by the ears, so well as eyes.

Pandolph's Blazes Looking-Glass.

————— The better in a play
Be *Aspern*, than himself indeed ;
How oft was danger of the field beset,
Or with some mischief would he unite
Himself ! or ever cruel others weeping,
While, thus with putting off a vizard, he
Might the true inward arrow lay aside ?
The shows of things are better than themselves :
How doth it hurt the every part of us,
To hear our poets tell imagin'd fights,
And the strange blows that feigned courage gives !
When I'd *Aspern* near up on the stage
Speak honour, and the greatness of his soul,
Remember, I too could on a *Phrygian* spear
Pun boldly, and make tales for after times :
But when we come to act it in the deed,
Death marks this bravery, and th' ugly fears
Of the other world, sit on the proudest brow ;
And boasting valour loseth it's red cheek.

Nero.

P L E A S U R E.

Ease dulls the spirit ; each drop of fond delight
Allays the thirst, which glory doth excite.

Mirror for Magistrates.

All these fond pleasures, if fond things
Deserve to good a name,
Should not seduce a noble mind,
To lose itself with shame.
The time shall come, when all these same,
Which seem so rich with joy :
Like tyrants, shall torment thy mind,
And vex thee with annoy.

Brandon's Octavia to Antonius.

Pleasure is like a building, the more high,

The

The narrower still it grows ; cedars die
Soonest at top.

Shakespeare and Rowley's Birth of Merlin.

Since all earth's pleasures are so short and small ;
The way t' enjoy 'em, is t' abjure 'em all.

Chapman's Buffs D'amlet.

Long lull'd asleep with scornful fortune's lie,
A slave to pleasure, drown'd in base delights ;
I made a cov'nant with my wand'ring eyes,
To entertain them still with pleasant sights ;
My heart enjoy'd all that was wish'd of late,
Whilst it the height of happiness did cloy ;
Still serv'd with dainty, but suspected meat,
My soul with pleasure sick, was faint for joy :
All, with much care, what might procure mine ease,
My will divin'd, obsequiously devis'd ;
And who my fancy any way could please,
As prais'd by me, was by all others priz'd.
Save serving me, none else could have deserv'd,
Of whom whatever came, was held of weight ;
My words and looks were carefully observ'd,
And whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight ;
For pomp and pow'r, far passing other kings.
Whilst too secure with drowsy thoughts I slumber'd,
My coffers still were full of precious things,
Of which, as wealth least weigh'd, gold scarce was
numb'red ;
I rear'd rare buildings, all emboss'd with gold ;
Made ponds for fishes ; forests for wild beasts ;
And with vain thoughts which could not be controul'd,
Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.
To so the elements with pow'r like *Jove's* ;
Driv'd water up, air down ; a pleasant change :
For stately fountains, artificial groves,
As common things, were not accounted strange.
With me ; what more could any monarch crave ?
In all the parts of pomp, none could compare :
My minions gallant, councillors were grave ;
My guards were strong, my concubines were fair :

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Yea,

Yea, whilst light fortune my defects supply'd,

I had all that could breed, as now I find,

In others wonder, in the owner pride :

So passing up the flesh to spoil the mind.

Thou with delight, long pressing pleasure's grapes,

With fortune I carous'd, what men dear hold :

But ah ! from misery none away's escapes :

One must be wretched once, or young, or old.

R. of Sterline's Crass

I like dew upon the grass, when pleasure's sun

Shines on your virtues, all your virtue's done.

Marston's Insatiate County.

'That pleasure is of all

Most bountiful and kind,

'That sates not straight, but leaves

A living joy behind.

T. Campion's Masque, at the E. of Somerset's Marriage

'Thus grief and gladness still by turns do come,

But pleasure least while doth possess the room :

Long nights of grief may last ; but lo, one day

Of shining comfort slideth soon away.

Giff's Orestes

Farewell to thy enticing vanity,

'Thou round gilt box, that dost deceive man's eye !

'The wife man knows, when open thou art broke,

'The treasure thou includ'st, is dust and smoke.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One

----- What is pleasure,

More than a lustful motion in the sense ?

'The prosecution full of anxious fears ;

'The end repentance. Though content be call'd

'The soul of action, and licentious man

Propounds it as the reason of his life ;

Yet if intemperate action pursue it,

'The pure end's lost, and ruin must attend it.

Nabbs's Microscopus

Pleasure whose means are easy, in the end

Do lose themselves. 'Things only are esteem'd

And

And valu'd by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some pains,
They would not relish.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

As dogs of *Nilus* drink a snatch, and gone :
Sweets must be tasted, and not glutted on.

Aleyn's Crejsey.

Henceforth, I'll strive to fly the sight of pleasure,
As of an harpy or a basilisk ;
And when the flatt'ers, seal my ears with wax,
Took from that boat, that row'd with a deaf oar,
From the sweet tunes of the *Sicilian* shore.

Marmyon's Holland's Leaguer.

Pleasure's a courtly mistress, a conceit
That smiles and tickles without worth or weight :
Whose scatter'd reck'ning, when 'tis to be paid,
Is but repentance, lavishly inlaid.

Cleveland.

Why ? would not eating, drinking, sleeping,
Education of children be half neglected,
Were it not for pleasure ? would understanding
Embrace the truth, if it took not pleasure
In it ? what kind of men are those that oppugn
Pleasure ? doth not the courtier take pleasure
In honour ; the citizen in wealth ; the
Countryman in delights of health ; the
Academick in the mysteries of
Learning ? is there not ev'n in angels, a
Certain incomprehensible pleasure ?

Parthomachia : Or Love's Load-stone.

————— I despise
These short and empty pleasures, and how low
They stand in my esteem ; which ev'ry peasant,
The meanest subject in my father's empire,
Enjoys as fully, in as high perfection
As he or I ; and which are had in common
By beasts as well as men, wherein they equal,
If not exceed us. Pleasures to which we're led

Only by sense, those creatures which have least
Of reason, most enjoy.

Denham's Sophy.

Ye gods, was it man's nature or his fate,
Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?
Which he, with all designs of art, or pow'r,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poisons suck the noblest part,
Pleasure possesses first the head and heart,
Intoxicating both: By them, she finds,
And burns the sacred temples of our minds.

Denham.

Pleasures like wonders, quickly lose their price,
When reason or experience makes us wise.

Bishop King.

In my delights I can no limits bear.
But, for what reason never could be known,
Our joys have bounds, and our desires have none.

Crown's Caligula.

P O E T S. P O E T R Y.

O sacred poesy, thou spirit of *Roman* arts,
The soul of science, and the queen of souls!
What prophane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offer'd thy divinity,
'That thine own guiltless poverty should arm
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus?
For thence is all their force of argument
Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse
Of thy great powers in adult'rate brains:
When spirits, would men learn but to distinguish
And set true difference 'twixt those jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Be on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heav'n's gates with her bright heels;
They would not then with such distorted faces,
And desp'rate censures, stab at poesy.

They

they would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
 could ne'er descend on so unworthy objects
 gold or titles: they would dread far more,
 to be thought ignorant, than be known poor.

Johnson's Poetaster.

He hath a middle nature; heav'n keeps souls,
 the grave keeps bodies, verse the same enrolls.

Dr. Donne.

When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
 it put an angel's spirit into man,
 the utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,
 when to the world a poet it doth intend:
 what little difference 'twixt the gods and us,
 it then confirm'd, distinguish'd only thus:
 when they in birth ordain to happy days,
 the gods commit their glory to our praise;
 eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
 we likewise share a second pow'r by death.

Drayton's E. of Surry to Lady Geraldine.

verse may find him who a sermon flies;
 it turn delight into a sacrifice.

Herbert.

we dare not, sir, blaspheme the virtuous use
 of sacred poetry; nor the same traduce
 poets; who not alone immortal be,
 but can give others immortality.
 'Tis that can men into stars translate,
 and hurl men down under the feet of fate:
 it was not *Achilles'* sword, but *Homer's* pen,
 that made brave *Hector* die the best of men:
 and if that pow'rful *Homer* likewise would,
Ulysses had been a hag, and *Troy* had stood.

Richard Brome's 'Sparagus Garden.'

Now shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
 be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
 Hexameter's no sterling; and I fear
 that the brain coins, goes scarce for currant there.

Can meter cancel bonds ? is there a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme ?
 Or if I now were hurrying to a jail,
 Are the nine muses held sufficient bail ?
 Would they to any composition come,
 If we should mortgage our *Elisium*,
Tempe, *Parnassus*, and the golden streams
 Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, those rich dreams
 Of æt'ive fancy ?

Randolph

Clowns for posterity may cark and care ;
 'That cannot out-live death but in an heir :
 By more than wealth we propagate our names,
 'That trust not to successions, but our fames.

Id.

A poet's then exact in ev'ry part
 'That is born one by nature, nurs'd by art :
 Whose happy mixture both of skill and fate,
 Makes the most sudden thought elaborate :
 Whose easy strains a flowing sense does fit ;
 Unforc'd expressions, and unravish'd wit :
 Words fill'd with equal subject, such as brings
 'To chosen language, high and chosen things.
 Harsh reason clear as day, as smooth as sleep,
 Glide here like rivers, even still though deep :
 Discords grow musick ; grief itself delight ;
 Horror when he describes, leaves off r'assight.
 Sullen philosophy does learn to go
 In lightest dressings, and becomes them too.

Dr. Lislell

Poets are truly poor ; but only then,
 When each a hero lacks for his own pen.
 'They pine when mighty arguments are scant ;
 And not, when they that trifle, treasure, want.
 As at such dearth they languish, so they seem
 'To swell, when they have got a plenteous theme ;
 For rashly then the muses take their flight :
 Yet as a man, o' enjoy'd at sudden sight

Of treasure found, grows jealous, and through care,
 Left others in his prize should claim a share,
 Bears hastily from that which he did find
 Much less away, than what he leaves behind :
 So, whilst thus rashly I convey to fame
 Your virtues, I so few of them proclaim,
 That many more are left behind unprais'd,
 Than those, which on this poem's wings are rais'd.
 How glad will all discreeter poets be,
 Because, whilst in their choice they disagree,
 They this imperfect present shall prevent,
 Which darkens you, to whom it lustre meant ;
 Or rather it does quite extinguish me ;
 Who looking up to you, do only see
 I by a fainting taper lose my aim,
 And lifting it too high, put out the flame.

Sir W. Davenant to the King.

Th' eternal cause, in their immortal lines
 Was taught ; and poets were the first divines :
 And *Moses*, in the old original,
 Ev'n God, the poet of the world doth call.

Denham.

Poets by dangers, like old soldiers taught,
 Grow wise ; and shun the fame which once they fought.

Prologue to Sir R. Howard's Vestal Virgin.

With equal eagerness contend
 Some to cry down, and others to commend :
 So easy 'tis to judge, so hard to do ;
 'There's so much frailty, yet such prying too ;
 That who their poetry to view expose,
 Must be prepar'd to be abus'd in prose.

Alexander Brome on Richard Brome.

A poem's life and death dependeth still
 Not on the poet's wit, but reader's will.

Alex. Brome.

P O L I C Y. P O L I T I C I A N.

For this chaos,
 This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd o'er,

Is like a bear's conception : Stratagems
 B'ing but begot, and not got out ; are like
 Charg'd cannons not discharg'd ; they do no harm
 Nor good : 'True policy, breeding in the brain,
 Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs b'ing broken,
 And sotten'd i'th' fire, you then may forge it
 Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet,
 'To defend life : 'Tis therefore wit to try
 All fashions, ere y' apparel villany.

Marlo's Lust's Dominion.

————— A precisian
 In state, is a ridic'ous miracle ;
 Friendship is but a vizor, beneath which
 A wise man laughs to see whole families
 Ruin'd ; upon whose miserable pile
 He mounts to glory.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

Justice to live, doth nought but justice need,
 But policy must still on mischief feed :
 Untruth, for all his ends, truth's name doth sue in ;
 None safely live, but those that study ruin.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffey D'ambois.

For who observes strict policy's true laws,
 Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

A politician, *Proteus*-like, must alter
 His face and habit ; and like water, seem
 Of the same colour that the vessel is
 'T hat doth contain it ; varying his form
 With the camelion at each object's change.
 My tongue must
 With passionate oaths and protestations,
 With sighs, smooth glances, and officious terms,
 Spread artificial mists before the eyes
 Of cred'ulous simplicity : He that will be high,
 Must be a parasite, to fawn and lie.

Mason's Muleasses.

He

He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow :
When a man's head goes thro', each limb will follow.

Webster's White Devil.

He that can compass me, and know my drift,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And founded all her quick sands.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

————— This 'tis for a puny
In policy's *Protean* school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenc'd and gone out doctor.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believ'd : If I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together ;
And there's no hope of safety, till I get
A plummet, that may sound his deepest councils.
I must obey and serve him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.

The greatest politician may be
Deceiv'd sometimes ; wit without brains we see.

Shirley's Witty Fair One.

————— So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks
Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state,
Then the whole body follows.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

Policy wills some seeming cause be had,
To make that good, which justice knows for bad.

Jones's Alimony.

————— These great statesmen,
When time has made bold with the king and subject,
'Throwing down all fence that stood 'twixt their pow'r
And others right ; are, on a change,
Like wanton salmons coming in with floods,
That leap o'er wires and nets ; and make their way,
To be at their return, to ev'ry one a prey.

Suckling's Aglaurea.

————— Your politicians
Have evermore a taint of vanity ;
As hasty still to shew, and boast a plot,
As they are greedy to contrive it.

Sir W. Davenant's *Fair Favourites*

P O P U L A R I T Y.

————— I love the people ;
But do not like to flage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
'Their loud applause and *Ave's* vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
'That does affect it.

Shakespeare's Measure for Measure

Ourself, and *Bussy, Bagot* here, and *Green*
Observ'd his courtship to the common people :
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
'With humble and familiar courtesy ;
What rev'rence he did throw away on slaves ;
Wooring poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
A brace of dray men bid, God speed him well :
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With——Thank, my countrymen, my loving frie
As were our *England* in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Shakespeare's King Richard

Who hates not the vulgar, deserves not love
Of the virtuous : And to affect praise of
That we despise, how ridiculous is it ?

Chapman's Widow's Tears

Look how *Thames*, enrich'd with many a flood,
And goodly river, (that have made their graves,
And bury'd both their names, and all their good,
Within his greatness, to augment his waves)
Glides on with pomp of waters, unwitflood,
Unto the ocean ; which his tribute craves,

And lays up all his wealth within that pow'r,
Which in itself all greatness doth devour :
So flock the mighty, with their following train,
Unto the all-receiving *Bullingbroke* ;
Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
So many hearts as now his party took ;
And with what ease, and with how slender pain,
His fortune gives him more than he could look :
What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
Is pour'd upon him far beyond his thought :
So, often, things which seem at first in shew,
Without the compass of accomplishment ;
Once ventur'd on, to that success do grow,
That ev'n the authors do admire th'event :
So many mean: which they did never know,
Do second their designs, and do present
Strange unexpected helps ; and chiefly then,
When th'actors are reputed worthy men.

Daniel's Civil War.

—— Popular men,
They must create new ministers, and then quell 'em,
To make their arts seem nothing. Would you have
Such an *Herculean* actor in the scene,
And not his *Hydra* ? They must sweat no less
To fit their properties, than to express their parts.

Johnson's Cæsar.

I never courted popular applause ;
Feasted the men of action ; or labour'd
By prod'gal gifts to draw the needy soldier,
The tribunes or centurions to a faction ;
Of which, I would rise up the head : gainst him,
I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle
In my command, that can give sanctuary
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion :
I've built no palaces to face the court ;
Nor do my follow'rs brav'ry shame his train ;
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,

My competent means of life deserves no envy ;
In what then am I dangerous ?

Massinger's Emperor of the

1. How full of hidden ambiguities
Grow these distracted times ?
'The factious common's giddy censure stand
So strange and doubtful, that 'twere policy indeed
'To sound 'em to the bottom ;
2. 'To be a crouching, crawling, fawn'ng cur,
'To lick the lazy hands of prating priests,
With protestations of integrity
Devoted wholly to them ;
With true compunction of unfeigned grief,
Submissively to crave their gracious pardon :
'To paw the ragged multitude with praise
Of their ingenious care and servent love
For preservation of the commonwealth ;
'To promise fair rewards to froward fools ;
Perhaps, with dirty feet to mire with fawnings,
And then be beaten with the shameful staff
Of foul reproach :
'To do all this, were to be born a fool ;
'To live a slave, and die a coward.
Death ! I will stand between the counter-buffs
Of these devouring storms in spite of hell ;
Nor priest, nor peasant shall inforce me stoop
An inch to either : As I have liv'd, I'll fall ;
Or freed from both, or rent up root and all.

Hemmings's Jew's Tr.

P O V E R T Y.

— O known evil,
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil !
Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kin
Poverty, thou bane of chastity,
Poison of beauty, broker of maidenheads !
I see when force, nor wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must ; she'll ne'er be won, that defies gold
But lives there such a creature ? Oh, 'tis rare,

To find a woman chaste, that's poor and fair !

Dekker and Webster's Westward Ho.

————— A poor spirit,
Is poorer than a poor purse.

Tourneur's Atkeiff's Tragedy.

————— The rich
Have wakeful nights, whilst the poor man's turf
Begets a peaceful sleep ; in which they're blest
From frigid fears all day, at night with rest.

Goffe's Careless Shepherds.

Poor men are born to wrongs ; low are their ranks ;
The more they're trod on, the more they must give
thanks.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

With poverty in love we only close,
Because our lovers it most truly shews ;
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neither poverty, nor want of love ;
The hatred which they bore was only this,
That ev'ry one did hate to do amiss :
Their fortune still was subject to their will ;
Their want, O happy ! was the want of ill.

Brown's Pastorals.

1. Our want with this philosophy doth well
Agree ; but yet I hope your constancy
Will yield it a far less uneasy task
To commend poverty, than suffer it.
2. Not so, for wit is heav'n's gift to those
Are shap'd of purer clay ; but patience
Each noble mind bestows upon itself.

Marriage-Broker.

To mortal men great loads allotted be ;
But of all packs, no pack like poverty.

Herrick.

P O W E R.

When pow'r, that may command, so much descends ;
Their bondage, whom it stoops to, it intends.

Johnson's Sejanus.

————— Oh,

Oh, 'tis excellent
 To have a giant's strength ! but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

Shakespeare's Measure for Measure

For pow'r is proud, till it look down to fear ;
 'T' though only safe, by ever looking there.

Lord Brooke's Alaba

In all states, pow'r which oppresseth spirits,
 Imprisons nature, empire dishonours.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha

Pow'r, doth what likes, in her inferiors move ;
 As we are sell'd, so pay we hate, or love.

Lord Brooke's Alaba

Instead of these, I saw the veils of pow'r,
 Practice, and pomp, specious hypocrisy,
 Rent from her face, ev'n while she did devour :
 I saw those glorious stiles of government,
 God, laws, religion, (wherein tyrants hide
 'The wrongs they do, and all the woes we bide,)
 Wounded, prophan'd, destroy'd : pow'r is unwise,
 'That thinks in pomp to mask her tyrannies.

Ibi

The violent thunder is ador'd by those
 Are dash'd in pieces by it.

Webster's White Devil

Pow'r's a strange thing, which ev'n additions make
 Weak, and dispos'd to fall : Few can digest
 'The swelling cheer of fortune : If you take
 But one dish more, you prejudice the rest :
 Some fortunes, that have flow'd gently before,
 Run over, if you add one honour more.

Allyn's Henry VI

With what a difference nature's palate tastes
 'The sweeter draught which art provides her, pow'r
 Since pow'r, pride's wine, but high in relish luts
 Whilst sunning new ; for time does turn it sour ?

Yet pow'r, earth's tempting fruit, heav'n first did plant,
 From man's first serpent's seed, ambition's reach ;
 Else *Eden* could not serve ambition's want ;
 Whom no command can rule, nor council teach.

Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,
 The wise, and noble most intoxicate ;
 Adds time to youth, and takes it from the old ;
 Yet I by surfeit this elixir hate.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Yield not in storms of state to that dislike
 Which from the people does to rulers grow ;
 Pow'r, fortune's sail, should not for threat'nings strike ;
 In boats bellorm'd, all check at those that row.

Ibid.

For he who secrets, pow'r's chief treasure, spends,
 To purchase friendship, friendship dearly buys :
 Since pow'r seeks great confed'rates, more than friends.
Ibid.

————— My reward is pow'r ;
 An outward trifle, bought with inward peace ;
 Got in an age, and ris'd in an hour ;
 When sev'rish love, the people's fit shall cease.

Ibid.

But how men gain their pow'r, the gods do not
 So much regard ; as how 'tis us'd, when got.

E. of Orrery's Tryphon.

Oh wretched he, who call'd abroad by pow'r,
 To know himself can never find an hour !
 Strange to himself, but to all others known ;
 Lends ev'ry one his life, and uses none :
 So ere he tasted life, to death he goes ;
 And himself loses, ere himself he knows.

Crown's Thyestes.

But pow'r, it seems, can change the names of things ;
 Call treason virtue, and make rebels kings.

Crown's Charles VIII. of France.

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
 Or strive in virtue others to excel;
 If none should yield him his deserved meed,
 Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
 For if good were not praised more than ill,
 None would chuse goodness, of his own free will.

Spenser's Tears of the Mushi.

One good deed, dying tonguelets,
 Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that :
 Our praises are our wages.

Shakespeare's Winter's Tale.

The worthiness of praise distains his worth ;
 If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth :
 What the repining enemy commends,
 That breath, same blows ; that praise, sole pure tran-
 scends.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you :
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
 No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctify'd and holy traitors to you.
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it !

Shakespeare's As you like it.

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true
 Of any good mind ; now, there are so few.
 The bad, by number are so fortify'd,
 As what they've lost t' expect, they dare deride :
 So both the prais'd and praiser suffer : yet
 For others ill, ought none their good neglect.

Johnson's Forest.

That praise contents me more which one imparts,
 Of judgment sound, though of a mean degree ;
 Than praise from princes, void of princely parts,
 Who have more wealth, but not more wit than he.

L. of Sterling's Cræsus.
 And

that is most commended at this time,
 living ages may account a crime.

E. of *Sterline's Darins.*

Each vain minds, it may be truly said,
 Love false praise, of false scorns are afraid.

Lord *Brooke on Fame and Honour.*

For a defence argues a strong
 Opinion; and too vehement a praise,
 A suspicion of others worthy disparagement.
 Men to bright day, it ill befits;
 Men can vent themselves, and not good wits.

Marston's What you will.

Praise, the brow of common men doth ring;
 Only girts the temples of a king.

Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Made short the hours that time made long;
 I laid mine ears to his most pleasing tongue:
 I have waited on your praises worth,
 I catch'd his words ere he could get them forth:
 He had spoke, and something by the way
 I broke off, that he was about to say,
 I know not where from his tale he fell,
 I left him the residue to tell.

I would say, how sweet a prince is he!
 I have prais'd him, but for praising thee;
 I proceed, I would entreat and woo;
 I would to ease him, help to praise thee too.

Marston's Countess of Salisbury to the Black Prince.

I lightens them with commendation: Praise
 I reflection doth from virtue rise:
 Fair encomiums do virtue raise
 Higher acts: to praise is to advise.

Men what they are, we let them see,
 We present to them, what they should be.

Aleyn's Poetasters.

————— To refuse just praise,
 Extreme, worse, than man's over-weening
 Of himself.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

A Venus and Diana mixt in one

She was; whose wit was ev'n in greenest years
Flowing as nectar; ripe as autumn shewn.

And crown'd with graces, envy'd by white hairs:
Which who can tell? and yet who cannot tell?
Well may I praise her, but not praise her well.

'To do it meanly, were no less disgrace,

'Tis an a coarse garment to a princely dame;
Or homely painting to a lovely face;

Or a brass setting to a precious gem.
Think not weak mule by thy low long to raise her;
'Tis praise enough, that none enough can praise her.

Ba

Praise is but virtue's shadow; who court her,
Doth more the handmaid than the dame admire.

Heath's Clarissa.

This is new court thrift; they are not able
To maintain flatterers, therefore bely
Each other, with their own praises.

Sir W. Davenant's Si

Now he brings

The youths to view the temple built for praise;
Where olive for th' *Olympian* victor springs;
Myrtle, for lovers; and for war's triumph, bays.

These, as rewards of praise, about it grew;
For lib'ral praise, from an abundant mind,
Does ev'n the conqueror of fate subdue;
Since heav'n's good king is captive to the kind.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondil

Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love;
But less condemn whom thou dost not approve;
'Thy friend like flatt'ry, too much praise doth wrong
And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue.

Danb

Hark how they bandy praise, and flatt'ry round!
Each takes her turn to catch it at rebound;

Wi

Whilst we desertless fools must patience feign,
And praise ourselves, if any praise we'll gain.

Crown's Calijio.

P R A Y E R.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms ; which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.

That high all-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men,
To turn their own points on their masters bosoms.

Shakespeare's King Richard III.

Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent :
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curst hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow ? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down ? then I'll look up ;
My fault is past — But oh ! what form of pray'r
Can serve my turn ? forgive me my foul murder !
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects, for which I did the murder ;
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
What then ? what rests ?
Try, what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh wretched state ! oh bosom, black as death !
Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,

Art

Art more engag'd ! help, angels ! make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart, with strings of sin
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !

All may be well ———

Shakespeare's Ham

When we of hopes, or helps, are quite bereaven,
Our humble pray'rs have entrance into heaven.

John Ford's Lover's Sacr

Temporal blessings heav'n doth often share
Unto the wicked, at the good man's pray'r.

Quar

Man's plea to man, is, that he never more
Will beg ; and that he never begg'd before :
Man's plea to God is, that he did obtain
A former suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve ; that when we sue,
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new !

1

————— She will out pray
A preacher at saint *Ant'lin's*, and divides
The day in exercise ; I did commend
A great precisian to her, for her woman ;
Who tells me, that her lady makes her quilt
Her smocks before for kneeling.

Main's City-Ma

Mark, *Birtha*, this unsighteous war of pray'r !
Like wrangling states, you ask a monarch's aid
When you are weak, that you may better dare
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

Long has th' ambitious world rudely preferr'd
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to heav'
And thought that heav'n would like themselves havee
Depriving some, of what's to others giv'n.

Thence modern faith becomes so weak and blind,
Thinks heav'n in ruling other worlds employ'd,
And is not mindful of our abject kind,
Because all fates are not by all enjoy'd.

F

How firm was faith, when humble fates for need,
 Not choice were made? then, free from all despair,
 As moderate birds, who sing for daily feed:
 Like birds, our song of praise included pray'r.

Sir H. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

He who this builder's building did create,
 Has an apartment here triangular;
 Where *Astragon* three fanes did dedicate,
 To days of praise, of penitence and pray'r.
 To these, from different motives, all proceed;
 For when discoveries they on nature gain,
 They praise high heav'n, which makes their works
 succeed;

But when it fails, in penitence complain.

If after praise, new blessings are not giv'n,
 Nor mourning penitence can ill repair;
 Like practis'd beggars, they solicit heav'n,
 And will prevail by violence of pray'r.

The temple built for pray'r, can neither boast
 The builder's curious art, nor does declare,
 By choice materials he intended cost;
 To shew, that nought should need to tempt to pray'r.

No bells are here; unhung'd are all the gates:
 Since craving in distress is natural,
 All lies so open, that none for entrance waits;
 And those whom faith invites, can need no call.

The great have by distinction here no name;
 For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,
 To shew none come for decency or fame,
 That all are strangers to each others eyes.

L. L.

How far is it to heav'n, that yet this lady's
 Mournings are not heard? for if they were, my
 Sufferings and my guilt would cease; or cannot
 Our petitions climb, and get access as
 Nimble as our faults? O this is it, that

So

So emboldens vex'd humanity ; makes
Us complain. Those undiscern'd, immortal
Governors, are often in
Their bounty slow, in justice too severe ;
And give not what we beg, but what we fear.

Sir W. Davenant's Platonick

Can pray'rs to all alike so gentle be,
Since all the world's devotions disagree ?
None beg the same ; the pray'rs of all the best
Are little more than curses for the rest.

Sir Robert Howard's Vesta

P R E F E R M E N T

When a noble nature's rais'd,

It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity fam
In him the times, no less than prince, are prais
And by his rise, in active men, his name

Doth emulation stir :

To the dull, a spur

It is : to th' envious meant

A mere upbraiding grief, and tort'ring punishm

Johnson's Unde

————— Whoe'er is rais'd,

For worth he has not ; he is tax'd, not prais'd.

Johnson's Ep

Many such ends have fall'n on such proud honour
No more because the men on whom they fell
Grew insolent, and left their virtue's state ;
Than for their hugeness, that procur'd their hat
And therefore little pomp in men most great,
Makes mightily and strongly to the guard
Of what they win by chance or just reward :
Great and immodest braveries again,
Like statues, much too high made for their base
Are overturn'd as soon as giv'n their places.

Chapman's Revenge of Buff D'

There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel
For each man's good ; when which nick con
strikes :

As rhetoric, yet works not persuasion,
 But only is a mean to make it work ;
 So no man riseth by his real merit,
 But when it cries clink to his rarer's spirit.
 Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
 Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall :
 I'll venture that ; men that fall now must die,
 As well as men cast headlong from the sky.

Chapman's Buffs D'ambcis.

For when that men of merit grow ungrac'd,
 And by her fautors, ignorance held in,
 And parasites in good mens rooms are plac'd,
 Only to sooth the highest in their sin ;
 From those whose skill and knowledge is debas'd,
 There many strange enormities begin.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

Others that stemm'd the current of the time,
 Whence I had fall'n, strove suddenly to climb.
 Like the camelion, whilst time turns the hue,
 And with false *Proteus* puts on sundry shapes ;
 This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue ;
 One fill'd, another for promotion gapes :
 Thus do they swarm like flies about the brim ;
 Some drown'd, and some do with much danger swim.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

When knaves come to preferment, they rise as
 Gallows are rais'd in the *Low Countries*, one
 Upon another's shoulders.

Webster's White Devil.

For places in the court, are but like beds
 In the hospital ; where this man's head lies
 At that man's foot, and so lower and lower.

Webster's Dukes of Malin.

If on the sudden he begins to rise ;
 No man that lives can count his enemies.

Middleton's Trick to catch the Old One.

'Tis

'Tis not advancement that I love alone ;
'Tis love of shelter, to keep shame unknown.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough

———— All preferment
That springs from sin and lust shoots up quickly ;
As gard'ners crops do in the rott'nest grounds :
So is all means rais'd from base prostitution,
Ev'n like a fallad growing upon a dunghill.

Middleton's Women beware Women

———— He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments ; let him bare
His throat unto the *Turkish* cruelty ;
Or die or live a slave without redemption.

John Ford's Lady's Tri

What throngs of great impediments besiege
The virtuous mind ? So thick, they jostle
One another as they come. Hath vice a
Charter got, that none must rise, but such, who
Of the devil's faction are ? The way to
Honour is not evermore the way to
Hell : A virtuous man may climb Let the
Flatterer sell his lies elsewhere ; it is
Unthrifty merchandize to change my gold
For breath.

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother

P R I D E.

So proud she shined in her princely state,
Looking to heav'n, for earth she did disdain ;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo ! underneath her scornful feet, was lain
A dreadful dragon with a hideous train :
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fain,
And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight ;
For she was wond'rous fair, as any living wight.

Of grisly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina*, the queen of hell ;
 Yet did she think her peerless worth to pais
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell :
 And thund'ring *Jove* that high in heav'n doth dwell,
 And wield the world, she claimed for her sire ;
 Or if that any else did *Jove* excell ;
 For to the highest she did still aspire :
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.
 And proud *Lucifera* men did her call. —

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is
 His own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle ;
 And whatever praises itself but in
 The deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

——Pride hath no other gl'us
 To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Ibid.

Let this example move th'insolent man,
 Not to grow proud, and careless of the gods :
 It is an odious wisdom to blaspheme,
 Much more to slighten or deny their pow'rs.
 For whom the morning saw so great and high ;
 Thus low, and little, 'fore the eve doth lie.

Johnson's Sejanus.

How blind is pride ! What eagles are we still
 In matters that belong to other men,
 What beetles in our own ?

Chapman's All Fools.

How poor a thing is pride ! When all as slave,
 Differ but in their fetters, not their graves.

Daniel's Civil War.

Pride by presumption bred, when at a height,
 Encount'ring with contempt, both march in ire ;
 And 'twixt 'em bring base cruelty to light ;
 The loathsome off-spring of a hated fire.

E. of Sterling's Alexandrian Tragedy.

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 The loathsome off-spring of a hated fire.

E. of Sterline's Alexandrian Tragedy.

1. Are you not proud of your cloaths ?
 Why then you were never proud of any thing ;
 For therein chiefly consisteth pride ; for you
 Never saw pride pictur'd, but in gay attire.
 2. True ; but in my opinion, pride might as well
 Be pourtray'd in any other shape ; being
 The causes thereof are so sev'ral and
 Divers : as some are proud of their strength, although
 That pride cost them the loss of a limb or
 Two, by over-daring : Some are proud of
 Their humour ; although in that humour, they
 Be often knock'd for being so : Some are
 Proud of their drink, although that liquid
 Operation cause them to wear a night-cap
 Three weeks after : Some are proud of their good
 Parts, although they were never put to better
 Uses, than the enjoying of a common
 Strumpet's company : And some are only
 Made proud, by the favour of a waiting-woman.

Taylor's Hog bath lost his Pearl.

————— I believe cunning
 Court ladies chuse some pretty venial errors,
 To set perfection off : For should you not
 Usurp a handsome pride, your fame would lie
 Like unwall'd cities, open to the prey
 Of each invading youth. Did you not shew
 A scorn, you would deserve it.

Habington's Queen of Arragon.

He like a high-swol'n and impetuous tide,
 Bore all before him ; rais'd to such a pride
 As did his own approaching ruin shew,
 And draw it on : Plethorick bodies so,
 From whence diseases of themselves do breed,
 The seeds of death in that strong fulness feed.

May's Edward III.

I'll offer, and I'll suffer no abuse,
 Because I'm proud ; pride is of mighty use.

Ths

e affectation of a pompous name,
s oft set wits and heroes in a flame :
lumes, and buildings, and dominions wide,
e oft the noble monuments of pride.

Crown's Caligula.

PRODIGALITY.

hat will this come to ? He commands us to
vide, and give great gifts, and all out of
empty coffer : Nor will he know
is purse, or yield me this——
shew him what a beggar his heart is,
'ng of no pow'r to make his wishes good ;
is promises fly so beyond his state,
hat what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry
word :

e is so kind, that he pays inter't for't :
is land's put to their books. Well, would I were
ntly put out of office, ere I were forc'd.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

———Prodigal men
el not their own stock waſting.

Johnson's Catiline.

at which made him gracious in your eyes,
d gilded over his imperfections,
waſted and conſumed ev'n like ice,
hich by the vehemence of heat diſſolves,
d glides to many rivers ; ſo his wealth,
at felt a prodigal hand, hot in expence,
lted within his gripe, and from his coſſers,
n like a violent ſtream to other mens.

Cook's Green's Tu quoque.

ung heirs, left in this town, where ſin's ſo rank,
d prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
e like young whelps, thrown in the lion's den,
ho play with them a while, at length devour them.

Wilkins's Miſeries of enforc'd Marriage.

us like a fever that doth ſhake a man
om ſtrength to weakneſs, I conſume myſelf:

I know this company, their custom wild,
 Hated, abhorr'd of good men; yet, like a child,
 By reason's rule instructed how to know
 Evil from good, I to the worser go.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

What is a prodigal? Faith, like a brush,
 That wears himself, to flourish others cloaths;
 And having worn his heart ev'n to the stump,
 He's thrown away like a deformed lump:
 Oh such am I! I have spent all the wealth
 My ancestors did purchase; made others brave
 In shape and riches, and myself a knave:
 For tho' my wealth rais'd some to paint their door,
 'Tis shut 'gainst me, saying, I am but poor.
 Nay, ev'n the greatest arm, whose hand had grac'd
 My presence to the eye of majesty, shrinks back,
 His fingers clutch, and like to lead
 They're heavy to raise up my state, b'ing dead:
 By which I find spend thrifts, and such am I,
 Like strumpets flourish, but are foul within;
 And they like snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Ibid.

My old master kept a good house, and twenty
 Or thirty tall sword and buckler-men about
 Him; and in faith his son differs not much,
 He will have metal too; tho' he has no
 Store of cutler blades, he will have plenty
 Of vintners pots. His father kept a good
 House for honest men, his tenants, that brought
 Him in part: And his son keeps a bad house
 With knaves that help to consume all: 'Tis but
 The change of time: Why should any man repine
 At it? Crickets, good loving and lucky worms,
 Were wont to feed, sing, and rejoice in the
 Father's chimney: And now carrion-crows build
 In the son's kitchen.

Ibid.

—Ous

Our eyes
 See daily presidents : hopeful gentlemen
 Being trusted in the world with their own will,
 Divert the good is look'd from them, to ill :
 Make their old names forgot, or not worth note ;
 Such company they keep, such revelling
 With panders, parasites, prodigies of knaves,
 That they sell all, ev'n to their old fathers graves.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

He has not felt
 The weight of need, that want is virtue's clog ;
 Of what necessity, respect and value
 Wealth is ; how base and how contemptible
 Poverty makes us : liberality
 In some circumstances, may be allow'd ;
 As when it has no end but honesty ;
 With a respect of person, quantity,
 Quality, time, and place : but this profuse,
 Vain, injudicious spending makes him idiot :
 And yet, the best of liberality
 Is to be lib'ral to ourselves : And thus
 Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows
 How fond a thing it is for discreet men
 To purchase with the loss of their estate
 The name of one poor virtue, liberality,
 And that too, only from the mouths of beggars !
 One of your judgment would not, I am sure,
 Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate.

Randolph's Muses Looking-Glass.

1. Two thousand pounds a year
 Cannot be melted suddenly ; when 'tis,
 Men can but say, her prodigality
 Has done an act of justice, and translated
 That wealth which fortune's blindness had misplac'd
 On such a fellow : what should he do with it ?
 2. And thou say'st right. Some men were made to be
 The conduit-pipes of an estate ; or rather
 The sieves of fortune, thro' whose leaking holes

She means to scatter a large flood of wealth,
 Besprinkling many with refreshing show'rs :
 So usurers, so dying aldermen
 Pour at once upon their sieve-like heirs
 Whole gusts of envy'd wealth ; which they together
 Through many holes let out again in show'rs,
 And, with their ruin water a whole country.

May's Old Couple.

P R O J E C T O R.

1. What is a projector, I would conceive ?
2. Why, one, sir, that projects
 Ways to enrich men ; or to make 'em great,
 By suits, by marriages, by undertakings :
 According as he sees they humour it.

Johnson's Devil is an Ass.

Money's a whore, a hawd, a drudge ;
 Fit to run out on errands : Let her go.
I'm pecunia ! When she's run and gone,
 And fled, and dead ; then will I fetch her again
 With *Aqua vite*, out of an old hogshcad !
 While there are lees of wine, or drops of beer,
 I'll never want her ! coin her out of cobwebs,
 Dust, but I'll have her ! raise wool upon Egg-shells,
 Sir, and make grass grow out o'marrow bones !

Ibid.

————— He shall not draw
 A Ring of his purse. I'll drive his patent for him.
 We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,
 To bear the charge ; and blow them off again,
 Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carry'd :
 The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
 Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,
 If it be owner ; else the crown and owners
 To share that moiety, and the recoverers
 To enjoy the other moiety for their charge.

Ibid.

It shall be no shame to me, to confess
 To you, that we poor gentlemen, that want acres,
 Must

lust for our needs, turn fools up, and plough ladies
 sometime, to try what glebe they are ; and this
 no unfruitful piece. She and I now
 are on a project, for the fact, and venting
 Of a new kind of fucus, paint for ladies,
 To serve the kingdom : wherein she herself
 hath travell'd, 'specially, by way of service
 Into her sex ; and hopes to get the whole monopoly,
 As the reward of her invention.

Johnson's Devil is an Ass.

1. I meant to have offer'd it
 Your ladyship on the perfecting the patent.
2. How is it ?
1. For serving the whole state with tooth-picks ;
 Somewhat an intricate business to discourse, but
 I show how much the subject is abus'd ;
 First, in that one commodity : then what diseases
 And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
 By those are made of adulterate and false wood ;
 My plot, for reformation of these fellows,
 To have all tooth-picks brought unto an office,
 There seal'd ; and such as counterfeit 'em mulct'd :
 And last, for venting 'em, to have a book
 Printed, to teach their use ; which ev'ry child
 Shall have throughout the kingdom that can read,
 And learn to pick his teeth by : which beginning
 Early to practise, with some other rules,
 Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chawing
 Some grains of mattick, will preserve the breath
 Pure, and so free from taint.

Ibid.

These are my old projectors, and they make me
 The superintendent of their business :
 But still they shoot two or three bows too short,
 For want of money and adventurers.
 They have as many demurs as the chancery ;
 And hatch more strange imaginations
 Than any dreaming philosopher ; one of them

Will undertake the making of bay-salt,
 For a penny a bushel, to leave the flate ;
 Another dreams of building water works,
 Drying of fens and marshes, like the *Dutch men* ;
 Another strives, to raise his fortunes, from
 Decay'd bridges, and would exact a tribute
 From ale houses, and sign posts : some there are,
 Would make a thorough fate for the whole kingdom,
 An office, where nature should give account
 For all she took, and sent into the world ;
 For they were born in an unlucky hour,
 For some unfortunate mischief or other,
 Still comes athwart them ! well I must in to them,
 And scall them with new hopes ; 'twill be good sport
 'To hear how they dispute it *pro* and *con*

Marmion's Holland's Leaguer.

P R O M I S E.

Promising is the very air of the
 'Time ; it opens the eyes of expectation.
 Performance is ever the duller for
 His act ; and, but in the plainer and simpler
 Kind of people, the deed is quite out of
 Use. 'To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable ;
 Performance is a kind of will or testament,
 Which a gives a great sickness in his judgment
 'That makes it.

Shakespeare's Timon.

Our promise must not prejudice our good ;
 And that it is no reason that the tongue
 Tie the whole body to eternal wrong.

Daniel's Arcadia.

1. We think your promises spring tales ; but we
 Fear you'll elb in your performance ;
 2. My deed, and speeches, Sir,
 Are lines drawn from one center ; what I promise
 'To do, I'll do

Dickens's Match me in London.

Court

It promises ! let wise men count them curst ;
while you live, he that scores best, pays worst.

Webster's White Devil.

Only your promises with deeds ;
know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

Ibid.

His promises are mortal, and commonly
within half an hour they are spoken.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

Wives of princes must not be
After-arts evaded. Who dares punish
breach of oaths in subjects ; and yet slight
faith he hath made them ?

Habington's Queen of Arragon.

I cannot lose your virtue, sir, and then
I sure my courtesy will never fail :
To promise more, would make me seem too prodigal
That you can't in nobleness receive.

Sir W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.

————— "Tis apparent,
I will not fail thy friend in great engagements,
I art so punctual in a promis'd trifle.
'He man that is not in th' enemy's pow'r,
fetter'd by misfortune, and breaks promises,
saddens himself ; he never can pretend
To honour more.

Sir Robert Stapleton's Slighted Maid.

P R O S P E R I T Y.
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
That keeps fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
When fortune alters.

Shakespeare's Winter's Tale.

And hourly proof
That us, prosperity is at highest degree,
To fount and handle of calamity :
Must dust before a whirlwind those men fly,
Who prostrate on the ground of fortune lie ;

And being great, like trees that broadest sprout,
 Their own top heavy state girds up their root.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspire

'Things overt rank do never kindly bear,
 As in the corn the flexure, when we see
 Fill but the straw, when it should feed the ear;
 Rotting that time in rip'ning it should be,
 And being once down, itself can never tear:

With us well doth this simile agree
 Of the wise man, due to the great in all,
 By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self loving man, what sooner doth abuse;
 And more than his prosperity doth wound?
 Into the deep but fall how can he chuse
 That over strides whereon his foot to ground?
 Who sparingly prosperity doth use,
 And to himself doth after ill propound;
 Unto his height who happily doth climb,
 Sits above fortune, and controuleth time.

Drayton in the Mirror for Magists

Lo, when prosperity too much prevails,
 Above the judgment thus of vulgar minds;
 As little barges laden'd with great sails,
 They move in state, all swain with fortune's win

Ed. of Sterling's Alexandrian Tra

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
 But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near
W. Chester's White L

Knave will thrive,
 When honest plumech knows not how to live.
Shirley's Maid's Rem

He that suffers
 Prosperity to swell him 'bove a mean;
 Take those impressions in the air, that rise
 From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,
 Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.
Robbs's Hannibal and S

P R O

59

Of both our fortunes good and bad, we find
Prosperity more searching of the mind :
Felicity flies o'er the wall and fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.

Herrick.

More in prosperity is reason lost,
Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost :
Before fair gales not all our sail we bear,
But with side winds into safe harbours steer.
More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,
Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.

Deham.

None violent empires long enjoy secure ;
They're mod'rate conditions that endure.
When fortune raiseth to the greatest height,
The happy man should most suppress his state ;
Expecting still a change of things to find,
And fearing, when the gods appear too kind.

Sir Robert Howard.

P R O V I D E N C E.

Thus doth th' all working providence retain,
And keep for good effects the seed of worth ;
And so doth point the stops of time thereby,
In periods of uncertain certainty.

Daniel's Panegyrick to the King.

So blind's the sharpest councils of the wise
This over-shadowing providence on high,
And dazzleth all their clearest-sighted eye,
That they see not how nakedly they lie:
There where they little think the storm doth rise,
And over-casts their clear security :
When Man hath stopp'd all ways, save only that,
Which, as least doubted, ruin enters at.

Daniel's Civil War.

What man, not wondring, can by deeds behold
The providence of all commanding *Joze,*
Whose brazen edicts cannot be controul'd ;
Firm are the statutes of the states above :

D 6

That

'That mortal whom a deity's favour shields,
No worldly force is able to confound;
He may securely walk through danger's fields;
'Times and occasions are to leave him bound,

R. of Sterling's Crag

O all preparing providence divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd!
What kindly help doth thy great pow'r assign,
'To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold!
What mortal sense is able to define
'Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold?
It is thy wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends

Drayton's Baron's Wars

----- Wife piners
Fight not alone with forces; providence
Directs and tutors through: else elephants
And barbed horses might as well prevail,
As the most subtil stratagems of war.

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck

----- Wisdom and virtue be
'The only destinies set for a man to follow,
'The heav'nly pow'rs are to be reverenc'd,
Not search'd into; then mercies rather be
By humble prayers to be sought, than their
Hidden counsels by curiosity,

Baron's Mirra

Who is it, that will doubt
'The care of heaven? or think th' immortal
Pow'rs are slow, cause they take the privilege
'To chuse their own time, when they will send their
Blessings down?

Sir W. Devenant's Fair Favourite

P R U D E N C E.

She's a majestic ruler, and commands
Ev'n with the terror of her awful brow,
As in a throng, sedition being rais'd,
'The ignoble multitude inflam'd with madness,

Picciardi

and stones fly ; fury shews them weapons :
 lying some grave man, honour'd for wisdom,
 straight are silent, and erect their ears ;
 he with his sage council doth assuage
 minds disorder, and appease their rage :
 dence, when rebellious appetites
 rais'd temptations, with their batteries
 ting reason, then doth interpose,
 eep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weak,
 air vain forces wisdom deign to break.

Nabbi's Microcosmus.

ice, thou virtue of the mind, by which
 consult of all that's good or evil,
 cing to felicity ; direct
 oughts and actions by the rules of reason :
 me contempt of all inferior vanities ;
 in a marble portal gilded o'er,
 in carpets, chairs of ivory,
 uxury of a stupendous house,
 ents perfum'd, gems valu'd not for use,
 eddels ornament : a sumptuous table,
 ll the baits of sense. A vulgar eye
 ot the dangers which beneath them lie.

Ibid.

——— A wise man,
 he does sound his happiness, forecasts
 uests, that fate had never practis'd yet ;
 h if they happen, if they prove too true,
 meet, not overtake him ; and so find
 m, because a preparation.

Gomerfai's Lodovick Sforza.

forward what's to come, and back what's past ;
 ife will be with praise and prudence grac'd :
 los or gain may follow, thou may't guess ;
 then wilt be secure of the success.

Denham.

P U.

P U N I S H M E N T.

Ye princes all, and rulers ev'ry one,
 In punishment, beware of hatred's ire.
 Before you scourge, take heed ; look well thereon :
 In wrath's ill will, if malice kindle fire,
 Your hearts will burn in such a hot desire,
 That in those flames, the smoke shall dim your sight,
 Ye shall forget to join your justice right.

You should not judge, till things be well discern'd ;
 Your charge is still to maintain upright laws :
 In conscience rules ye should be thoroughly learn'd,
 Where clemency bids wrath and rashness pause ;
 And further faith, strike not without a cause :
 And when ye smite, do it for justice sake ;
 Then in good part, each man your scourge will take.
Churchyard in the Mirror for Magistrates
 Unpunish'd 'scape for heinous crime some one ;
 But unaveng'd in mind or body, none.

Mirror for Magistrates

All have not offended :
 For those that were, it is not square to take
 On those that are, revenge : crimes, like to lands,
 Are not inherited.

Shakespeare's Timon

Yet must we not put the strong law on him ;
 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :
 And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
 But never the offence.

Shakespeare's Hamlet

Reck'ning it better, since his end is meant,
 And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
 And put it to the fortune of th' event,
 Than by long doing to be long in fear :
 When in such courses of high punishment,
 The deed and the attempt like danger bear.

Daniel's Civil War

Where

fits the offence,
 the fault's punishment be deriv'd from thence.

Middleton's Game at Chesse,

face of death when it is mildly spoke,
 promises life ; but when your doom you mix
 such rough threats, what is't but twice to kill ?

Heywood's Royal King,

could not dare to kill, that dares not die ;
 ready mischief, and he's bately bent,
 dares do ill, yet fears the punishment.

W. Rowley's All's Lost by Lust.

custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
 such as do offend, make less the sin ;
 each particular crime a strict account
 be exacted ; and that comfort which
 damn'd pretend, follows in misery,
 as nothing from their torments : ev'ry one
 suffer in himself, the measure of
 wickedness.

Massinger's Picture,

———— The land wants such
 are with rigour execute her laws ;
 fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented :
 a bad surgeon that for pity spares
 part corrupted, 'till the gangrene spread,
 all the body perish : he that's merciful
 to the bad, is cruel to the good.
 pillory must cure the ear's disease ;
 stocks the foot's offences ; let the back
 her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
 the phlebotomy of a whipping post :
 yet the secret and purse-punishment
 eld the wiser course ; because at once
 helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious.
 not the sword of justice sleep, and rust
 in her velvet sheath ; preserve her edge,
 keep it sharp with cutting ; use must whet her :

Tame

'Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
Till *Hydra-like* she multiply her heads.

Randolph's Musés Looking.

1. ——— Think not of pardon, sir.
Rigour and mercy us'd in states uncertainly
And in ill times, look not like th' effects
Of virtue, but necessity : nor will
They thank your goodness, but your fears ?——
2. Revenge in princes should be still imperfect ;
It is then handsomest, when the king comes to
Reduce, not ruin——

1. Who puts but on the face of punishing,
And only gently cuts, but prunes rebellion ;
He makes that flourish, that he wou'd destroy.
Who wou'd not be a rebel, when the hopes
Are vast, the fears but small ?
2. Why, I wou'd not ;
Nor you, my lord, nor you, nor any here.
Fear keeps low spirits only in, the brave
Do get above it, when they do resolve.
Such punishments in infancy of war
Make men more desp'rate ; not the more yielding
The common people are a kind of flies ;
They're caught with honey, not with wormwood
Severity exasperates the stirr'd humour ;
And states dislempers turn into diseases.

Suckling's Broom

The laws are sinfully contriv'd. Justice
Should weigh the present crime, not future
Inference on deeds ; but now they cheapen
Blood : 'tis spilt
To punish the example, not the guilt.

Sir W. Davenant's Just It.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend ;
Or after warning the offence forget ;
So God himself our failings did remit.

De

Who would, unblamed, strike,
Must what he seems to do, not seem to like.
Orgula, or the Fatal Error.

Q U A C K.

1. **P**ITY his ignorance !
They are the only knowing men of *Europe* ;
Great gen'ral scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admir'd statesmen, profest favourites,
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes !
The only languag'd men of all the world !
2. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors ;
Made all of terms and shreds ; no lets belyers
Of great mens favours, than their own vile medicines ;
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths :
Selling that drug for two pence ere they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns before.

Johnson's Vespone.

1. Good doctor *Alcon*, I am come to crave
Your counsel to advise me for my health ;
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well ;
Methinks I should be sick, yet cannot tell :
Something there is amiss that troubles me,
For which I would take physick willingly.
2. Welcome, fair nymph ; come, let me try your pulse.
I cannot blame you, t' hold yourself not well.
Something amiss, quoth you ; here's all amiss !
The whole fabrick of yourself dittemp'red is ;
The *systole* and *diastole* of your pulse
Do shew your passions most *hysterical* ;
It seems you have not careful been
T' observe the *prophylactick* regimen
Of your own body ; so that we must now
Descend unto the *therapeutical* ;
That so we may prevent the *syndrome*
Of symptoms, and may afterwards apply

Some

Some *analeptical alexipharmacon*,
That may be proper for your malady :
It seems, fair nymph, you dream much in the night
1. Doctor, I do indeed.

2. I know you do ;
You're troubled much with thought.

1. I am indeed.
2. I know you are ;
You have great heaviness about your heart.

1. Now truly so I have.

2. I know you have ;
You wake oft in the night.

1. In troth I do.
2. All this I know you do ;
And this unless by physick you prevent,
Think whereto it may bring you in the end ;
And therefore you must first evacuate
All those *colaxical* hot humours which
Disturb your heart, and then refrigerate
Your blood by some *menalchian* cordials,
Which you must take, and you shall straight find
And in the morning I will visit you.

Daniel's Arc.

————— Out you impostors,
Quackfaling-cheating mountebanks, ——— your ski
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill !

Massinger and Dekker's Virgin Ma

Q U A L I F I C A T I O N S.

Good parts in youth and manhood are the same ;
They're the same picture in a smaller frame.

Elin

————— 'Tis strange to see
How gen'rally this gentleman doth take :
For my part, as I see not any thing
In him that I much mislike, so truly
Naught that I admire : he has some graceful
And becoming parts and qualities ; a
Handsome way in talk ; yet when I mark it

Seri

Seriously, methinks it is as curious
 Pictures, which although they make a pleasing
 Shew, yet, for the most part are drawn on coarse
 And ordinary matter. I needs must say,
 He has this happiness, that if he excel
 In aught, it is in things of that familiar
 Nature, that each place and company
 He comes in, afford him opportunity
 To shew it : and this certainly is the
 Only thing that makes him make a greater
 Blaze than some of far more worth ; whose eminence
 Lying in that which is more choice, cannot
 So frequently discover itself ; nor
 Is their value prostituted unto
 Every eye ; but they, as great bells, who
 Are not easily, nor on all slight occasions,
 Raised, yet being up, will far out-sound
 Any of these tinkling ting-tang blades.

The Healers.

For as when some common metals will serve
 For good substantial use, yet if you strive
 To force them to more curious shapes, they only
 Such rude draughts will take, as will render them
 More deformed : so this gentleman, had
 His coarser soul but had the luck to have
 Acted in some downright way, to have manag'd
 Some plodding trade, he might by long experience
 Have understood himself within his sphere ;
 Nay, have had wit enough to have got a
 Good estate, and through the repute of that,
 Have been look'd upon by the world as wise :
 But this by his father's industry being
 Left to his hand ; the common course of the
 World, unhappily doth fling him upon
 Things fit only for more refined minds ;
 Which although he cannot master, yet some
 Odd grudges and imperfect stamps have

Trans-

Transformed him from what he was, nor can
He be what he would.

The He

Q U A R R E L.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel : But being in,
Bear it, that the oppos'd may beware of thee.

Shakespeare's Ha

But yesterday, thou wast the common second
Of all that only know thee ; thou hadst bills
Set up on ev'ry post, to give thee notice
Where any diff'rence was, and who were parties ;
And as to save the charges of the law
Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen
By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels :
But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
That if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make
Or be engag'd thyself : This goodly calling
Thou hast follow'd five and twenty years, and stud
The criticisms of contentions, and art thou
In so few hours transform'd ?

Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Law

There's a mischief greater than all these ;
A base and fordid provocation,
Us'd among gentlemen they cannot quarrel
About a glass of wine, but out flies straight
Son of a whore : dead mothers must be torn
Out of their graves, or living, have their names
Poison'd by a prodigious breath : It were
A brave and noble law to make this tongue
Be cut for't ; it would save much blood i'th' year,
That might be spent more honourably.

Shirley's Gam

— See the fate of traytors !
How wonderfully heav'n does bring about
Their punishment, that like to canibals,
The one doth eat the other !

Tatham's Distracted S.

— Su

Surely one

Of the winds got him ; his cradle was a drum,
And he was nurs'd upon a belfry.
He hath more rage and noise than a winter-storm :
Only his virtue is, he will not out-last it.

Sir W. Davenant's News from Plymouth.

Q U E E N.

A dow'r, my lords ! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen ;
And not to seek a queen, to make him rich :
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep or horse :
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial-bed.
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd :
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord, and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry*, b'ing a king,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a king ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a king :
For, *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.

Shakespear's First Part of King Henry V.

When

When you are made my consort,
 All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,
 I'll practice the obedience of a wife,
 And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if the
 Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming
 To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign
 Over their husbands, in some kind commit
 Authoriz'd whoredom.

Massinger's Maid of

Q U E S T I O N S.

She now with jealous questions, utter'd fast,
 Fills *Orgo's* ear, which there unmark'd are gone
 As throngs through guarded gates, when all mal
 Not giving warders time t'examine one.

Sir W. Davenant's G

R A P E.

YOUR brother did with vicious looseness,
 Corrupt the chaste streams of my spotless
 And left me soiled like a long-pluck'd rose,
 Whose leaves dissever'd, have foregone their sw

Chapman's Revenge for

Woman's forced use,
 Like unripe fruits, no sooner got, but waste ;
 They have proportion, colour, but no taste.

Marston's Son

If he, from heav'n that filch'd that living fire,
 Condemn'd by *Jove* to endless torment be ;
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,
 That far beyond *Prometheus* did aspire :

The fire he stole, although of heav'nly kind,
 Which from above he craftily did take
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
 He did bestow in temper of the mind :

you broke into heav'n's immortal store,
 Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay;
 Which taking thence, you have escap'd away,
 stand as free as e'er you did before:

old *Prometheus* punish'd for his rape:
 as poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

Drayton's Ideas.

—She longs to be ravish'd:
 we have no pleasure but in violence;
 to be torn in pieces is their paradise:
 ordinary in our country, sir, to ravish all;
 they will not give a penny for their sport
 unless they be put to it, and terribly;
 I then they swear they'll hang the man comes
 near 'em,
 I swear it on his lips too.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid in the Mill.

How like a hill of snow she sits, and melts
 ere the unchaste fire of others lust?
 what heart can see her passion, and not break?
 Take comfort, gentle madam, you know well
 no actual sins committed without will,
 neither sins nor shame, much more compell'd;
 or honour's no whit less, your chastity
 whit impair'd, for fair *Merione*
 more a virgin yet than all her sex:
 'tis done! why burn these tapers now?
 coked and frantick creatures joy in night.
 imagine fair *Merione* had dream'd
 she had been ravish'd, would she sit thus then
 cruciate? Fie, fie, how fond is this?
 what reason for this surfeit of remorse?
 how many that have done ill and proceed,
 women that take degrees in wantonness,
 commence, and rise in rudiments of lust,
 that feel no scruple of this tenderness?
 Wherefore sits

My

My *Phæbe* shadow'd in a sable cloud ?
 Those pearly drops which thou let'st fall like beads,
 Numb'ring on them thy vestal orisons,
 Alas! are spent in vain ; I love thee still,
 In 'midst of all these show'rs thou sweetlier scents't,
 Like a green meadow on an *April* day ;
 In which the sun and west wind play together,
 Striving to catch, and drink the balmy drops.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.

—— He amongst all the ladies
 Singled out that dear form, who ever liv'd,
 As cold in lust, as she is now in death.
 O vicious minute !
 Unfit but for relation to be spoke of——
 'Then with a face more impudent than his vizard
 He harry'd her amidst a throng of panders,
 'That live upon damnation of both kinds,
 And fed the rav'nous vulture of his lust :
 O death to think on't ! She, her honour forc'd,
 Deem'd it a nobler dowry for her name,
 'To die with poison, than to live with shame.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Lucretia was chaste after the rape ; but where
 The blood consents, there needs no ravisher.

Shirley's Royal Master.

What foolish thief would rob an altar,
 • Be guilty of the sacrilege, to gain
 A brazen centor ? Why should you then affect
 A sin so great, as spoiling me of honour,
 For such a poor gain, as the satisfying
 Your sensual appetite ? Think, good my lord,
 The pleasures you so covet, are but like flatt'ring
 morning.

'That shew the rising sun in his full brightness ;
 Yet do ere night bury his head in tempests.

Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

Kill me, oh kill me ! rather let me die
 'Than live to see the jewel that adorns

The

The souls of virtuous virgins ravish'd from me.
 Do not add sin to sin, and at a price
 That ruins me, and not enriches you,
 Purchase damnation : Do not, do not do't ;
 Sheath here your sword, and my departing soul
 Like your good angel, shall sollicit heav'n
 To dash out your offences ; let my flight
 Be pure and spotless : Do not injure that,
 Manhood would blush to think on : It is all
 A maid's divinity : Wanting her life,
 She's a fair coarse ; wanting her chastity,
 A spotted soul of living infamy.

Ravilins's Rebellion.

Methinks I stand like *Tarquin*, in the night,
 When he defil'd the chastity of *Rome*,
 Doubtful of what to do ; and like a thief
 I take each noise to be an officer.
 She has a ravishing feature, and her mind
 Is of a purer temper than her body :
 Her virtues more than beauty ravish me,
 And I commit ev'n with her piety,
 A kind of incest with religion :
 Though I do know it is a deed of death,
 Condemn'd to torments in the other world,
 Such tempting sweetness dwells in ev'ry limb,
 That I must venture my essential parts,
 For the fruition of a moment's lust ;
 A pleasure dearly bought——

Hemmings's Fatal Contract.

1. Accuse tyrannick heav'n that made you bright,
 Accuse those killing eyes ; not my weak sight :
 I did a crime, without my own consent ;
 And justice pardons, where there's no intent :
 When love commands, who dares be innocent ?
 Blame not the ship that falls foul on another ;
 But blame the winds that blow it : Neighbourly streams
 Keep in their destin'd bounds, till show'rs from heav'n
 Constrain them to invade the friendly earth

With as unquestion'd power
As that which gives it from the highest cause :
Celestial visions cancel written laws.

2. If man may act what'er he's mov'd to do ;
The same man is both judge and party too :
Bodies and souls are so in marriage ty'd,
Their distinct issues hardly are descry'd ;
But well known body is the surer side.

Inspir'd thoughts may flow from heav'n or hell,
But *Æthiop's* bastards will their fathers tell :
Charge not the gods with thy infernal sins ;
Murder and piety cannot pass for twins.

1. I urg'd their pow'r, but now defend their justice :
Impartial heav'n, not robbing all the rest,
Could not permit by one to be possess'd
So great a joy too long :

But, if you call a crime, what heav'n commands,
'Tho' clear'd above, yet I have lost my cause.
In vain the pris'ner pleads his innocence.
Who'd rather die, than anger his accuser.

Fane's Sacrifice.

Beauty I love, but I hate toilsome rapes ;
I love good wine, but would not tread the grapes.

Crown's Caligula.

R A S H N E S S.

————— To be too rash,
Without both care and will to shun the worst ;
It b'ing in pow'r to do well, and with cheer,
Is stupid negligence, and worse than fear.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffo D'ambois.

————— Men by timidity
Are on more dang'rous resolutions cast,
'Than by the wildness of temerity :
Virtue's defects nothing of her possess,
But rashness may ; for that is an excess.

Alcyn's Poitiers.

Rashness her heat but to first onsets brings ;
'Then slugs, like wasps, when they have lost their stings.

Ibid.

———Rashness, gentlemen,
Gives the first onset fiercely ; then recoils,
As wasps, when they have lost their stings.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

R E A S O N.

This spark of reason is not ours,
But lent us from above :
The gods do give and take the same,
And make us loath and love.

Brandon's Antony to Octavia.

If the beam of our lives had not one scale
Of reason to poize another of sensuality ;
The blood and baseness of our natures would
Conduct us to most prepos'trous conclusions :
But we have reason, to cool our raging
Motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts.

Shakespeare's Othello.

——— Oh accursed reason !
How many eyes hast thou to see thy shame,
And yet how blind once to prevent defame.

Milton's Comus.

Hence do we out of words create us art ;
Of which the people notwithstanding be
Masters, and without rules do them impart :
Reason we make an art, yet none agree
What this true reason is ; nor yet have pow'rs,
To level others reason unto ours.

Lord Brooke of Human Learning.

Oh most imperfect light of human reason,
Thou mak'st us so unhappy, to foresee
What we can least prevent !

Weber's Dutchess of Malfy.

——— Accursed man
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate ;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when ev'ry heart is free.

Beaumont and Fletcher's King and No King.

'There's nothing done, but there is reason for it,
 If a man could find it ; For what's the reason
 Your citizens wives continually wear hats,
 But to shew the desire they always have
 'To be cover'd ? Or why do your sempsters
 Spend their time in pricking, and your ladies
 In poking of ruffs, but only to shew
 'They do as they would be done unto ? Or why
 Does your inns of-court man lie with his landress
 In a long vacation, but because he
 Hath no money to go abroad ? Or why do
 Your old judges widows always marry
 Young gentlemen, but to shew that they love
 Execution better than judgment.

Cupid's Whirlig

Man is not the prince of creatures,
 But in reason ; sail that, he is worse
 'Than horse, or dog, or beast of wilderness.

Field's Amends for Lad

'Those fond philosophers that magnify
 Our humane nature, and did boast we had
 Such a prerogative in our rational soul,
 Convers'd but little with the world ; confin'd
 'To cells and unfrequented woods, they knew not
 'The fierce vexation of community ;
 Else they had taught, our reason is our loss ;
 And but a privilege that exceedeth sense,
 By nearer apprehension, of what wounds,
 'To know ourselves most miserable.

Shirley's Brother

Where men have sev'ral faiths, to find the true,
 We only can the aid of reason use ;
 'Tis reason shews us which we should eschew,
 When by comparison we learn to chuse.
 But though we there on reason must rely,
 Where men to sev'ral faiths their minds dispose ;
 Yet after reason's choice, the schools are shy
 'To let it judge the very faith it chose.

Howe's

How'er 'tis call'd to construe the records
Of faith's dark charter, wrapt in sacred writ ;
And is the only judge ev'n of those words,
By which faith claims that reason should submit.

Since holy text bids faith to comprehend
Such mysteries as nature may suspect,
And faith must reason as her guide attend,
Left she mistake what scripture doth direct.

Since from the soul's far country, heav'n, God sent
His law, an embassy to few reveal'd,
Which did those good conditions represent
Of our eternal peace, ere it was seal'd.

Since to remote ambassadors are giv'n
Interpreters, when they with things confer ;
Since to that law, God's embassy from heav'n,
Our reason serves as an interpreter ;

Since justly clients pay that judge an awe,
Who laws lost sense interprets and restores ;
Yet judges are no more above the laws,
Than truchmen are above ambassadors.

Since reason as a judge, the trial hath
Of diff'ring faiths, by adverse pens perplex'd ;
Why is not reason reckon'd above faith,
Though not above her law, the sacred text ?

If reason have such worth, why should she still
Attend below, whilst faith doth upward climb ?
Yet common faith seems but unstudy'd will,
And reason calls unstudy'd will a crime.

Slave reason, ev'n at home in prison lies ;
And by religion, is so watch'd, and aw'd,
That though the prison-windows, both her eyes
Stand open, yet she scarce dares look abroad.

Faith thinks, that reason is her adverse spy ;
 Yet reason is, through doubtful ways, her guide ;
 But like a scout, brought in from th'enemy,
 Must, when she guides her, bound and guarded ride.

Or if by faith, not as her judge disclaim'd,
 Nor, as her guide suspected, but is found
 In ev'ry sentence just to the arraign'd,
 And guides her right unguarded, and unbound.

Why then should such a judge be still deny'd
 'T' examine, since faith's claims still publick are,
 Her secret pleas ? Or why should such a guide
 Be hinder'd, where faith goes, to go as far ?

And, yet as one bred humbly, who would shew
 His monarch's palace to a stranger, goes
 But to the gates ; as if to let him know
 Where so much greatness dwells, not what it does ;

Whilst strait the stranger enters undeny'd,
 As one whose breeding has much bolder been ;
 So reason, though she were at first faith's guide
 'To heav'n, yet waits without, when faith goes in.

But though at court, bold strangers enter, where
 The way is to their bashfull guide forbid ;
 Yet he, when they come back, is apt to hear
 And ask them, what the king then said, and did :

And so, though reason, which is faith's first guide
 'To God, is stop't where faith has entrance free,
 As nature's stranger ; though 'tis then deny'd
 'To reason, as of nature's family ;

Yet strait, when from her vision and her trance
 Faith does return, then reason quits that awe
 Enjoin'd when priests impos'd our ignorance ;
 And asks how much she of the Godhead saw ?
 See *W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Dying Christian.*

I see the errors that I would avoid,
And have my reason still, but not the use on't :
It hangs upon me like a wither'd limb
Bound up and numb'd by some disease's frost ;
The form the same, but all the use is lost,

Sir R. Howard's Great Favourite.

R E B E L L I O N.

1. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it ; —
That only, like a gulf, it did remain
I'th' midst o'th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd, —
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' discontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envy'd his receipt ; even so most fitly,
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you —

2. Your belly's answer — What !
The kingly crown'd *head*, the vigilant *eye*,
The counsellor *heart*, the armour soldier,
Our steed, the *leg* the *tongue* our trumpeter ;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they
Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink of the body,
The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer ?

1. Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers ; and thus answer'd ;
True it is, my incorp'rate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the gen'ral food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,

Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Ev'n to the court, the heart ; to th' seat o'th' brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, this says the belly, mark me—
'Though all at once cannot

See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't ?

2. It was an answer ; — how apply you this ?

1. The senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members ; for examine
'Their counsels, and their cares ; digest things rightly,
'Touching the weal o'th' common ; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think ?
You, the great toe of this assembly ! —

2. I the great toe ! Why, the great toe ?

1. For that, being one of the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost ;
'Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead't first, to win some 'vantage. —

Shakespeare's Coriolanus

1. If we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon ;
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

2. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
'That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action :
'That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

1. No, no, my lord, note this; the king is weary
Of dainty, and such picking grievances :
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life :
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new rememb'rance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion ;
His foes are so inrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend :
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

2. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his pow'r, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

1. 'Tis very true :
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Shakespeare's Second Part of King Henry IV.

My lord, your son, had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink portions, that their weapons only

Seem'd on our side : But for their spirits and souls,
'Tis word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond.

Shakespeare's Second Part of King Henry IV

Want made them murmur ; for the people, who
'To get their bread do wrestle with their fate,
Or those who in superfluous riot flow,
Soonest rebel : Convulsions in a state,
Like those, which nat'ral bodies do oppress ;
Rise from repletion, or from emptiness,

Allyn's Henry VII

But well weigh'd reason told him, that when law
Either's renounc'd, or misapply'd by th'awe
Of false nam'd patriots ; that when the right
Of king and subject is suppress'd by might ;
When all religion either is refus'd
As mere pretence, or merely as that us'd ;
When thus the fury of ambition swells,
Who is not active, modestly rebels.

Cartwright

'This late commotion in your kingdom, sir,
Is like a growing wen upon the face ;
Which as we cannot look on but with trouble,
So take't away we cannot but with danger.

Suckling's Brennerak

The vulgar in rebellion, are like
Unknown lands ; those that first possess them, have them
Ibis

————— 'There is gain
In mighty rebels. Flies and moths may buzz
About our beard, and are not worth the notice ;
Or if we crush them, they but foul our fingers :
'Tis noble prey deserves a prince's stroke.

Baron's Mirza

————— Sedition walks
With claws bow'd in, and a close mouth, which only
She keeps for opportunity of prey.

Killegrew's Conspirac
11

at such favour to rebellion shew,
 wear a crown the people do bestow ;
 when their giddy violence is past,
 from the king th' ador'd, revolt at last ;
 then the throne they gain, they shall invade,
 scorn that idol which themselves have made.

Crown's Charles VIII. of France.

R E D R E S S.

swelling floods have overflown the town,
 late it is to save them that shall drown.

G. Ferrers in the Mirror for Magistrates.

ive me your hands all over, one by one.
 and let us swear our resolution.
 o, not an oath : if that the face of men,
 uff'rance of our souls, the time's abuse —
 se be motives weak, break off betimes ;
 v'ry man hence to his idle bed :
 t high-sighted tyranny rage on,
 ch man drop by lott'ry. But if these,
 m sure they do, bear fire enough
 ndle cowards, and to steel with valour
 elting spirits of women ; then countrymen,
 need we any spur, but our own cause,
 ck us to redress ? what other bond,
 secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
 ill not palter ? and what other oath,
 honesty to honesty engag'd,
 his shall be, or we will fall for it ?
 priests and cowards, and men cautious,
 ble carrions, and such suff'ring souls
 welcome wrongs : unto bad causes, swear
 features as men doubt ; but do not stain
 en virtue of our enterprize,
 insuppressive mettle of our spirits ;
 ik, that or our cause, or our performance,
 ed an oath : when ev'ry drop of blood,
 v'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 y of a several bastardy,

If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Shakspear's Julius Cæsar.

The better, loathing courses so impure,
Rather will like their wounds, than such a cure.

Daniel's Civil War.

After this shipwrack, I again must try
Some happier voyage, hopeful still to make :
'The plots that barren long we see did lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take ;
One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore,
What many winters hindred had before.

Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.

The only way to salve a deep disease
Is to give what may cure, not what may please ;
Wherein delays prove worst : artists apply
Recepts, before distempers grow too high.

Lady Alimony.

Are you here, sir ? does it become a king
To look upon affliction, and not strait
Redress it ? the poor physician is so nice
In the honour of his science, that he ne'er
Will visit dying men : as if he were
Asham'd to look upon those inward wounds
He hath not skill to cure.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

1. Sir, I am pre-engag'd, let that suffice.
2. 'The antidote's too late, to him who dies :
'Too late we take the taper from the fly,
When he is burnt so, that he needs must die.

Dover's Roman Generals.

R E F O R M A T I O N.

- The king is full of grace and fair regard,
And a true lover of the holy church.
2. 'The courses of his youth promis'd it not ;
'He breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,

Confide-

deration, like an angel, came,
 whipp'd th'offending *Adam* out of him ;
 ng his body as a paradise,
 elope and contain celestial spirits.
 was such a sudden scholar made :
 came reformation in a flood
 such a heady current, scow'ring faults:
 ver *Hydra*-headed wilfulness
 n did lose his seat, and all at once,
 his king.
 're blessed in the change.
 ar him but reason in divinity,
 all-admiring, with an inward wish
 ould desire, the king were made a prelate :
 him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 say, it hath been all in all his study ;
 is discourse of war, and you shall hear
 ful battle render'd you in musick.
 him to any cause of policy,
 ordian knot of it he will unloose,
 iar as his garter. When he speaks,
 ir, a charter'd libertine, is still ;
 he mute wonder lurketh in mens ears,
 al his sweet and honied sentences :
 t the act, and practick part of life,
 be the mistress to this rhetorick.
 h is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 his addition was to courses vain ;
 ompanies unletter'd, rude and shallow ;
 ours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;
 never noted in him any study,
 etirement, any sequestration,
 open haunts and popularity.
 he straw-berry grows underneath the nettle,
 wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
 ighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
 o the prince obscur'd his contemplation
 r the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,

Grew

Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

2. It must be so ; for miracles are ceas'd :
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Shakepear's King Hen.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The un-yok'd humour of your idleness,
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world
That when he pleases again to be himself ;
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
The sport would be as tedious as to work ;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents :
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised ;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glit'ring o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Shakepear's First Part of King Henry

Formless themselves, reforming do pretend ;
As if confusion could disorder mend.

Daniel's Civil W

For never headstrong reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme opposite it run,
And over-run, the mean distrustful still,
As b'ing too near of kin to that men shun :
For good and bad, and all, must be one ill,
When once there is another truth begun.

So hard it is an even hand to bear,
 In temp'ring with such maladies as these :
 Left that our forward passions lance too near,
 And make the cure prove worse than the disease :
 For with the worst, we will not spare the best,
 Because it grows with that which doth displesse.

And faults are easier look'd in, than redress'd :
 Men running with such eager violence,
 At the first view of errors, fresh in quest ;
 As they, to rid an inconvenience,
 Stick not to raise a mischief in the stead,
 Which after mocks their weak improvidence ;
 And therefore do not make your own sides bleed,
 To prick at others.

Daniel's Musophilus.

Indeed a prince need not travel farther
 Than his own kingdom, if he apply himself
 Faithfully, worthy the glory of himself
 And expectation of others : and it
 Would appear far nobler industry in
 Him, to reform those fashions that are
 Already in his country ; than to bring
 New ones in, which have neither true form nor
 Fashion : 'To make his court an owl,
 City an ape, and the country a wolf,
 Preying upon the ridiculous pride
 Of either : And therefore I hold it a
 Safer stern upon this lucky advantage,
 Since my father is near his setting, and
 I upon the eastern hill to take my rise,
 To look into the heart and bowels of dukedom,
 And in disguise, mark all abuses ready
 For reformation or punishment.
 So much have the complaints and suits of men,
 Seven, nay, seventeen years neglected, still
 Interpos'd by coin and great enemies,
 Prevail'd with pity, that I cannot otherwise

Think,

Think, but there are infectious dealings
 In most offices, and foul mysteries
 'Throughout all professions : And therefore I
 Nothing doubt, but to find travel enough
 Within myself, and experience I fear
 'Too much : Nor will I be curious to fit
 My body to the humblest form and bearing,
 So the labour may be fruitful : For how
 Can abuses that keep low, come to the
 Right view of a prince, unless his looks lie
 Level with them, which else will be longest
 Hid from him, he shall be the last man sees them?
 For oft between kings eyes, and subjects crimes,
 Stands there a bar of bribes : the under-office
 Platters him next above it : he the next,
 And so of most, or many : ev'ry abuse will chuse a
 brother,

'Tis through the world, this hand will rub the other.

Middletown's Phœnix.

Who labours to reform, is fit to reign :
 How can the king be safe that studies not
 'The profit of his people ?

Ibid.

—————Wise experience
 Gives us to know, that in th'lopping of trees,
 'The skillful hand prunes but the lower branches,
 And leaves the top still growing, to extract
 Sap from the root : as meaning to reform,
 Not to destroy.

Tatham's Distracted State.

R E L I G I O N.

He wears his faith but as the fashion of
 His hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

Religion is a branch, first set and blest
 By heav'n's high finger in the hearts of kings :
 Which whilome grew into a goodly tree,
 Bright angels sat and sung upon the twigs,

And

And royal branches for the heads of kings
 Were twisted of them : But since squint-ey'd envy
 And pale suspicion dash'd the heads of kingdoms
 One 'gainst another, two abhorred twins
 With two soul tails, stern war and liberty
 Enter'd the world ; the tree that grew from heav'n
 Is over-run with moss ; the chearful musick
 That heretofore hath sounded out of it,
 Begins to cease ; and as she casts her leaves,
 By small degrees, the kingdoms of the earth
 Decline and wither ; and look whensoever
 That the pure sap in her, is dry'd up quite,
 The lamp of all authority goes out,
 And all the blaze of princes is extinct.
 Thus as the poet sends a messenger
 Out to the stage, to shew the sum of all
 That follows after : So are kings revolts,
 And playing both ways with religion,
 Fore-runners of afflictions imminent ;
 Which, like a chorus, subjects must lament.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Sacred religion ! mother of form and fear !

How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd ?

What pompous vestures do we make thee wear ?

What stately piles we prodigal erect ?

How sweet perfum'd art thou, how shining clear ?

How solemnly observ'd ; with what respect ?

Another time all plain, all quite thread-bare ;

Thou must have all within, and nought without ;

Sit poorly without light, disrob'd : No care

Of outward grace t'amuse the poor devout ;

Pow'rless, unfollow'd : Scarcely men can spare

The necessary rites to set thee out.

Daniel's Musophilus.

He whom God chuseth, out of doubt doth well ;

What they that chuse their God do. who can tell ?

Lord Brooke's Musaphoe.

Seek

Seek true religion : O where ! *Mirrens*,
 'Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
 Seeks her at *Rome* ; there, because he doth know
 'That she was there a thousand years ago :
 He loves the rags so, as we here obey
 'The state cloth, where the prince sate yesterday.
Grants to such brave loves will not be enthrall'd,
 But loves her only, who at *Geneva* is call'd
 Religion ; plain, simple, fullen, young,
 Contemptuous, yet unhandsome : As among
 Letch'rou humours, there is one that judges
 No wenches wholesome, but coarse country drudges.
Graius stays still at home here ; and because
 Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
 Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
 Which dwells with us, is only perfect ; he
 Embraceth her, whom his godfather's will
 'Tenders to him, being tender ; as wards still
 'Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
 Pay values. Careless *Phrygius* doth abhor
 All, because all cannot be good ; as one,
 Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so,
 As women do in divers countries go
 In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
 So doth, so is religion : And this blind,
 Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
 Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow,
 And the right ; ask thy father which is she,
 Let him ask his. Though truth and falsehood be
 Near twins, yet truth a little elder is :
 Be busy to seek her ; believe me this,
 He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best
 'T'adore, or scorn an image, or protect,
 All may be bad.

Dr. Don

Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
 Draws swords, swells battles, and o'er throws all go
Webster's White Dr

Religion is the fool's bridle, worn by policy,
As horse wear trappings, to seem fair in shew ;
And make the world's eye doat on what we seem.

Mason's Mukaffes.

————— Turn christian ?
If it be but for three qualities they have,
I'll be none of their society ; first,
They suffer their wives to be their masters ; secondly,
They make men thieves for want of maintenance,
And then hang them up for stealing : Lastly,
They're mad four times a year, which they call terms ;
And then they're so purg'd by their physicians,
Which they call lawyers, that some never are
Their own men after.

Dauborne's Christian turned Turk.

'Twere happy for our holy faith to bleed ;
The blood of martyrs is the churches seed.

Stirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.

As men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
And trip at night, have spheres supply'd,
As if a star were duller than a clod,
Which knows his way without a guide :

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
Divinity's transcendent sky :
Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve ;
Reason triumphs, and faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom which first broach'd the wine,
Have thicken'd it with definitions ?
And jagg'd his seamless coat, had that been fine,
With curious questions and divisions ?
But all the doctrine which he taught and gave
Was clear as heav'n, from whence it came :
At least those beams of truth, which only save,
Surpass in brightness any flame.

*Love God, and love your neighbour ; watch and pray ;
Do as you would be done unto :*

O dark instructions, ev'n dark as day !
Who can these gordian knots undo ?

But

But he doth bid us take his blood for wine ;
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,
 To take and taste what he doth there design,
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

'Then burn thy *Epicycles*, foolish man ;
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head :
 Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
 To heav'n alone both go and lead.

Herber

Religion, ere impos'd, should first be taught ;
 Not seem to dull obedience ready lay'd,
 Then swallow'd straight with ease ; but long be sough
 And be by reason counsell'd, though not sway'd.

Sir W. Davenant's Christian's Reply to the Philosopher

Philosophy doth seem to laugh upon
 Our hopes ; and wise divinity belies
 Our knowledge, with our faith : Jealous
 Nature hath lock'd her secrets in a cabinet,
 Which time ne'er saw : And he that in it pries,
 Unto religion forfeits his bold eyes.

Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian

True piety, without cessation, tost
 By theories ; the practick part is lost :
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit :
 Then whilst his foe the gladiator foils,
 The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.

Denba

Religion's veil'd in types from vulgar eyes ;
 None e'er return'd to tell celestial joys :
 If heav'n were left for ev'ry one to see,
 Heav'n would be hell, with too much company.

Fane's Love in the Da

Zeal against policy maintains debate ;
 Heav'n gets the better now, and now the state :
 The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,
 Yet all depart unalter'd by dispute.

T

ly office cannot be deny'd;
 av'n's liv'ry, and is made our guide:
 ould we be punish'd if we stray;
 ur guides dispute, which is the way?

E. Of *Orrery's Muslapba*.

h religion still will be severe;
 think much, should I as harsh appear
 iend love. 2. would it not pity breed,
 e climbing mountains for a weed?
 ce *Prometheus* rather to the brow
 rocks, for ever clad in snow;
 religion gnawing of thee still:
 d not the devouring vulture kill?
 oor *Cymmerians* to the sun unknown,
 ry land all darkness, like their own!
 retched lands with fables overflown,
 ntains of the moon, and springs unknown,
 of falsehood rank their fertile earth,
 ing else but priests and prophets birth!
 's *Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem*.

R E P E N T A N C E.

fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 ithout thoughts, never to Heaven go.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

epentance is not satisfy'd,
 Heav'n, nor Earth; for these are pleas'd:
 ace, th' eternal wrath's appeas'd.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

the chaos of eternal night,
 e I ascend,
 the cold damp of this piercing air;
 he justice, whose almighty word
 the bloody acts of impious men
 al penance; who in th' act it self
 h' infliction; which, like chain'd shot,
 urther still: though, (as the thunder
 mens duller hearing than their sight,
 a great time after light'ning forth,

Yet

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R E P

Yet both at one time tear the lab'ring cloud;
So men think penance of their ill is slow,
'Though th' ill and penance still together go.

Chapman's Revenge of Hussy D'ambin.

'The drunkard, after all his livish cups,
Is dry, and then is sober; so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Plac'd in the adder's tail.

Webster's White Devil.

Heaven and Angels
Take great delight in a converted sinner.
Why should you then a servant and professor,
Differ so much from them? If ev'ry woman
'That commits evil, should be therefore kept
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue
Be known and honour'd? From a man that's blind,
'To take a burning taper, 'tis no wrong;
He never misses it: But to take light
From one that sees, that's injury and spight.
Pray whether is religion better serv'd,
When lives that are licentious are made honest,
Or when they still run through a sinful blood?
'Tis nothing, virtue's temples to deface;
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

Man should do nothing that he should repent;
But if he have, and say that he is sorry;
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

Braumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

This brittle glass of life, already broken
With misery, the long and quiet sleep
Of Death would be most welcome: Yet before
We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us,
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dar'd not
Enter their prophane Temples; and for me
'To hope my passage to eternity

Can

nade easy, till I have shook off
 then of my sins in free confession,
 with sorrow, and repentance for them
 to reason. 'Tis not laying by
 all ornaments, or putting on
 a ment of humility, and contrition,
 throwing dust, and ashes on my head,
 is to tame my proud flesh, that can make
 content for my soul; that must be humbled;
 and signs of penitence else are useless.

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

For past ills, doth restore frail man
 to first innocence.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

With sorrow; greatest faults are small,
 and alone may make amends for all.

Ibid.

to cry God mercy, or to fit
 a roop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd :
 bewail the sins thou didst commit ;
 not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
 bewails, and not forsakes them too ;
 rather what he means to do.

Quarles.

his sins hath paid with death and sorrow ;
 it's more that pays, than doth not borrow.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

repents ere he commits a fault ;
 ere a thirsty sinner store his soul
 for mercy, to absolve that sin himself,
 ere may afterwards more securely

Sir W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

repentance appears unnatural ;
 ere repent what nature did perswade :
 lamenting man's continu'd fall,
 : what nature necessary made.

Since

Since the requir'd extreme of penitence
 Seems so severe, this temple was design'd
 Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense;
 And dismal shew'd within, to awe the mind.

Of sad black marble, was the outward frame,
 (A mourning monument to distant sight):
 But by the largeness, when you near it came,
 It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

Black beauty (which black *Meroens* had prais'd
 Above their own) fully adorn'd each part;
 In stone from *Nile's* hard quarrys, slowly rais'd,
 And slower polish'd by *Numidian* art.

Hither a loud bell's toll rather commands
 Than seems t'invite the persecuted ear;
 A summons nature hardly understands;
 For few, and slow are those who enter here:

Within a dismal majesty they find;
 All gloomy, great, all silent does appear,
 As Chaos was, ere th' elements were design'd;
 Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
 Here the check'd sun his universal face
 Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;
 As if he spy'd night naked through the glass.

Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on high,
 A winking lamp, still threatens all the room;
 As if the lazy flame just now would die:
 Such will the sun's last light appear at doom.

This lamp was all, that here inform'd all eyes;
 And by reflex, did on a picture gain
 Some few false beams, that then from *Sodom* rise;
 Where pencils feign the fire which Heav'n did raze

This on another tablet did reflect,
 Where twice was drawn the am'rous *Magdaline*;
 Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect,
 And brightest through her tears she seem'd to shine.

Near her, seem'd crucify'd, that lucky thief
 (In heav'n's dark lott'ry prosp'rous more than wife);
 Who grop'd at last, by chance, for heav'n's relief,
 And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prize.

In many figures by reflex were sent,
 Through this black vault instructive to the mind,
 That early, and this tardy penitent;
 For with *Obsidian* stone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

The seats were made of *Ethiopian* wood;
 The polish'd ebony, but thinly fill'd:
 For none this place by nature understood;
 And practice, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

Yet these, whom heav'n's mysterious choice fetch'd in,
 Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
 For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
 They grow so certain, as to need no hope.

At a low door they enter, but depart
 Through a large gate, and to fair fields proceed:
 Where *Astragon* makes nature last by art,
 And such long summers shew, as ask no seed.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Tis not too late yet, to recant all this;
 And there is oft more glory in repenting
 Us of some errors, than never to have err'd:
 Because we find there are more folks have judgment
 Than ingenuity,

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

A limb by being broke gets strength, they say,
 If set with art; so broken vertue may.

Crown's Married Beau.

For seldom shall a ruler lose his life,

Before false rumours openly be spread :

Whereby this proverb is as true as life,

That rulers' rumours hunt about a head :

Frown fortune once, all good report is fled :

For present shew doth make the many blind,

And such as see dare not disclose their mind.

Mirror for Magistrate

Reason with the fellow,

Before you punish him, where he heard this ;

Lest you should chance to whip your Information,

And beat the messenger, who bids beware

Of what is to be dreaded.

Shakeſpear's Coriolan

Open your ears : For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks ?

I from the orient to the drooping west,

Marking the wind my poll horse, still unfold

The acts commenced on this Ball of earth,

Upon my tongue continual flanders ride,

The which in ev'ry language I pronounce ;

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.

I speak of peace, while covert enmity,

Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :

And who but rumour, who but only I,

Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;

Whilst the big year, swollen with some other griefs,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe,

Blown by fumes, jealousies, conjectures,

And, of so easy and so plain a stop,

That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,

The full discordant wav'ring multitude,

Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well known body to anatomise

Among my household ? From rumour's tongue,

They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrong.

Shakeſpear's Second Part of K. Henry 1

not some vain report, born without cause,
 at envy or imagination draws
 in private ends, to breed a publick fear,
 muse the world with things that never were ?

Daniel's Philotas.

by that intend
 do, are like deep waters that run quietly ;
 vying no face, of what they were, behind them.
 s rumour is too common, and too loud
 carry truth.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.

yard not, as a straw, the world :
 is from the tongues of men, doth injury
 mer than justice ; and as conscience
 y makes guilty persons, not report,
 shew we as clear as springs unto the world,
 ur own knowledge doth not make us so,
 it is small satisfaction to our selves) :
 and we ne'er so lep'rous to man's eye,
 innot hurt heart known integrity.

Nataniel Field's Amends for Ladies.

ing'd by flying rumours, which like birds
 ing at random, mute on any head.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

R E P R O O F.

near sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
 tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 strokes death to her.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

u turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 there I see such black and grained spots,
 will not leave their tinct.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

ny here chance to behold himself,
 him not dare to challenge me of wrong ;
 if he shame to have his follies known,
 t he should shame to act them. My strict hand
 s made to seize on vice ; and, with a gripe,

Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures,
As lick up ev'ry idle vanity.

Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour

You have heard

'The fiction of the north-wind and the sun,
Both working on a traveller, and contending
Which had most pow'r to take his cloak from him:
Which, when the wind attempted, he roar'd out
Outragious blasts at him, to force it off,
'Then wrapt it closer on: When the calm sun
(The wind once leaving) charg'd him with still bears
Quiet, and servent, and therein was constant,
Which made him cast off both his cloak and coat:
Like whom should men do; if ye with your wives
Should leave disslik'd things, seek it not with rage;
For that enrages: What ye give, ye have:
But use calm warnings, and kind manly means;
And that in wives most prostitute, will win
Not only sure amends, but make us wives,
Better than those that ne'er led faulty lives.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffey D'Amboise

Prithee forgive me;
I did but chide in jest; the best loves use it
Sometimes, it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweet meats that we set before them;
'There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appet
And make them taste their wine well: So methinks
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.

Middleton's Women beware Women

As from water
Call on bitumen, so from these sharp checks
My flame encreaseth.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio

Do not with too severe
A harshness chide the error of his love;
Let like a christal stream, which, unoppo'd

with a smooth brow gently in it's course,
 stop'd o'th' sudden, his calm nature riot
 wilful fury, and persist
 intended fancy?

Glaptborne's Albertus Wallenstein.

we not in their wrath incens'd men ;
 council comes clean out of season then :
 hen his fury is appeas'd, and pass'd,
 ill conceive his fault, and mend at last.
 he is cool, and calm, then utter it ;
 an gives physick in the midst o'th' fit.

Randolph.

not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink ;
 will ring thee such a piece of chiding,
 shalt confess the troubled sea more calm ;
 thunder with less violence cleaves the air :
 ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrakes voice
 be thy constant musick.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers.

not enough to strive against the act,
 to do't ; we must reprove the fact
 vers too : The sin being once made known :
 if not reprov'd, becomes our own :
 must dissuade the vice, we scorn to follow.

Charles.

not just I should rebuke them for
 harmony of mind ; that were to shew
 rage, and envious malice of the devil ;
 quarrels with the good, because they have
 happiness, which he can ne'er enjoy.

Sir W Davenant's Law against Lovers.

R E P U T A T I O N.

purest treasure mortal times afford,
 less reputation ; that away,
 are but gilded loan, or painted clay.

Shakespeare's King Richard II.

l name in man and woman,
 e immediate jewel of their souls ;

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing
 'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare's Otello

Reputation
 'Thou awe of fools and great men ! thou that choak'st
 Freest additions and mak'st mortals sweat
 Blood and cold drops, in fear to loose, or hope
 To gain thy never-certain, seldom-worthy gracings !

Marston's Sophonisba

Upon a time, reputation, love, and death,
 Would travel o'er the world ; and 'twas concluded,
 That they should part, and take three sev'ral ways :
 Death told them, they should find him in great battle
 Or cities plagu'd with plagues. Love gives them council
 To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
 Where dowries were not talk'd of ; and sometimes
 'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
 By their dead parents. Stay, quoth reputation,
 Do not forsake me ; for it is my nature,
 If once I part from any man I meet,
 I am never found again.

Webster's Dutchess of Malf

The ill'rous reputation feels the poize
 Of lightest wrongs ; 'as sores are vex'd with flies.

Middleton's Women beware Women

If entreaty fail,
 The force of reputation shall prevail.

Turner's Atreus's Tragedy

Thy credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone ;
 Being got by many actions, lost by one.

Randolph

This I'm sure of, that each man nat'rally
 Addicts himself to make a choice of some
 Way gaining a repute with others ; in
 Which, if he receive a check, there's nothing

more undervalue him ; he being
 os'd to chuse that, in which he most excell'd.

The Hefters.

————— The reputation
 virtuous actions pass'd ; if not kept up
 n access, and fresh supply of new ones,
 t and soon forgotten ; and like palace,
 want of habitation and repair,
 live to heaps of ruin.

Denham's Suppl.

crime so bold, but would be understood
 al, or at least a seeming good :
 fears not to drill, yet fears the name,
 free from conscience, is a slave to fame.

Denham.

not neglect the candour of thy name ;
 u shouldst not stain thy cloaths, much less thy fame :
 houses men will build, repair, and trim,
 keep them neat without, and fair within :
 little they regard, if by foul ways
 y blot their names, and slubber o'er their days :
 men in life are odious, and shall be
 eath a scandal to posterity.
 read a righteous path ; a good report
 es men live long, although their life is short.

Watkins.

R E S E R V A T I O N.

hope and expectation of thy time
 in'd, and the soul of ev'ry man
 hetically does fore-think thy fall.
 I so lavish of my presence been,
 mmon-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 ile and cheap to vulgar company ;
 ion, that did help me to the crown,
 still kept loyal to possession ;
 left me in reputeless banishment,
 low of no mark, nor likelihood.
 eing seldom seen, I could not stir,

But like a comet I was wonder'd at :
 'That men would tell their children, this is he.
 Others would say, where ? Which is *Holingbroke* ?
 And then I stole all courtesy from heav'n,
 And dress'd myself in such humility,
 'That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Ev'n in the presence of the crowned king.
 'Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at ; and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity :
 'The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt ; carded his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools ;
 Flad his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance against his name,
 'To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push -
 Of ev'ry headless, vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enscot'd himself by popularity :
 'That, being daily swallow'd by mens eyes,
 'They surfeited with honey ; and began
 'To loath the taste of sweetness ; whereof a little
 More than a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was, but, as the cuckow is in *June*.
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze ;
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect,
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Bring with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

d in that very line, *Harry*, standst thou ;
 thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 in vile participation. Not an eye,
 is a-weary of thy common sight,
 mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;
 which now doth, what I would not have it do,
 to blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV.

march'd before report : Where what he meant,
 he never knew herself, till it was done ;
 drifts and rumour seldom bring all one.

Daniel on the Death of the E. of Devonshire.

seem those things our sight doth most frequent,
 he but mean, although most excellent :
 strangers still the streets are swept and strow'd ;
 look on such as daily come abroad :
 we much restrain'd, do make us much desire them ;
 beauties seldom seen, make us admire them.

Drayton's Edward IV. to Mrs. Shore.

—Why then, being master
 rich and so good parts, do you destroy them
 self-opinion ? or, like a rich miser,
 hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting
 to yourself nor others, the use of them ?
 they are to you, but like enchanted viands,
 which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country.

nat'ral greatness, never artful made,
 to retir'd as if you sought a shade ;
 by reserv'dness would mysterious seem ;
 formal men retire to get esteem.
 you would so be visible and free.
 with and valour still should publick be.
 to hate obscurity and would still be shown ;
 grow more lov'd, as they become more known.

Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration.

princes, that they may the rumour gain
 finding bus'ness, mighty bus'ness feign ;

And are lock'd up, to have it then suppos'd
 'They are more thoughtful when they are inclos'd :
 But they from concourse privately remove,
 Only to shun what they pretend to love.
 Pow'r which itself does so reserv'dly keep
 As if the being seen would make it cheap,
 Should use the proper seasons for retreat :
 For though decrepid age may think it meet
 To hide stale objects from the people's sight ;
 Yet in a throne's new glory all delight :
 All love young princes in their flourishing,
 As all with joy, walk out to see the spring.

Sir W. Davenant on the Restauration

R E S O L U T I O N.

When resolution hath prepar'd the will ;
 It wants no helps to further any ill.

Mirror for Magistrates

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
 And either live with glorious victory,
 Or die with fame, renown'd for chivalry :
 He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
 That shuns the hives because the bees have stings.
 That likes me best that is not got with ease,
 Which thousand dangers do accompany :
 For nothing can dismay our regal mind,
 Which aims at nothing but a golden crown,
 The only upshot of mine enterprizes.
 Were they enchanted in grim *Pluto's* court,
 And kept for treasure 'mong his hellish crew,
 I'd either quell the triple *Cerberus*,
 And all the army of his hateful hags,
 Or roll the stone with wretched *Sisyphus*.

Shakespeare's Lear

Experience teacheth us,
 That resolution's a sole help at need :
 And this, my lord, our honour teacheth us,
 That we be bold in ev'ry enterprize :

since there is no way, but fight or dye,
 salute, my lord, for victory.

Shakespeare's Locrine.

——— Why look you sad ?
 at in act, as you have been in thought :
 at the world see fear, and sad distrust
 in the motion of a kingly eye :
 ring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 then the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
 agging horror : So shall inferior eyes,
 borrow their behaviour from the great,
 great by your example ; and put on
 auntless spirit of resolution.
 , and glister like the god of war,
 he intendeth to become the field ;
 boldness and aspiring confidence.
 , shall they seek the lion in his den,
 fight him there ? And make him tremble there ?
 at it not be said ! Forage, and run
 set displeasure farther from the doors ;
 rapple with him, ere he come to nigh.

Shakespeare's King John.

——— Tell fools of fools,
 those effeminate cowards that do dream
 of fantastick other worlds : There is
 such a thing in nature ; all the soul
 in is resolution ; which expires
 from valiant men, till their last breath ;
 when with it, like to a flame extinguih'd,
 want of matter, it does not dye, but
 it ceases to live.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Resolution would steel a coward

Baumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.

Resolution ! I am proud to see
 set a graft upon a worm-wood tree ;
 the juice is gall, but yet the fruit most rare :
 wrecks the tree, if that the fruit be fair ?

Hyswood's Fair Maid of the Exchange.

She beheld the shepherd on his way,
 Much like a bridegroom on his marriage-day ;
 Increasing not his misery with fear :
 Others for him, but he shed not a tear.
 His knitting sinews did not tremble ought,
 Nor to unusual palpitation brought
 Winds or his heart, or liver ; nor his eye,
 Nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to dye.
 His resolution keeping with his spirit,
 Both worthy him that did them both inherit,
 Held in subjection ev'ry thought of fear,
 Scorning so base an executioner.

Brown's Pastorals

My resolution, grounded on his service,
 'Ties more than formal contracts.

Habbington's Queen of Arragon

————— His resolution's like
 A skillful horseman, and reason is the stirrup ;
 Which though a sudden shock may make it loose,
 Yet does it meet it handsomely again.

Suckling's Aglaurea

————— Intice the trusty sun
 From his ecliptick line, he shall obey
 Your beck, and wander from his sphere, ere I
 From my resolves.

Baron's Mirza

My resolution's firm, for all my shakings ;
 'They are but starts which sometimes nature makes ;
 As wolves kept tame may, now and then,
 Provok'd by appetite, or some displeasure,
 Start into actions like their usual wildness,
 Before they were reduc'd to an obedience :
 So 'tis with me ; though I have brought my nature
 'To a tameness and submission ;
 Yet, at the unwelcome prospect that it takes
 Of my intended dissolution,
 It starts within me ; and would fain break
 Those severe fetters, virtue and reason ties them up with
 Sir R. Howard's Surpriza

if your resolutions be like mine,
 will yet give our sorrows a brave end.
 ce is for us, so may fortune be :
 a bright proof of her inconstancy.
 if no god will lend us any aid,
 us be gods, and fortune to ourselves.

Crown's Darius.

R E T I R E M E N T.

wisdom, madam, of your private life,
 re, with this wile you liv'd a widow'd wife,
 the right ways you take unto the right,
 conquer rumour, triumph over spight ;
 only shunning, by your act, to do
 ht that is ill, but the suspicion too :
 so brave example, as he were
 friend to virtue could be silent here.

Jobson's Underwoods.

an of sp'rit beyond the reach of fear,
 , discontent with his neglected worth,
 lects the light, and loves obscure abodes :
 he is young and haughty, apt to take
 at advancement ; to bear state, and flourish ;
 is rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
 e loaths the world so much, nor loves to scoff it ;
 gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.

Chapman's Buffey D'ambois.

ould believe thy metal could let sloth --
 and consume it ? If *Themistocles*
 liv'd obscure thus in th' *Athenian* state,
 res had made both him and it his slaves.
 rave *Camillus* had lurk'd so in *Rome*,
 had not been five times dictator there,
 four times triumph'd. If *Epaminondas*,
 liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in *Thebes*,
 liv'd so still, he had been still un-nam'd ;
 paid his country nor himself their right :
 putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both

From

From imminent ruin : and like burnish'd steel,
After long use he shin'd.

Chapman's Ruffey Dambell

That, by their subaltern minillers
May be perform'd as well, and with more graces
For, to command it to be done, inferrs
More glory than to do. It doth embase
'Th'opinion of a pow'r t'invulgar so
That sacred presence, which should never go,
Never be seen, but e'en as gods, below
Like to our *Persian* king in glorious shew ;
And who, as stars affixed to their sphere,
May not descend, to be, from what they are.

Daniel's Philotas

Court honours, and your shadows of true joy,
That shine like stars, but till a greater light
Drown your weak lustre : I abjure your sight ;
Ev'n from my meditations, and my thoughts
I banish your enticing vanities ;
And closely kept within my study walls,
As from a cave of rest, henceforth I'll see
And smile, but never taste your misery.

Goffe's Raging Turk.

1. How like you this fair solitary life ?
2. As shipwreck'd men the shore, or prisoners liberty.
I never thought a pleasure good in life to be,
Until I found it here.

1. 'Tis your content doth bring into my mind
'Those days that *Cæsar* liv'd upon the plain,
Unhappy countier, yet a happy twain.
Methinks I now do hear his well tun'd pipe
'That drew the cov'ntous ear of hatching shepherds.
'To hear him chant his patted misery.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort

'Thy father's poverty has made thee happy ;
For, though 'tis true, this solitary life
Suits not with youth and beauty, O my child I
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect

Chad.

Chaste names from court-aspersions : There a lady
 Tender and delicate in years and graces,
 That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
 Is shipwreck'd on the shore ; for 'tis much safer
 To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
 Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
 Of luxury and sloth.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Loves of Candy.

Was man e'er blest'd with that excess of joy
 Equal to ours, to us that feel no want
 Of high court favours, life's licentiousness :
 Kings have their cares, and in their highest state,
 Want of free pleasures crowns us fortunate.

Richards's Messallina.

I'd rather like the violet grow
 Unmark'd i'th' shaded vale,
 Than on the hill those terrors know
 Are breath'd forth by an angry gale :
 There is more pomp above, more sweet below.

Habington's Castara.

Yours is a virtue of inferior rate ;
 Here in the dark a pattern, where 'tis barr'd
 From all your sex that should her imitate,
 And of that pomp which should her foes reward :
 Retir'd, as weak monasticks fly from care ;
 Or devout cowards steal to sorts, their cells,
 From pleasures, which the world's chief dangers are ;
 Her's 'passes yours, as valour fear excels.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

O happiness of sweet retir'd content !
 To be at once secure and innocent.

Denham.

Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat.

Ibid.

Let us to private shades,
 For darkness and dishonour best agree.

Crown's Regulus.

How mis'erable a thing is a great man !
 Take noisy vexing greatness they that please,
 Give me obscure, and safe, and silent ease :
 Acquaintance and commerce let me have none,
 With any pow'rful thing, but time alone :
 My rest let time be fearful to offend,
 And creep by me, as by a slumb'ring friend :
 Till with ease glutted, to my grave I steal,
 As men to sleep, after a plenteous meal.

Crown's English.

R E V E N G E.

To be reveng'd of a woman, were a
 Thing than love itself more womanish.

Lilly's Endimion.

Now I might do it pat, now he is praying ;
 And now I'll do't, — and so he goes to heav'n. —
 And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd ;
 A villain kills my father, and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heav'n. — O this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May ;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n ?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid bent ;
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed ;
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't :
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n ;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, whereto it goes.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Horror hath her degrees : There is excess
 In all revenge, that may be done with less.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

: falls heavy, that is rais'd by love.

Marston's Injustiate Counts.

—Oh mine's revenge !

on that does dream,

a tyrant ever in extreme.

Ibid.

ikes a lion, must be sure strike home ;

ing at his life, he lose his own.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

rest action of our humane life,

rning to revenge an injury ;

o forgives without a further strife,

o verlarly's heart to him doth tie :

a firmer conquest truly said,
the heart, than overthrow the head.

worthy enemy do find,

ield to worth, it must be nobly done :

f baser metal be his mind,

se revenge there is no honour won.

ould a worthy courage overthrow ?

so would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;

ife they cannot yield, it proves them poor :

arts are task'd beyond their pow'r ; but seld

weakest lion will the loudest roar.

school for certain doth this same allow,

heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

: heart doth teach a virtuous scorn ;

orn to owe a duty over long :

n to be for benefits forborn ;

orn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong :

n to bear an injury in mind ;

n a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

or wrongs we needs revenge must have,

be our vengeance of the noblest kind :

his body from our fury save,

let our hate prevail against his mind ?

Wba

What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
'Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Lady Carew's Mariam.

All arm'd with malice, either less or more,
'To strike at him, who struck at all before.

Drayton's Barons' Wars.

The boist'rous ocean when no winds oppose,
Grows calm ; revenge is lost, when 't hath no foes.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

The best revenge is to reform our crimes ;
'Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.

Middleton and Rowley's Spanish Gipsy.

————— In this

You satisfy your anger, and revenge :
Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss ; and there was never yet
But shame, and scandal in a victory,
When rebels unto reason, passions fought it.
'Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd, entertain'd by none
But cowards, base, and abject spirits ; strangers
'To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.

Massinger's City Madam.

————— How just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We're yet to leave them to their will and pow'r,
'That to that purpose have authority.

Massinger and Fitch's Fatal Dowry

Wife men secure their fates ; and execute
Invisibly, like that most subtil flame
'That burns the heart ; yet leaves no path, or touch
Upon the skin to follow or suspect it.

Skirley's Traits

A true *Italian* spirit is a ball
Of wild-fire, hurting most, when it seems spent :
Great ships on small rocks beating oft, are rent.

Sam. Rowley's Noble Spanish Soldier

————— Reveng

——— Revenge is able,
a flinty cowardice to strike
: of valour.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

st with courtesy a while confer ;
e proves its own executioner.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

m thy scorching den, thou soul of mischief !
d boils hotter than the poison'd flesh
ules cloath'd in the Centaur's shirt :
e revenge, till I become a hill
Olympus cloud-dividing top ;
might fall, and crush them into air.

Rawlins's Rebellion.

lispotion is for to requite
ry, before a benefit :
giving is a burden, and a pain ;
: is pleasing to us, as our gain.

Herrick.

e, impatient *Hubert* proudly fought,
:, which ev'n when just, the wise deride ;
ast wrongs we spend our time and thought,
scarce against the future can provide.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

:, weak womens valour, and in men,
uffian's cowardice, keep from thy breast :
ious palace is the serpent's den,
n cowards there, with secret slaughter feast.

e, is but a braver name for fear ;
Indian's furious fear, when they are fed
alliant foes ; whose hearts their teeth must tear,
e they boldly dare believe them dead.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

. poor, a low revenge, unworthy
ues, or my injuries ; and
my fame, so then my infamy,
plot out his ; and I, instead of his empire,

Shall

Shall only be the heir of all his curses.

No: I'll be still myself, and carry with me
My innocence to th'other world; and leave
My fame to this: "I will be a brave revenge,
'To raise my mind to a constancy so high,

'That may look down upon his threats: my patience
Shall mock his fury: Nor shall he be so happy
'To make me miserable: And my suit'ring shall
Erect a prouder trophy to my name,
'Than all my prosperous actions. Every pilot
Can steer the ship in calms: but he performs
'The skillful part, can manage it in storms.

Deuham's Sophy.

'There are affronts so great,
And height'ned by such odious circumstances,
As do release us from the usual forms
Of generous revenge: and sets us free
'To take it on any advantage,

Jake's Adventures of First Horn.

Who merits my revenge and hate, must prove
As brave and great, as he who gains my love.

Choron's Juliana.

And what's so desp'rate as an angry slave;
When, by adventuring, he revenge may have?

Choron's Charles VIII. of France.

R E W A R D.

If either vice or virtue we abandon;
We either are rewarded as we serve,
Or else are plagued, as our deeds deserve.

Mirror for Magistrats.

— 'Thou'rt so far before,
'That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
'To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
'That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine: Only I've left to say,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

'Tis

if some men will do well for price ;
 e virtuous, when reward's away.

Johnson's Catiline:

ow virtue, for reward, to day ;
 w vice, if she give better pay :
 so good, or bad, just at a price,
 ng else discerns the virtue or the vice.

Johnson's Epigrams.

great merit do upbraid, and call
 : reward, or think the great too small.

is love not to beholden ought ;
 : makes their chiefest friends oft speed the worst :
 ; by whom their fortunes have been wrought,
 em in mind of what they were at first ;
 utable faith, if once in question brought,
 ought they will offend, because they durst ;
 n in a fault, are never spar'd :
 er to revenge, than to reward.

Daniel's Civil War.

————— Honour pays
 where kings neglect ; and he is valiant
 hat dares forget to be rewarded.

Shirley's Young Admiral.

: a present worth acceptance ;
 y came with them more than doubles
 ue : If vice blush not at rewards,
 no shame for virtue to receive them.

Shirley's Example.

He bestows rich largess on his men,
 ame their minds ; that if they did not love
 r her own self, rewards should then
 heir loves to her, and their dullness move.
 is the great pillar of a state,
 oth support as strongly as her fate.

A gen'rous spirit is not drawn, but led
 To stake a life, and hazard it in war :
 Soldiers their blood will liberally shed,
 Where free rewards and lib'ral guerdons are.
Aurelian takes this council : To bestow
 Gold on his men, and iron on his foe.

Alcy's Poeth

Nor is it safe for subjects since,
 Too much to oblige their prince,
 With mighty service, that exceed
 The power of his noblest need :
 For whom he cannot well reward,
 He'll find occasion to discard.

Baron's Me

1. He who his country serves, with justice may
 Challenge, nay force rewards ; if none will pay.
 It is a grief distracts a gen'rous mind,
 When more to chance than merit is assign'd.
 Merits more great than *Cæsar*, who can plead ?
 What he hath done for *Rome* respect should breed.
 2. Who ever sav'd a town by his defence,
 And did expect the town for recompence ?
 What though great *Cæsar* hath in battle stood,
 For to maintain *Rome's* int'rest with his blood ?
 'Tis but a debt that's due : Let that suffice ;
 Must she herself, become her champion's prize ?
 1. But if such acts meet envy for return,
 It kindles passion, and it makes us burn :
 When senators repay such deeds with spight,
 As our own carvers, we ourselves requite ;
 And then our publick power we reduce
 To private ends, and to peculiar use.

Dover's Roman Gen

R U I N.

———— Fate will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which, no mischief can be new,

The ruin of thy country.—Thou wert built
For such a work, and born for no less guilt.

Johnson's Catiline.

It is decreed. Nor shall thy fate, O *Rome*,
Resist my vow. Tho' hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas to guard thee ; I would through :
I'd plough up rocks, steep as the *Alps*, in dust ;
And lave the *Tyrrhene* waters into clouds,
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city !

Ibid.

1. Repulse upon repulse ? An inmate consul ?
That I could reach the axle, where the pins are,
Which bolt this frame ; that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into chaos with myself.

2. What are we wishing now ?

1. Yes, my *Cetbegus*,
Who would not fall with all the world about him ?

2. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls ;
And force new nature out to make another.

These wishings taste of woman, not of *Roman*.

Let us seek other arms.

1. What should we do ?

2. Do, and not wish ; something that wishes take not :
So sudden, as the gods shall not prevent,
Nor scarce have time to fear.

It likes me better, that you are not consul.

I would not go through open doors, but break them ;
Swim to my ends through blood ; or build a bridge

Of carcases ; make on upon the heads

Of men, struck down like piles ; to reach the lives

Of those remain and stand. 'Then is't a prey,

When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.

Ibid.

Such are the judgments of the heav'nly pow'rs,
We others ruins work, and others ours.

Daniel's Philotas.

I do love these ancient ruins :

We never tread upon them, but we set

Our

Our foot upon some rev'rend history ;
 And questionless, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, some lie interr'd
 Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,
 They thought it should have canopy'd their bones
 'Till doomsday : But all things have their end ;
 Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
 Must have like death that we have.

Webster's Dutcheffs of Malf

————— She but shews thee
 The easy path to ruin, whose broad entrance
 Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
 Of all the ends that attend on misery
 Contracted into one.

Nabbs's Microcosm

————— Destruction
 O'ertakes as often those that fly, as those that
 Boldly meet it.

Denham's Soph

All things decay with time ; the forest sees
 The growth and downfal of her aged trees :
 That timber tall, which threescore lustres stood
 The proud dictator of the state like wood ;
 I mean the sov'reign of all plants, the oak,
 Droops, dies, and falls without the cleaver's stroke.

Herri

S A F E T Y.

NOUGHIT's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content :
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Shakespeare's Macbet

en men think they most in safety stand ;
greatest peril often is at hand.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

—This rule is certain ;
t pursues his safety from the school
e, must learn to be madman, or fool.

John Ford's Lovers Melancholy.

aseties had no counterpoise at all :
ales, this cannot rise, unless that fall.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

ain yet appears not, and you think
: it lurks, you are safe:
t will be truly secure, must found
e on the destruction of all things
an impeach it.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

—In that calm harbour,
ughts have been secur'd from storm.
u may't be much deceiv'd : The ship-wrack past,
lmeft waters may conceal the fate,
l as the insulting waves.

Sir R. Howard's Blind Lady.

hough the sea be calm ? trust to the shore ;
ave been drown'd, where late they danc'd before.

Herrick.

appy were men, if they understood :
is no safety, but in being good.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

S A T I R E.

es, each man, though untouch'd, complains
were hurt ; and hates such biting strains.

Johnson's Poetaster.

ires, since the most of mankind be
unavoided subject, fewest see :
ne e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense ;
hen they heard it tax'd, took more offence.

Johnson on Dr. Donne's Death.

I'm one whose whip of steel can with a lash,
 Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
 Liv'n in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
 That not eternity shall wear it out.
 When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius'* brow,
 Each conscious cheek grew red ; and a cold trembling
 Freez'd the chill'd soul ; while ev'ry guilty breast
 Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid
 To be anat'miz'd by that skillful hand,
 And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin
 By it laid open to the publick scorn.
 I have untrus'd the proudest ; greatest tyrants
 Have quak'd below my pow'ful whip, half dead
 With expectation of the smarting jerk ;
 Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave
 A lasting scar, that with a poison eats
 Into the marrow of their fame, and lives ;
 Th' eternal ulcer to their memories.

Randolph's Muses Looking-Glass.

So dost thou aim thy darts, which ev'n when
 They kill the poisons, do but wake the men.
 Thy thunders thus but purge ; and we endure
 Thy lancements better than another's cure :
 And justly too ; for th' age grows more unsound
 From the fools balm, than the wiseman's wound.

Cartwright.

'Thy star was judgment only and right sense ;
 Thyself being to thyself an influence :
 Stout beauty is thy grace ; stern pleasures do
 Pretent delights, but mingle horrors too :
 Thy muse doth thus, like *Jove's* fierce girl appear,
 With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.

Ibid.

SECRECY, SECRETS.

My anticipation shall prevent your
 Discovery ; and your secrecy to
 The king and queen moult no feather.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

Why

Why have I blabb'd ? Who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves ?

Shakspear's Troilus and Cressida.

'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal ;
But the sweet thefts to reveal :
To be taken, to be seen ;
These have crimes accounted been.

Johnson's Volpone.

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage ;
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.

Johnson's Case is alter'd.

————— The open merry man
Moves like a sprightly river ; and yet can
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,
'Bove all your standing waters choak'd with weeds.
They look at best like cream-bowls, and you soon
Shall find their depth ; they're sounded with a spoon.
They may say grace, and for love's chaplains pass ;
But the grave lover ever was an ass ;
Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home :
Like the dull weary'd crane, that, come on land,
Doth while he keeps his watch, betray his stand ;
Where he that knows, will, like a lap-wing fly,
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others ; as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one that doth believe him just.

Johnson's Underwoods.

————— Our grave counsellor
Well knows that great affairs will not be forg'd
But upon anvils that are lin'd with wool.
We must ascend to our intention's top,
Like clouds, that be not seen, till they be up

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy

Intents ill carry'd are, that men may know ;
When things are done, let rumour freely go.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

One should look well to whom his mind he leaves ;
 In dang'rous times, when tales by walls are told,
 Men make themselves unnecessarily slaves
 Of those, to whom their secrets they unfold.

E. of Sterline's Julius Caesar.

1. Canst thou conceal a secret ?
2. Yes, as long as it is a secret ; but
 When two know it, how can it be a secret ?
 And indeed with what justice can you
 Expect secrecy in me, that cannot
 Be private to yourself ?

Marston's Fawn.

————— It is an equal fault,
 To tell one's secrets unto all, or none.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

I'll conceal this secret from the world,
 As warily as those that deal in poison,
 Keep poison from their children.

Ibid.

Be well advis'd ; and think what danger 'tis
 To receive a prince's secrets : They that do,
 Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant,
 To contain them : I pray thee yet be satisfy'd,
 Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easy
 To tie knots than to unloose them : 'Tis a secret,
 That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance lie
 Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven years hence.

Ibid.

Deep policy in us, makes fools of such :
 Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

For he that prates his secrets, his heart
 Stands on the outside.

Ibid.

Secret ! I ne'er had that disease o' th' mother,
 I praise my father : Why are men made close,
 But to keep thoughts in bell ? I grant you this ;
 Tell but some women a secret over-night,

Your

doctor may find it in the urinal
the morning.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.
hat knows great men's secrets, and proves slight ;
man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.

Ibid.

f all court secrets come to light, what
become of the Farthingales think you
cover them ? No, since ladies wear whale-bones,
have been swallow'd, and so may this.

W. Smith's Hector of Germany.
—He deserves small trust,
is not privy counsellor to himself.

John Ford's Broken Heart.
so cover'd this advertisement,
none perceiv'd he saw, what he did see :
to the optick virtue in the eyes,
in itself, yet all things else describes.

Alcyon's Henry VII.
mber that a prince's secrets
alm, conceal'd : But poison, if discover'd.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.
prentices though they are bound to keep
masters secrets, are not all privy
their mistresses ; that's a meer journeyman's

Richard Brome's Mad Couple well match'd.
v, a broken oath is no such burthen
great secret is ; besides the tickling
man has to in and out with it. Oh,
tongue's itch is intolerable !

Richard Brome's Love-sick Court.
trust those secrets, whereon honour rests,
stody in mercenary breasts,
ave nobility : And though they pay
ly ransom, ne'er redeem't away.

Ibid.

Safe in thy breast close lock up thy intents ;
For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

Rand

I am ruin'd in her confession ;
The man that trusts woman with a privacy,
And hopes for silence, he may as well expect it
At the fall of a bridge : A secret with them,
Is like a viper ; it will make way though
It eat through the bowels of them. 'Tis so, that
Women thirst man's overthrow ; that is a
Principle, as demonstrative as truth ;
'Tis the only end they were made for : And
When they have insinuated themselves
Into our councils, and gain'd the pow'r
Of our life, the fire is more merciful ;
It burns within them, till it gets forth.

Marmion's Antiq

Guilty of folly I am, to trust a woman,
'To keep for me, what for herself she cannot ;
A secret : 'That open sex ! whose souls are
So loose they cannot keep them in their breasts,
But they will swim upon their lips.

Baron's M

————— Thou hittest
So just upon my thoughts, thy tongue is tipt
Like nature's miracle, that draws the steel
With unresisted violence : I cannot keep
A secret to myself, but thy prevailing
Rhetorick ravishes and leaves my breast
Like to an empty casket, that once was blest
With keeping of a jewel, I durst not trust
'The air with, 'twas so precious.

Rawlins's Rebi

Harken ye men that e'er shall love like me ;
I'll give you council *gratis* : If you be
Possess'd of what you like, let your fair friend
Lodge in your bosom : But no secrets send

To seek their lodging in a female breast;
 For so much is abated of your rest.
 The steed that comes to understand his strength,
 Grows wild, and casts his manager at length:
 And that tame lover who unlocks his heart
 Unto his mistress, teaches her an art
 To plague himself; shews her the secret way,
 How she may tyrannize another day.

Bishop King.

The plot, wherewith I labour, can admit
 No council, but a necessary faith
 In the bold actor; whose subsistence binds him
 To resolution and to secrecy:
 All friendly trust is folly; ev'ry man
 Hath one, to whom he will commit as much
 As is to him committed: Our designs
 When once they creep from our own private breast,
 Do in a moment through the city fly;
 Who tells his secret, sells his liberty.

Freeman's Imperiale.

As winds, whose violence out-does all art,
 Act all unseen; so we as secretly
 These branches of that cedar *Gondibert*,
 Must force till his deep root in rising dye.

If we make noise, whilst our deep workings last,
 Such rumour through thick towns unheeded flies,
 As winds through woods; and we, our great work past,
 Like winds will silence tongues, and 'scape from eyes.

Sir W. Davenant's *Gondibert*.

Search not to find what lies too deeply hid;
 Nor to know things, whose knowledge is forbid.

Denham.

————— But if
 This secrecy be a gallant's highest quality,
 To please the females, curb'd by fear and honour;
 May not these priests be held secure offenders,
 Whom fear of death obliges to be silent?

Or, were there no such law, why, then
 They're fav'rites of necessity, not choice,
 Or prudence: Like to chief ministers of state,
 Who dive so far into their masters secrets,
 'Tis dang'rous to refuse to shew them more.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

I'm ruin'd, 'cause I know all their designs:
 For now court-secrets are like fairies revels,
 Or witches conventicles; men are spoil'd
 With sudden blasts that either tell, or see them.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

S E N S E S.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
 When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
 Which b'ing in divers parts diversify'd,
 The divers forms of objects apprehends?
 This pow'r spreads outward, but the root doth grow
 In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
 For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
 Than glasses know what faces they receive.
 For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
 Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
 And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
 Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Sir John Davies.

This pow'r's sense, which from abroad doth bring
 The colour taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
 The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
 Within earth's centre, or heav'n's circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
 Yet not the things, but forms of things receives:
 As when a seal in wax impression makes,
 The print therein, but not itself it leaves.
 And though things sensible be numberless;
 But only five the senses organs be;
 And in those five, all things their forms express,
 Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see

Ibid.

Does our palace now resemble great *Mahomet's*
 edice ! How does it float in pleasures !
 Small-brain'd book-worms talk of speculations
 Empty notions floating in their understanding ;
 By our practice only will embrace
 Knowledge of our senses ; which they
 Imitate falsely unto beasts alone : But we
 Having experienc'd its transcendent excellence,
 Bath'd us in the pleasing streams
 Which flow from that sweet fountain of our sense ;
 We deny, that brutes are capable of that
 To be parallel'd felicity ; or if they are,
 We know not how to prize that excellent jewel :
 Where lies
 The essential difference 'twixt them and us,
 Is my new philosophy ; that men by often
 Using and making use of it, rightly know
 To prize it ; but brutes,
 Though that happiness be in their possession,
 Ignorant of the value :
 Know how to improve the knowledge o' their sense,
 Using and reducing it to practice :
 The sense represents as lovely to them,
 Presently embrace that object.

Unfortunate Usurper.

S E R V A N T, S E R V I C E.

A good servant does not all commands ;
 But, to do just ones.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 Of my king ; he would not in mine age
 Leave me naked to mine enemies.

Shakespeare's King Henry VIII.

————— 'Tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the God ;
 We will dote, that is inclinable
 To what infectionally itself affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.

Shakespeare's Trivius and Cressida.

Feuer to leave undone, than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve's away.

Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.

————— 'Tis the curle of service,

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

And not by old gradation ; where each second

Stood heir to the first.

Shakespeare's Othello.

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

'That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought, but provender ; and when he's old, ca-
shier'd :

Whip me such honest knaves——others there are,

Who, trimm'd in form and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves ;

And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,

Well thrive by them ; and when they've lin'd their
coats,

Do themselves homage : These folks have some soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

Ibid.

'There be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off : Some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me, as 'tis odious : But

'The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours, pleasures.

Shakespeare's Tempest.

'That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty ; such smiling rogues as these,

Lake rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,

Too

indicate t' unloose : Sooth ev'ry passion,
 the nature of their lords rebels ;
 to fire ; snow to their colder moods ;
 affirm, and turn their halcion beaks
 ry gale and vary of their masters ;
 ing nought, like dogs, but following.

Shakeſpear's King Lear.

s, thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe,
 oppreſſing and betraying me,
 ght'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice :
 y ſo arrive at ſecond matters,
 ſir firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
 ſt ever doubt, though ne'er ſo ſure,
 ' kindneſs ſubtle ; covetous,
 g kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
 g in return twenty for one ?
 ny moſt worthy matter ; in whoſe breaſt
 id ſuſpect, alas are plac'd too late ;
 ld have ſcar'd falſe times, when you did feaſt ;
 ill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

vices are, clock-like, to be ſet,
 d and forward, at their lord's command.

Johnſon's Caſe is alter'd.

!, in this divine diſcipline, is
 le, exceeding all the potentates
 irth ; ſtill waited on by mutes ; and all
 nands ſo executed : Yea ev'n in the war,
 heard, and in his marches, moſt
 arges and directions giv'n by
 l with ſilence : An exquisite art !
 heartily aſham'd and angry
 es, that the princes of *Chriſtendom*,
 fier a barbarian to tranſcend
 ſo high a point of felicity.

Johnſon's Silent Woman.

O more than happy ten times were that king,
 Who were unhappy but a little space,
 So that it did not utter ruin bring,
 But made him prove a profitable thing !

Who of his train did best deserve his grace
 Then could, and would of these the best emb
 Such vultures sled as follow but for prey,

That faithful servants might possess their pl
 All gallant minds it mult with anguish sting,
 Whilst wanting means, their virtue to display
 'This is the grief which bursts a generous h
 When favour comes by chance, not by des

E. of Sterling

Then men are men, when they are all their
 Not when, by others badges, but made know

E. of Sterling's Juli

————— Oh fear a servant's tongue !

Like such as only for their gain do serve,
 Within the vast capacity of place ;
 I know no vileness so most truly base :
 Their lord's, their gain : And he that most w
 With him they will not die, but they will live
 Traytors and these are one : Such slaves once t
 Whet swords to make thine own blood lick th

Murston's S

————— 1. I'll double thy reward.

2, You are like to speed then :
 For I confess what you will soon believe,
 We serve them best, that are most apt to give.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the

————— 1. Is all our train
 Shrunk to this poor remainder ? 2. These are y
 Which have got little in your service, vow
 To take your fortune : But your wives bunting
 Now they are sledg'd, are gone.

1. They have done wisely :
 'This puts me in mind of death ; physicians, t
 With their hands full of money, use to give o't

patients. 2. Right, the fashion of the world !
 leay'd fortunes, ev'ry flatterer shrinks ;
 safe to build, when the foundation sinks,

Webster's Dutcheffs of Massy.

——— O the inconstant
 ten ground of service ! You may see,
 'n like him, that in a winter's night
 a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
 h to part from't : Yet parts thence more cold,
 when he first fate down.

Ibid.

ocodile which lives in the river
 hath a worm breeds i'th' teeth of it,
 puts it to extreme anguish : A little
 no bigger than a wren, is barber
 n to this crocodile ; flies into
 ws of it, picks out the worm, and brings
 remedy. The fish, glad of
 ut ingrateful to her that did it ;
 he bird may not talk largely of her
 : for non-payment, clofeth her chaps,
 ng to swallow her, and so put
 perpetual silence : But nature,
 ng fuch ingratitude, hath arm'd this
 th a quill, or prick on the head-top,
 wounds the crocodile i' the mouth, forceth
 er bloody prifon, and away
 e pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.
 r application is, I have not rewarded
 vice you have done me.

Webster's White Devil.

—As in virtuous actions,
 dertaker finds a full reward,
 gh conferr'd upon unthankful men :
 ' service done to fo much sweetness,
 er dangerous, and fubject to
 onstruction, in your favour finds
 d, and glorious end.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.

————— Shall I then
 For a foolish whipping leave to honour him
 That holds the wheel of fortune ? No, that favour
 Too much of th' ancient freedom : Since great men
 Receive disgraces, and give thanks, poor knaves
 Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though I love
 My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
 A humour to kick me lame into an office,
 Where I might sit in state and undo others,
 Should not I be bound to kiss the foot that did it ?
 'Though it seem strange, there have been such things
 seen

In the memory of man.

Maffinger's Duke of Milan.

————— Equal nature fashion'd us
 All in one mould : 'The bear serves not the bear ;
 Nor the wolf, the wolf : 'I was odds of strength in
 tyrants,
 That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain
 With which that thing of things bound in the world.
 Why then, since we are taught by their examples,
 To love our liberty, if not command ;
 Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, deform'd
 ones ?

Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute
 To ignorant fools ? All's but the outward gloss
 And politick form, that does distinguish us ?

Maffinger's Bondman.

————— Happy those times,
 When lords were stil'd *fathers* of families,
 And not imperious *masters* ! when they number'd
 'Their *servants* almost equal with their *sons*,
 Or one degree beneath them ! When their labours
 Were cherish'd, and rewarded, and a *period*
 Set to their suff'rings ! when they did not press
 'Their duties or their wills beyond the *pow'r*
 And *strength* of their performance ! all things order'd
 With such decorum, as wise law-makers,

From

From each well-govern'd private house deriv'd
 The perfect model of a commonwealth !
Humanity then lodg'd in the hearts of *men*,
 And thankful masters carefully provided
 For creatures wanting reason : The noble horse
 That in his fiery youth from his wide nostrils
 Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through
 Groves of oppos'd pikes, bearing his lord
 Safe to triumphant victory ; old or wounded,
 Was set at liberty, and freed from service :
 Th' *Athenian* mules that from the quarry drew
 Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
 The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
 At the publick cost : Nay, faithful dogs have found
 Their sepulchers ; but *man* more cruel,
 Appoints no end to th' sufferings of his slave.
 Since pride stept in and riot, and overturn'd
 This goodly frame of concord ; teaching masters
 To glory in the abuse of such, as are
 Brought under their command ; who, grown unuseful,
 Are less esteem'd than beasts : This *you have practis'd* ;
 Practis'd *on us*, with rigour ; This hath forc'd us
 To shake our heavy yokes off ; and if redress
 Of these just grievances be not granted us,
 We'll right *ourselves*, and by strong hand defend
 What we are now possess'd of.

Massinger's Bondman.

By her example warn'd, let all great women
 Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such
 As truly serve them ; since a retribution
 In lawful courtesies, is now stil'd lust ;
 And to be thankful to a servant's merits,
 Is grown a vice, not virtue.

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

— 'Tis reported

There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,
 Few masters think of their servants ; who, grown old,
 Are

Are turn'd off like lame hounds and hunting horses,
To starve up on the commons.

Massinger's Bashful Lover.

I am not of that harsh and morose temper
As some great men are tax'd with ; who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd : I can make
A sitting difference between my foot boy,
And a gentleman, by want compell'd to serve me.

Massinger's New Way to pay Old Debts.

————— From the king
'To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants ;
And you must grant the slavery is less
'To study to please one, than many.
Well then, and first to you sir ; you complain
You serve one lord ; but your lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters :
You must humour him, and he is bound to smooth
Ev'ry grim sir above him, if he frown :
For the least neglect, you fear to lose your place ;
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-stool,
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure
'To be eas'd of his office, though he bought it :
Nay more, that high disposer of all such
'That are subordinate to him, serves, and fears
'The fury of the many headed monster,
The giddy multitude ; and as a horse
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings ;
So your men of purchas'd titles, at their best, are
But serving-men in rich liveries.

Massinger's Unnatural Combat.

————— If you punish
My hasty application of your favours,
You gave me the encouragement to be guilty :

anny to cherish servants,
In their disobedience.

Shirley's Honoria and Mammon.

is noble, though the pop'lar blast
's, as giddy as thy youth,
'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
In the chariot of the sun :
Lod of trade, to lackey pride ;
Your slave of expectation wait
ly hinges of your doors, or whistle
cal conveyance to your bed-sports.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

vant's servant's slaves, once relish licence
opinion from a noble nature,
e upon them boldness to abuse
est, and lord it o'er their fellows ;
y were exempt from that condition,

John Ford's Fancies chaste and noble.

ply do we see some service bought ?
at it is of fools, whose ware is nought.

Aleyn's Cresceny.

are born to serve, must seek to please.

Richard Brome's New Academy.

ty to serve one lord : But he
ty serves, serves base servility.

Herrick.

———When I may reveal
our servant, I'll not do't in breath,
the adventure of my life or death.

Suckling's Sad One.

leander, as the lame
supporting crutches ; that's no longer
hey need them ; when that they are able
alone, they cast them from them.

Tatham's Distracted State.

at more from servants than is just ;
them well, if they observe their trust,

Nor

Nor them with cruelty, or pride invade ;
 Since God and nature them our brothers made :
 If his offence be great, let that suffice ;
 If light, forgive ; for no man's always wise,

Danba.

Service beyond the gratitude of kings ;
 Like crimes, misfortune on the subject brings.

Crozon's First Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

S I G H T.

First, the two eyes, which have the seeing pow'r,
 Stand as one watchman, spy or centinel,
 B'ing plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r ;
 And though both see, yet both but one thing tell ;

These mirrors take into their little space,
 The forms of moon and sun and ev'ry star,
 Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place,
 Which with the world's wide arms embraced are ;

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
 Hereafter in another world will be,
 When God in them shall heav'nly light infuse,
 That face to face they may their maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
 Which else would stumble in eternal night ;
 Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
 And are the casements which admit most light :

They are her farthest reaching instrument,
 Yet they no beams unto their objects send ;
 But all their rays are from their objects sent,
 And in the eyes with pointed angels end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
 In a sharp point, and so things seem but small ;
 If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
 And make broad points, that things seem gr
 withal.

Last

Lastly, nine things to sight requir'd are,
 The pow'r to see, the light, the visible thing,
 Being not too small, too thin, too nigh, too far,
 Clear space and time, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,
 As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight ;
 Hence doth th' arts optick, and fair painting rise ;
 Painting which doth all gentle minds delight.

Sir *John Davies*:

S I L E N C E.

——— Silence shall digest
 What folly hath swallow'd, and wisdom wean
 What fancy hath mourned.

Lilly's Sappho and Phao.

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome :
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of sawy and audacious eloquence.

Shakepear's Midsummer-night's Dream.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy :
 I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Shakepear's Much ado about Nothing.

——— Mean while, all rest
 Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
 Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
 Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
 Clowns to their houses ; and the country sleeps :
 That when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
 Upon them like a deluge ; bearing down
 Half *Rome* before us ; and invade the rest
 With cries and noise, able to wake the urns
 Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
 The horrors that do strike the world, should come
 Loud, and unlook'd for ; till they strike, be dumb.

Johnson's Catiline.

Silence in woman, is like speech in man ;
 Deny't who can.

—
 Nor

Nor is't a tale,
 That female vice should be a virtue male,
 Or masculine vice a female virtue be :
 You shall it see,
 Prov'd with increase ;
 I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

Johnson's Silent Woman

Oh silence, thou dost swallow pleasure right !
 Words take away some sense from our delight.

Marston's Sophonisba

You know my wishes, ever yours did meet :
 If I be silent, 'tis no more but fear,
 That I should say too little when I speak.

Lady Carrow's Maria

By utt'ring what thou know'st, less glory's got,
 Than by concealing, what thou knowest not.

Brown's Pastora

Silence hath rhetorick ; and veils are best
 'To portrait that, which cannot be express'd.

Alexn's Crest

1. ————— In his looks
 He carries guilt, whose horror breeds this strange
 And obstinate silence ; shame and his conscience
 Will not permit him to deny it.

2. 'Tis, alas,
 His modest, bashful nature, and pure innocence,
 That makes him silent : Think you that bright rose
 That buds within his cheeks, was planted there
 By guilt or shame? No, he has always been
 So unacquainted with all arts of sin,
 That but to be suspected, strikes him dumb,
 With wonder and amazement.

Randolph's August

This is a motion still, and soft ;
 So free from nose or cry,
 That *Jove* himself, who hears each thought,
 Knows not when we pass by.

*Killegrew's Conspira
 Chan*

as great a silence,
 the tempest ceases, is the calm
 as, no noise is heard ; as if the
 blasts were breathless grown, and the seas
 and after so much toil requir'd ease.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

S I N.

fulness so bold,
 are like weeds ; they sprout so fast
 the corpse, as weeds the corn, at last.

Mirror for Magistrates.

to procure us still,
 good amongst much ill.

Brandon's Othavia.

— From love of grace,
 flatt'ring unction to your soul,
 our trespass, but my madness speaks :
 skin and film the ulcerous place ;
 corruption, mining all within,
 and ; confess yourself to heav'n ;
 it's past, avoid what is to come ;
 spread the compost on the weeds
 to enranker.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Foul deeds will rise,
 to the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

love of goodness hateth ill,
 un-worthy still,
 which for sin's penalty forbears ;
 as, tho' he fears.

Johnson's Epigrams.

sweet,
 ill bent
 pent ;
 meet
 ishment.

Johnson's Underwoods,
 Alas,

Alas, that in the wane of our affections
 We should supply it with a full dissembling
 In which, each youngest maid is grown a man
 Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another.
 Our loves like sparkles are, that brightest fl
 When they go out ; most vice shews most d

Chapman's Buff

Before, I was secure 'gainst death and hell ;
 But now am subject to the heartless fear
 Of ev'ry shadow, and of ev'ry breath,
 And would change firmness with an aspen leaf
 So confident a spotless conscience is ;
 So weak a guilty. O the dangerous siege
 Sin lays about us ! And the tyranny
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd,
 Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
 Mix'd with a gushing storm ; that suffers not
 'To stir abroad on earth, but their own rages,
 In sin, when it hath gather'd head above us :
 No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
 But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

What tho' our sins go brave and better clad !
 'They are, as those in rags, as base, as bad.

Daniel's Octavia

Bear witness yet ye good, and evil spirits,
 Who in the air invisibly do dwell,
 That these strange paths I walk of ugliness,
 Are forc'd by threat'ning gulphs of treachery
 Nourish'd by flates, and times injurious :
 Nor is it sin, which men for safety chuse ;
 Nor hath it shame, which men are forc'd to

Lord Brooke

God, that to pass, will have his justice come
 Makes sin the thief, the hangman, and the d

Lord Brooke's Inquisition on Fame and

Pleasure and youth like smiling evils wooe us,
 'To taste new follies : tasted, they undo us.

Middleton and Rowley's Spar

monstrous days are these ?
 ily to be vicious most men study,
 it to be ugly ; strive t' exceed,
 other in the most deformed deed.

Middleton's Phoenix;

as so bitter ? 'Tis but want of use ;
 nder modesty is sea-sick a little,
 not accustom'd to the breaking billow.
 man's wav'ring faith, blown up with temptations,
 ut a qualm of honour ; 'twill away,
 e bitter for the time, but lasts not.
 fies at the first draught like wormwood water,
 rank again, 'tis no star ever after.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

and their honours are like poor beginners ;
 not sin rich, there would be fewer sinners.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

—————All men have sins,
 gh in their sev'ral kinds, all end in this ;
 ey get gold, they care not whose it is :
 ing the court, use bears the city out,
 vers their quirks, thus goes the world about.
 at our villanies have but diff'rent shapes,
 affects all one, and poor men are but apes
 imitate their betters : This is the diff'rence,
 reat mens sins must still be humoured,
 poor mens vices largely punished.
 privilege that great men have in evil,
 is, they go unpunish'd to the devil.

Barry's Ram-Alley.

scarful building upon any sin ;
 mischief enter'd, brings another in :
 second pulls a third, the third draws more,
 they for all the rest set ope the door :
 custom take away the judging sense,
 t to offend we think it no offence.
 refore, my lord, kill mischief while 'tis small ;
 y degrees, you may destroy it all.

Smith's Hector of Germany.

'Tis a bold cowardice, when men shall dare
To act the sin, and the suspicion fear.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Another's sin, sometimes procures our shame :
It stains our body, or at least our name.

Quarles.

Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin ;
First, fear and shame without, then guilt within :

Herrick.

What a strange glass they've shew'd me now myself in !
Our sins, like to our shadows
When our day is in it's glory, scarce appear'd :
'Towards our evening how great and monitrous
They are ? —————

Suckling's Aglaure.

Tell me why heav'n first did suffer sin ?
Letting seed grow which it had never sown ?
Why, when the soul's first fever did begin,
Was it not cur'd, which now a plague is grown ?
Why did not heav'n's prevention sin restrain ?
Or is not pow'r's permission a consent ?
Which is in kings as much as to ordain ;
And ills ordain'd are free from punishment.
And since no crime could be ere laws were fram'd ;
Laws dearly taught us how to know offence :
Had laws not been, we never had been blam'd ;
For not to know we sin, is innocence.

Sin's childhood was not starv'd, but rather more
Than finely fed ; so sweet were pleasures made
That nourish it : For sweet is lull of pow'r,
And sweeter beauty, which hath pow'r betray'd.
Sin, which at fullest growth is childish still,
Would but for pleasure's company decay ;
As sickly children thrive that have their will,
But quickly languish being kept from play.

Since

nce only pleasure breeds sin's appetite,
Which still by pleasant objects is insus'd ;
nce 'tis provok'd to what it doth commit,
And ill's provok'd may plead to be excus'd ;

Why should our sins, which not a moment last,
(For, to eternity compar'd, extent
Of life, is, ere we name it, stopt and past)
Receive a doom of endless punishment ?

If souls to hell's vast prison never come
Committed for their crimes, but destin'd be,
Like bondmen born, whose prison is their home,
And long ere they were bound could not be free ;

Then hard is destiny's dark law, whose text
We are forbid to read, yet must obey ;
And reason with her useless eyes is vex'd,
Which strive to guide her where they see no way.

Sir *W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Dying Christian.*
Who would be wicked ? When the very crime
Conceiv'd, torments our souls ; and at the time
When 'tis deliver'd, like an engine broke,
Destroys us with the force of our own stroke.
Stapleton's St: p-Mother.

————— I perceive
In flesh or spirit we are sinners all,
But spiritual sins I think most dangerous :
Sins of the spirit will to age endure ;
But a flesh-wound, time seldom fails to cure.

Crown's Married Beau.

————— That sin
Becomes a virtue, that chastities sin.

Crown's Thyestes.

S I N C E R I T Y.

Men should be what they seem :
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none.
Shakespeare's Othello.

I cannot hide what I am : I must be
Sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's

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H

Jests ;

Jeſts ; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for
No man's leiſure ; ſleep when I am drowſy,
And tend on no man's buſineſs ; laugh when I
Am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Shakeſpear's Much ado about Nothing.

His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder : His heart's his mouth :
What his breaſt forges that his tongue muſt vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Shakeſpear's Coriolanus.

While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch mere ſimplicity.
While ſome, with cunning, gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs, I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth ; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true ; there's all the reach of it.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure meſſengers ſent from his heart ;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Shakeſpear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

What is it troubleſome to be belov'd ?
How is it then, *Charinus*, to be loath'd ?
If I had done like *Chloris*, ſcorn'd your ſuit,
And ſpurn'd your paſſion in diſdainful ſort,
I had been woo'd, and ſought, and highly priz'd ;
But having n'oother art to win thy love,
Save by diſcov'ring mine, I am deſpis'd ;
As if you would not have the thing you ſought,
Unleſs you knew it were not to be got :
And now becauſe I lie here at thy feet,
The humble booty of thy conqu'ring eyes,
And lay my heart all open in thy fight,
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right ;
And do not ſute my looks, nor cloath my words

colours than my thoughts do wear,
 thee right in all, thou scornest me
 thou didst not love sincerity.
 did crystal more apparently
 the colour it contain'd within,
 ave these eyes, these tears, this tongue of mine
 'd my heart, and told how much I'm thine.

Daniel's Arrogance.

arts do think, the tongues were made to shew.

E. of Starline's Cresset.

ness seize you——we pronounce
 robbery, murder, treason; which
 must needs be far more loathsome
 in a act which is so natural, just,
 cessary, as that of procreation:
 ll have an hypocritical, vestal
 speak that, with close teeth publicly,
 she will receive with open mouth
 ly. For my own part, I consider
 without apparel; without disguising
 one or complement; I give thoughts
 and words truth, and truth boldness. She whose
 freeness makes it her virtue, to
 what she thinks, will make it her necessity
 ik what is good.

Marston's Courtesan.

t cloath my thoughts, and just defence
 an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
 if not above my low condition.
 so bombast language, stol'n from such,
 ie nobility from prodigious terms
 arers understand not; I bring with me
 lth to boast of; neither can I number
 ain fortune's favours, with my merits:
 ot force affection, or presume
 sure her discretion, that looks on me
 ak man, and not her fancy's idol.

Massinger's Bondman.

Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.

Wealth shall not now be made the price of blood,

Nor to be rich be reck'ned an offence ;

Though it be valu'd less than to be good,

And merit be preferr'd to innocence :

Men shall not most be priz'd who most appear,

Nor known for what they have, but what they are.

Sir Thomas Higgon's on the Restoration.

Men that are hearty and sincere, come late

With promises, and early with their deeds.

Sir W. Davenant's Platonick Lovers.

————— Innocence below, enjoys

Security, and quiet sleeps ; murder's not heard of,

'Treachery is a stranger there ; they enjoy

'Their friends and loves, without ravishment ;

'They are all equal, ev'ry one's a prince,

And rules himself : 'They speak not with their eyes,

Or brows, but with the tongue, and that too dwells

In the heart.

Sicily and Naples.

God weighs the heart ; whom we can never move

By outward actions, without inward love.

Watkins.

S I N G L E I. I F E.

Wrong, not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive

Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,

'Twere pity thou by niggardice should'st thrive,

Whole wealth by waxing craveth to be spent ;

For which, thou of the wisest shall be sent :

Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,

Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

Drayton's Legend of Matilda.

————— A wife ! Oh fetters

'To man's blest'd liberty ! All this world's a prison,

Heav'n the high wall about it, sin the gaoler ;

But th' non shackles weighing down our heels,

Are only women ; those light angels turn us

To

shly devils. I the sex admire,
 ver will sit near their wanton fire.

Dekker's Wonder of a Kingdom.

pon this single life ! forego it.
 ad how *Daphne*, for her peevish flight
 e a fruitless bay-tree : *Syrinx* turn'd
 : pale empty reed : *Anaxarete*
 ozen into marble : Whereas those
 marry'd, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
 oy a gracious influence, transhap'd
 ie olive, pomgranet, mulberry ;
 e flow'rs, precious stones, or eminent stars.

Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

man never marry, nor have children ;
 takes that from him ? Only the bare name
 ing a father, or the weak delight
 : the little wanton ride a cock-horse
 a painted stick, or hear him chatter
 . taught starling.

Ibid.

a free wanton jennet in the meadows,
 about, and neigh ; take hedge and ditch,
 n my neighbours pastures, pick my choice
 their fair maned mares ; but marry'd once,
 is stak'd, or pounded, and cannot
 beyond his own hedge.

Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.

————— A batchelor
 hrive by observation on a little ;
 le life's no burthen : but to draw
 ses is chargeable, and will require
 ble maintenance.

John Ford's Fancys chaste and noble.

more, like you, might pow'rfully confute
 pposers of priests marriage, by the fruit :
 since 'tis known for all their strait vow'd life,
 like the sex in any stile but wife ;

150 S M E S O R

'Cause then to change their cloister for that state
Which keeps men chaste by vows legitimate :
Nor shame to father their relations,
Or, under nephews names, disguise their sons.

Bishop King.

S M E L L.

Next, in the nostrils doth she use the smell,
As God the breath of life in them did give ;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
'To judge all airs, whereby we breath and live.
'This sense is also mistress of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell ;
Though this dear art doth little good impart,
Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell :
And yet good scents do purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine :
Hence old devotion, incense did ordain,
'To make mens spirits more apt for thoughts divine.

Sir John Davies.

————— For thy smell,
Sabea, shall be translated where thou goest,
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floor
Where thy foot treads. This breath's perfume enough
'To create a *Phoenix*.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

S O R R O W.

———— Great grief will not be told,
And can more easily be thought than said.
Right so, quoth he, but he, that never would,
Could never : Will to might gives greatest aid.
But grief, quoth she, does greater grow display'd ;
If then it finds not help, it breeds despair.
Despair breeds not, quoth he, where faith is stay'd.
No faith to fall, quoth she, but flesh does 'pair.
Flesh may enpair, quoth he, but reason can repair.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

He

He oft finds med'cine, who his grief imparts ;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

— She bad him tellen plain
The further process of her hidden grief :
The lesser pangs can bear, who hath endur'd the chief.
Ibid.

My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the *Cyclops* hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantick.

Marlowe's Edward II.

Our pleasures, posting guests, make but small stay,
And never once look back when they are gone :
Where griefs bide long, and leave such scores to pay,
As make us bankrupt ere we think thereon.

Brandon's Othavia.

One fire burns out another's burning ;
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning ;
One desp'rate grief cure with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will dye.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

1. My *Dionysia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?
2. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distress'd lord, ev'n such our griefs are !
Here they're but felt, and seen, with mischiefs eyes,
But like to groves, being topt, they higher rise.

Shakespeare's Pericles.

— For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,

That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Shakespeare's Othello.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears ;
But he bears both the sentence, and the sorrow,
'That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

Ibid.

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But chearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
'The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea ;
And give more strength to that which hath too much ?
While in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?

Shakespeare's Third Part of King Henry VI.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them prest
With more of thine : this love, that thou hast shewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat ?
Oh, not the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse ;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
'Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Shakespeare's King Richard II.

1. You yield too much unto your griefs, and fate,
Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us
2. O peace, Titullus, your philosophy Icads

Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
 Speak they of griefs, that know to sigh and grieve;
 The free and unconstrained spirit feels
 No weight of my oppression.

Johnson's Postaster.

Griefs that sound so loud, prove always light;
 True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

It is some ease our sorrows to reveal,
 If they to whom we shall impart our woes,
 Seem but to feel a part of what we feel,
 And meet us with a sigh but at the close.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

What news brings't thou, can Egypt yet yield more
 Of sorrow than it hath? What can it add
 To the already overflowing store
 Of sad affliction, matter yet more sad?
 Is there behind yet something of distress
 Unseen, unknown? Tell if that greater misery
 There be, that we wail not that which is less.
 Tell us what so it be, and tell at first;
 For sorrow ever longs to hear her worst.

Ibid.

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body stirs;
 Words had no passage, tears no issue found;
 For sorrow shut up words, wrath kept in tears;
 Confus'd effects each other do confound:
 Oppress'd with grief, his passions had no bound.
 Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
 For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb.

Daniel's Rosamund.

My coming but increas'd grief's starving store;
 For 'till that passion of itself expire,
 All kind of comfort but augments it more:
 Like drops of oil thrown on a mighty fire.

E. of S. & line's Cræsus.

Shall sorrow, through the waves of woes to fail,
 Have still your tears for seas, your sighs for winds?
 To misery what do base 'plaints avail?

A course more high becomes heroick minds :

None are o'ercome, save only those who yield.

From froward fortune though some blows be born,
 Let virtue serve adversity for shield :

No greater grief to grief, than th' enemy's scorn.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.

————— I drink
 So deep of grief, that he must only think,
 Not dare to speak, that would express my woe :
 Small rivers murmur, deep gulfs silent flow.

Marston's Sophoniba.

————— Long time he tofs'd his thoughts ;
 And as you see a snow-ball being rowl'd
 At first a handful, yet long bowl'd about,
 It sensibly acquires a mighty globe :
 So his cold grief through agitation grows,
 And more he thinks, the more of grief he knows.

Ibid.

Language, thou art too narrow, and too weak
 To ease us now ; great sorrows cannot speak.
 If we could sigh our accents, and weep words,
 Grief wears and lessens, that tears breath affords :
 Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are ;
 So guiltiest men stand mute at the bar :
 Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
 But extreme sense hath made them desperate.

Dr. Donne.

As doth the yearly augur of the spring,
 In depth of woe, thus I my sorrows sing ;
 My tunes with sighs yet ever mix'd among,
 A doleful burthen to a heavy song :
 Words issue forth, to find my grief some way ;
 Tears overtake them, and do bid them stay :

Thus

us whilst one strives to keep the other back,
th once too forward, soon are both too slack.

Drayton's Queen Isabel to Richard II.

things of small moment we can scarcely hold,
ut griefs that touch the heart, are hardly told.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

——— Oh, be of comfort !

Take patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are us'd :
Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best being bruised.
My heart's turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger.

Webster's Dutcheffs of Malfy.

I suffer now for what hath former been :
Sorrow is held the eldest son of sin.

Ibid.

Past sorrows, let us mod'rately lament them ;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

Ibid.

Unkindness do thy office ; poor heart break :
Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak.

Webster's White Devil.

Be of comfort ! and your heavy sorrow
Part equally among us ; storms divided,
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided.

Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness.

——— Woe will break ;
'Tis not the greatest grief, that most do speak.

Goffe's Orestes.

Great sorrows have no leisure to complain :
Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain,

Goffe's Raging Turk.

There's no way to make sorrow light
But in the noble bearing ; be content ;
Blows giv'n from heav'n are our due punishment :
All shipwrecks are not drownings ; you see buildings
Made fairer from their ruins.

Will. Rowley's New Wonder.

He doubles grief, that comments on a woe.

Return from Parnassus.

'Times have their changes, sorrow makes men wise ;

'The sun himself must set as well as rise.

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

Souls sunk in sorrows, never are without them ;

'They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about them.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

Sorrow doth hate

'To have a mate ;

True grief is still alone.

Brown's Pastoral.

Oh do not hide thy sorrows, shew them brief ;

He oft finds aid that doth disclose his grief.

If thou would'st it continue, thou dost wrong ;

No man can sorrow very much, and long.

————— But had he been here

He had been flint had he not spent a tear.

For still that man the perfecter is known,

Who others sorrows feels, more than his own.

Ibid.

What I have lost, kind shepherds, all you know ;

And to recount it were to dwell in woe :

'To shew my passion in a sun'ral song,

And with my sorrow draw your sighs along ;

Words, then well plac'd might challenge somewhat due,

And not the cause alone, win tears from you.

This to prevent, I set orations by ;

For passion seldom loves formality.

What profits it a prisoner at the bar,

To have his judgment spoken regular ?

Or in the prison hear it often read,

When he at first knew what was forfeited ?

Our griefs in others tears, like plates in water,

Seem more in quantity. To be relator

Of my mishaps speaks weakness, and that I

Have in myself no pow'r of remedy.

Ibid

1. Pray

ray do not conceal
 t's your disturbance. By communicating,
 ll lessen something of the suffering,
 aking me partaker.
 shall add to't.

shall be like two neighbour-buildings, when
 ame proceeding from the one hath seiz'd
 : other's roof, it makes the burning greater.
 nd, let me suffer, be thou free.

Nabbi's Unfortunate Mother.

—— Be advis'd how you
 xess your trouble ! Grief while it is dumb
 th fret within : But when we give our thoughts
 ticulate sound, we must distinguish hearers.

Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

griefs shall lead me this way,
 d my love a happy harbour find ;
 ese tears the ocean, and my sighs the wind.

Sharp's Noble Stranger.

—— He, sad heart, being robb'd
 all his comfort, having lost the beauty
 hich gave him life and motion, seeing *Claius*
 joy those lips, whose cherries were the food
 at nurs'd his soul, spent all his time in sorrow,
 melancholy sighs and discontents :
 ok'd like a wither'd tree o'ergrown with moss ;
 eyes were ever dropping icicles.

Randolph's Amyntas.

—— There is no joy,
 t either past, or fleeting ; and poor man
 ows up but to the experience of grief ;
 d then is truly past minority,
 hen he is past all happiness.

Gomerfall's Lodovick Sforza.

o vex, when mischiefs are quite past and gone,
 the next way to bring more mischiefs on.

Nevile's Poor Scholar.

To

To grieve at this, were in these senseless times
To become monstrous ; and to feel no grief,
Were to be senseless with the times themselves.

Jones's Address.

I need no muse to give my passion vent ;
He brews his tears, that studies to lament.

Cleveland.

—————The remedy to woe,
Is to leave what of force we must forego.

Merry Devil of Edmonton.

I must confess, when I did part from you,
I cou'd not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks ; nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur'd ; nor with arms across,
In discontented garbs set forth my loss :
Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts ; great griefs are always dumb :
'The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still.
Numbers of painted words may shew much skill,
But little anguish ; and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place :
'The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
But 'tis the fire rak'd up, that has the heat,
And keeps it long & 'True sorrow's like to wine,
'That which is good, does never need a sign.

Suckling.

I like the camelion's colours that decay
But seemingly to give new colours way ;
So our false griefs had not themselves outworn,
But step'd aside, to vary in return.

Sir William Davenant's Journey into Worcestershire.

—————All we gain
By grief, is but the licence to complain.

Sir William Davenant's Elegy on B. Habsbrich.

How beautiful is sorrow, when tis dress'd
By virgin innocence ? it makes
Felicity in others seem deform'd.

Sir William Davenant's Love and Honour.

at both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;
 Call you unthankful : for your great griefs shew
~~his heart~~ has never us'd you to mischance,
 Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

your contextures be so weak and nice,
 Weep that this stormy world you ever knew :
 You are not in those calms of paradise,
 Where slender flow'rs as safe as cedars grew.

Sir William Davenant's Gondibert.

Grief's conflict, gave these hairs their silver shine ;
 Torn ensigns which victorious age adorn :
 Youth is a dress too garish and too fine,
 To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

Grief's want of use, does dangerous weakness make ;
 But we by use of burdens are made strong :
 And in our practis'd age, can calmly take
 Those sorrows, which like fevers, vex the young.

Ibid.

Consider sorrows, how they are aright :
 Grief, if 't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.

Herrick.

Or still imparted councils do encrease ;
 And grief divided to a friend, grows less.

Sir Robert Howard's Blind Lady.

Why shouldst thou grieve ?——

Grief seldom join'd with blooming youth is seen ;
 And sorrow be, where knowledge scarce has been ?

Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.

The sharpest drugs are of the healthiest operation :
 It from a cloudy morn, ensues a glorious day.

Gilbert Swinboe's Unhappy Fair Irene.

Or grief conceal'd, like hidden fire, consumes ;
 Which, flaming out, would call in help to quench it.

Denham's Sophy.

Or vent my sorrows yields me no relief ;
 Or grieves but little, that can tell his grief.

Thomas Ford.

Believe

Believe that sorrow truest is, which lies
Deep in the breast, not floating in the eyes.

Bishop King.

Sorrows speak loud without a tongue ;
And my perplexed thoughts forbear
To breath your selves in any ear :
'Tis scarce a true or manly grief
Which gads abroad to find relief.

Id.

Know henceforth that grief's vital part
Consists in nature, not in art :
And verses that are studied,
Mourn for themselves, not for the dead.

Bishop Corbet.

That grief does far all other griefs transcend,
Which greater grows, when trusted to a friend :
Friendship in noble hearts would never reign,
If friendship's duty should be friendship's pain.

E. of Orrery's Henry V.

Grief speaks there loudest, where the mourner's dumb.

Organa.

Grief's like a river which does silent creep,
And makes but little noise, if it be deep.

Dover's Roman General.

You hunt our griefs, as they were hard to find,
And study arts how to perplex yourself.

Crown's Regulus.

1. Can human sorrows be delights to the gods ?
2. Our sorrows are not, but our troubles may ;
A great man vanquishing his destiny,
Is a great spectacle worthy of the gods.

Crown's Darius.

S O U L.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands ?
For which the devil mocks our curious brain,
When, *know thy self*, his oracles commands.

For

y should we the busy soul believe,
 m boldly she concludes of that and this ;
 f herself she can no judgment give,
 how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is ?
 ings without, which round about we see,
 eek to know, and have therewith to do :
 t whereby we reason, live and be
 ain ourselves, we strangers are thereto.
 k to know the moving of each sphere,
 the strange cause o' th' ebbs and floods of Nile ;
 that clock, which in our breasts we bear,
 subtile motions we forget the while.
 t acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
 pass the tropicks, and behold each pole ;
 we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
 unacquainted still with our own soul.

Sir John Davies.

ie fable of the lady fair,
 ch for her lust was turn'd into a cow ;
 thirsty, to a stream she did repair,
 saw herself transform'd she knew not how ;
 she startles, then she stands amaz'd ;
 ft with terror she from thence doth fly,
 aths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
 shuns it still, altho' for thirst she die :

man's soul, which did God's image bear,
 was at first fair, good, and spotless pure ;
 ith her sins, her beauties blotted were,
 of all sights, her own sight least endure.

'n at first reflection she espies
 strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
 ys, such anticks, and such vanities,
 he retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

Ibid.

One

One thinks the soul is air ; another, fire ;
 Another, blood diffus'd about the heart ;
 Another faith, the elements conspire,
 And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think, our souls are harmonies ;
 Physicians hold, that they complexions be ;
 Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
 Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills ev'ry brain,
 As the bright sun sheds light in ev'ry star ;
 And others think the name of soul is vain,
 And that we only well mix'd bodies are.

In judgments of her substance thus they vary,
 And vary thus in judgment of her seat ;
 For some her chair up to the brain doth carry,
 Some sink it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart ;
 Some in the liver, fountain of the veins :
 Some say, she's all in all, and all in ev'ry part ;
 Some say, she's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom shew,
 While with their doctrines they at hazard play ;
 Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
 To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

Sir John Davis.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
 As greater circles comprehend the less :
 But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,
 As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

Ibid.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth shew,
 And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill :
 Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
 But order them by their own royal will :

So,

gh this cunning mistress, and this queen,
as her instruments, the senses use,
all things that are felt, heard, or seen ;
herself doth only judge and chuse :

prudent emperor, that reigns
eign title, over sundry lands,
mean affairs, his subjects pains,
their eyes, and writeth by their hands ;
of weight and consequence indeed,
doth in his chamber them debate ;
his counsellors he doth exceed,
in judgment, as he doth in state.

Sir John Davies.

In man there is a nature found,
the senses, and above them far ;
most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
their souls but in their senses are.

Nothing but sense, then only they
have sound minds, which have their senses sound ;
it grows, when senses do decay,
ly most in quickest sense is found.

Nothing but sense, each living wight
we call brute, would be more sharp than we ;
senses apprehensive might,
are clear and excellent degree.

Ibid.

Not but the body's quality,
could she be with it sick, maim'd and blind ;
receive, where these privations be,
thy, perfect and sharp-sighted mind.

Ibid.

Can at once two forms admit,
the one the other do deface ;
soul ten thousand forms do fit,
none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

Ibid.

But

But how shall we this union well express ?
 Nought ties the soul, her subtilty is such ;
 She moves the body, which she doth possess,
 Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

'Then dwells she not therein as in a tent,
 Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit ;
 Nor as the spider in his web is pent ;
 Nor as the wax retains the print in it ;
 Nor as a vessel water doth contain ;
 Nor as one liquor in another shed ;
 Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain ;
 Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread :

But as the fair and chearful morning light,
 Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
 And in an instant doth herself unite
 'To the transparent air, in all, and ev'ry part :
 Still resting whole, when blows the air divide ;
 Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted ;
 'Throughout the air her beams dispersing wide,
 And when the air is tof'd, not interrupted :

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
 Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd,
 Indivisible, incorruptible still ;
 Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above, the light doth bring,
 'Though we behold it in the air below ;
 So from th' eternal light the soul doth spring,
 'Though in the body she her pow'rs do shew.

Sir John Davies.

But high perfection to the soul it brings
 'T' encounter things most excellent and high ;
 For when she views the best and greatest things,
 'They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Ibid.

Our

Our bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
 March towards death, until at last they dye :
 Whether we work, or play, or sleep, or wake,
 Our life doth pass, and with time's wings doth fly :

But to the soul, time doth perfection give,
 And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still,
 And makes her in eternal youth to live ;
 Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth ;
 The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase ;
 And what is strength but an effect of youth,
 Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease ?

Sir John Davies.

As a cunning prince that useth spies,
 If they return no news, doth nothing know ;
 But if they make advertisement of lies,
 The prince's councils all awry do go :

Ev'n so the soul to such a body knit,
 Whose inward senses undisposed be ;
 And to receive the forms of things unfit,
 Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

Ibid.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
 Then hath the soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use :
 So, in a fort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
 When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she ?
 For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do spring,
 And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be ;
 Then kill both act and pow'r, and kill the thing.

Doubtless the body's death, when once it dies,
 The instruments of sense and life doth kill ;
 So that she cannot use those faculties,
 Although their root rest in her substance still.

But,

But as, the body living, wit and will

Can judge and chuse, without the body's aid ;
Though on such objects they are working still,
As through the body's organs are convey'd :

So, when the body serves her turn no more,
And all her senses are extinct and gone ;
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone :

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And in good horsemanship, have learning skill ;
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning still ?

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too ;
And doth both th' other skills in pow'r retain ;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meet again :

So though the instruments, by which we live,
And view the world, the body's death do kill ;
Yet with the body they shall all survive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ ?
Her spies are dead, which brought home news before :
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy ;
But she hath means to understand no more.

'Then what do these poor souls, which nothing get ?
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep ?
Like buckets bottomless, which all out let ;
'Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

See how man's soul against itself doth strive !
Why should we not have other means to know ?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel : Here they feed not so.

Theſe

children, if they had some use of sense,
 should by chance their mother's talking hear,
 in short time they shall come forth from thence."
 I fear their birth, more than our death we fear:

could cry out, "if we this place shall leave,
 then shall we break our tender navel-strings:
 shall we then our nourishment receive,
 or our sweet food no other conduit brings?"

A man should to these babes reply,
 that into this fair world they shall be brought,
 that they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
 the glorious sun, and all that God hath wrought:
 there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
 which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;
 which shall be cordial too, as well as sweet;
 which of their little limbs, tall bodies make:"

Would they'd think a fable; ev'n as we
 think the story of the golden age:
 these sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
 who hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

But these infants after find all true,
 nothing then thereof they could conceive:
 as they are born, the world they view,
 with their mouths, the nurses milk receive:

But the soul is born, for death is nought
 the soul's birth, and so we should it call,
 and things she sees beyond her thought;
 in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Which she sees by spectacles no more,
 hears not by report of double spies;
 in infants doth all things explore,
 each thing's present, and before her lies.

Sir John Davies.

Think

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Sir John Davis.

That our souls, in reason, are immortal,
 Their natural and proper objects prove ;
 Which immortality and knowledge are.
 For to that object, ever is referr'd
 The nature of the soul ; in which the acts
 Of her high faculties are still employ'd :
 And that true object must her pow'rs obtain,
 To which they are in nature's aim directed.
 Since 'twere absurd, to have her see an object,
 Which possibly she never can aspire.

Chapman's *Cæsar and Pompey*.

I was a scholar : Seven useful springs
 Did I deslow'r in quotations,
 Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man ;
 The more I learn'd, the more I learn'd to doubt ;
 Knowledge and wit, faith's foes, turn faith about.
 Nay, mark ; *Delight*, my spaniel, slept ; whilst I paus'd
 leaves,

Toss'd o'er the dunces, por'd on the old print
 Of titled words ; and still my spaniel slept.
 Whilst I wasted lamp oil, bated my flesh,
 Strunk up my veins ; and still my spaniel slept.——
 And still I held converse with *Zabareil*,
Aquinas, *Scotus*, and the musty saw
 Of antick *Donate* ; still my spaniel slept.——
 Still on went I, first, *an sit anima* ?
 'Then, and it were mortal ? O hold, hold,——
 At that, they are at brain-buffets, fell by the ears
 Anain, pell-mell together ; still my spaniel slept.——
 'Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fix'd,
Ex traduce ? but, whether't had free-will
 Or no ?——the philosophers ?
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt,

I stagger'd ; knew not which was firmer part,
 But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pryed,
 Stuff'd noting-books, and still my spaniel slept.—
 At length he wak'd, and yawn'd ; and by yon sky,
 For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

Marston's What you will.

Let man's soul be a sphere ; and then in this
 Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is :
 And as the other spheres, by being grown
 Subject to foreign motion, lose their own ;
 And being by others hurry'd ev'ry day,
 Scarce in a year their nat'ral form obey :
 Pleasure or business so our souls admit
 For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.

Dr. Donne.

For bodies shall from death redeemed be,
 Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free ;
 As men t' our prisons now, souls t' us are sent,
 Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.

Ibid.

Who is there sure he hath a soul, unless
 It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
 And by deeds praise it ? He who doth not this,
 May lodge an inmate soul, but 'tis not his.

Ibid.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy
 By sympathy, to her by heav'n assign'd
 Through her clear windows, the well-seeing eye ;
 Which doth convey the image to the mind,
 Without advisement ; and can apprehend,
 That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth transcend.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

That learned father which so firmly proves
 'The soul of man immortal and divine,
 And doth the sev'ral offices define ;
Anima, Gives her that name, as she the body moves ; !

Amor, Then is the love embracing charity ;
Animus, Moving a will in us, it is the mind,
Mens, Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind
Memoria, An intellectual, it is memory ;
Ratio, in judging, reason only is her name :
Sensus, in speedy apprehension it is sense ;
Conscientia, in right or wrong they call her conscience ;
Spiritus, the spirit, when it to God-ward doth enflame ;
 These of the soul the sev'ral functions be.

Drayton's Ideal.

————— Didst thou never see
 A lark in a cage ? Such is the soul in
 The body : 'Tis world is like her little
 Turf of grass, and the heav'n o'er our heads, like
 Her looking glass ; only gives us a mis'erable
 Knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Webster's Dutcheff of Malfy.

1. That souls immortal are, I eas'ly grant :
 Their future state distinguish'd, joy, or pain,
 According to the merits of this life.
 But then I rather think, being free from prison,
 And bodily contagion, they subsist
 In places fit for immaterial spirits :
 Are not transfus'd from men to beasts, from beasts
 To men again : Wheel'd round about by change.
 2. And were it not more cruel, to turn out
 Poor naked souls, stripp'd of warm flesh ; like landlords,
 Bidding them wander ? 'Than forsooth imagine
 Some unknown cave or coast, or where all the myriads
 Of souls deceas'd are slipt, and thrust together.
 Nay, reason rather says, at at one moment,
 Some dye, and some are born ; so may their ghosts
 Without more cost, serve the succeeding age :
 For sure they don't wear, to be cast aside,
 But enter strait, less, or more noble bodies,
 According to desert of former deeds ;
 The valiant into lions ; coward minds

Inca

Into weak hares ; th' ambitious into eagles
 Soaring aloft ; but the perverse and peevish
 Are next indenizon'd into wrinkled apes :
 Each vice and virtue wearing sev'ral shapes.

1. So, you debase the Gods most lively image,
 The human soul, and rank it with mere brutes,
 Whose life of reason void, end with their sense.

True Trojans.

Every soul's alike, a musical instrument,
 The faculties in all men equal strings,
 Well, or ill handled, and those sweet or harsh.

Massinger's Very Woman.

Philosophers who have so anxious been,
 Inquiring where the soul doth chief reside,
 Within the heart or brain ? If they had seen
 How weapons were by all the soldiers ply'd,
 The question then had been no longer scann'd ;
 They had defin'd the seat t'ave been the hand.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

How formless is the form of man, the soul !
 How various still, how diff'rent from itself !
 How falsely call'd queen of this little world !
 When she's a slave, and subject not alone,
 Unto the body's temp'ature, but all
 The storms of fortune.

May's Cleopatra.

Man's soul immortal is ; whilst here they live,
 The purest minds for perfect knowledge strive ;
 Which is the knowledge of that glorious God,
 From whom all life proceeds : In this abode
 Of flesh, the soul can never reach so high ;
 So reason tells us : If the soul then dye,
 When from the body's bonds she takes her flight,
 Her unfulfill'd desire is frustrate quite,
 And so bestow'd in vain ? It follows then,
 The best desires unto the best of men,
 The great creator did in vain dispense ;
 Or else the soul must live when gone from hence :

S O U

1. *What will be after the body fall,*
What will be moves that it should dye at all?
Shall not be commanded as the body is,
And made of ever fighting contraries,
But one pure substance, like itself: and may
By reason's rules, exist alone for aye.
And though we would wish, that God, who did create,
Can not be blest, again annihilate
The soul, and nothing in that sense can be,
Imaginable, save the Self:
The souls, which in their nature do agree
So near to that, shall never dissolved be,
But then at last their wished end attain,
And unmoved by themselves remain.
The grounds, quoth he, divine philosopher:
What will be mine, or true knowledge here
Shall waking dream? What more than beauty, should we
Obey, or strive to lose of us?
Oh, quoth he, what? Ours should virtue be
Right, by the way, the Self.
Is there want, then, or plea are? Virtue here
Does not thus, or better, appear.
Shame, and want, ed neither? Nor is the
quest, which thus, if we do not see,
Nor is it, or mine, or true form the base?
Oh, quoth he, no name, or form's slave,
Is this, or mine, or world that seeks to live,
What, then, is it, or other world will give?
Is there a plea, though I feel departed hence,
That I go, or head will put a distance.
Oh, quoth he, no, that will not fly, I'd here,
So pure, as contemplation were
So pure, as the body, that with true
Desire, and true beauty's view,
Shall not be lost, when they from hence are fled
And have true joys and knowledge perfected.
What then the beauty shall they for ever be,
And how with heaven they made affinity.

But those dark souls which drowned in the flesh,
 Did never dream of future happiness ;
 That, while they lived here, believ'd, or lov'd
 Nothing but what the bodies taste approv'd ;
 When they depart from hence, shall fear the sight
 Of heav'n, nor dare t' approach that glorious light ;
 But wander still in dismal darkness, near
 Their bodies, whom alone they loved here.
 Those sad, and ghastly visions, which to sight
 Of frighted people do appear by night,
 About the tombs and graves, where dead men lie,
 Are such dark souls condemn'd t' accompany
 Their bodies there ; which souls, because they be
 Gross and corporeal, men do therefore see.

May's Continuation of Lucan.

Ill purchas'd life, indeed ; whose ransom craves
 A sadder price, than price of bloodshed saves.
 Go, learn, bad woman, what it is, how foul,
 By gaining of a life to save a soul ?
 The price of one soul doth exceed as far
 A life here, as the sun in light a star.
 Here though we live some threescore years or more ;
 Yet we must die at last, and quit the score
 We owe to nature : But the soul once dying,
 Dies ever, ever ; no repurifying ;
 No earnest sighs or groans, no intercession,
 No cares, no penance, no too late confession
 Can move the ear of justice, if it doom
 A soul past cure to an infernal tomb.

The Queen, or, The Excellency of her Sex.

————— 'Tis true, that the souls
 Of all men are alike ; of the same substance.
 By the same maker into all insus'd ;
 But yet the sev'ral matters which they work on,
 How different they are, I need not tell you :
 And as these outward organs give our souls
 Or more, or less room, as they are contriv'd
 To shew their lustre ; so again comes fortune,

And darkens them to whom the gods have giv'n
A soul divine, and body capable
Of that divinity and excellence.

Rutter's Shepherd's Holiday.

'Though life, since finite, has no ill excuse
For being but in finite objects learn'd ;
Ye sure the soul was made for little use,
Unless it be in infinites concern'd.

Sir W. Davenant's Philosopher to the Christian.

Our souls but like unhappy strangers come
From heav'n, their country, to this world's bad coast ;
'They land, then strait are backward bound for home,
And many are in storms of passion lost !

'They long with danger sail through life's vex'd seas,
In bodies, as in vessels full of leaks ;
Walking in veins, their narrow galleries,
Shorter than walks of seamen on their decks.

Ibid.

Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cause that motion owes ;
And therefore that no end can overtake,
Because our minds cannot themselves forsake.
And since the matter of our soul is pure,
And simple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themselves agree,
'Therefore it never can divided be :
And nature shews, without philosophy,
What cannot be divided, cannot die.

Denham.

'That soul, which gave me life, was seen by none ;
Yet by the actions it design'd, was known :
And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,
Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.
'That soul, which can immortal glory give,
'To her own virtues must for ever live.

Ibid.

Sure

ure some mens souls are given 'em for plagues,
 My soul to me, is all the plagues of *Egypt*.
 My thoughts are frogs, and flies, and lice, and locusts.
Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

S P R I N G.

Vhence is it that the air so sudden clears,
 And all things in a moment turn so mild ?
 Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child,
 If all the treasure that great nature's worth,
 And makes her ev'ry minute to bring forth ?
 How comes it winter is so quite forc'd hence,
 And lock'd up under ground ? That ev'ry sense
 Hath sev'ral objects ? Trees have got their heads,
 The fields their coats ? That now the shining meads
 Do boast the pause, lily, and the rose :
 And ev'ry flow'r doth laugh as *Zephyr* blows ?
 The seas are now more even than the land :
 The rivers run as smoothed by his hand ;
 Only their heads are crisped by his stroke.
 How plays the yearling, with his brow scarce broke,
 How in the open grass ? And frisking lambs
 Take wanton salts about their dry-suck'd dams,
 Who to repair their bags do rob the fields.
 How is't each bough a sev'ral musick yields ?
 The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
 Accord in tune, tho' vary in their tale :
 The chirping swallow call'd forth by the sun,
 And crested lark doth his division run :
 The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,
 The finches carol, and the turtles bill.

Johnson's Masques.

How the wanton spring lies dallying with the earth,
 And pours fresh blood in her decayed veins.
 Look how the new-sapp'd branches are in child
 With tender infants ! How the sun draws out,
 And shapes their moisture into thousand forms

Of sprouting buds ! All things that shew or breath,
Are now initia'd !

Marston's What you will.

Now had the sun rode through his winter stage,

And lighted at the lusty ram : The earth

With herbs, as *Afen*, did renew her age,

And was impregnate with a num'rous birth :

Fiona to ope her wardrobe did begin,

As 'twere to deck her at her lying in.

The constellation of the winged steed

Rising with *Sol*, attempereth the air

To the radical humour ; and doth breed

Blood in the sprouting veins, and sp'rits repair ;

Soldiers in spring double their service can ;

A man in winter is but half a man.

The speckled snake when he hath new put on

His annual coat, with seeming triple tongue,

Call for the fight ; and basked in the sun,

Is able to give, or pay a wrong :

But when th' earth lies like one great ball of snow,

Alas, poor snake, what mischief can it do !

Aleyn's Poitiers.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost

Her snow white robes, and now no more the frost

Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream

Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;

But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,

And makes it tender ; gives a sacred birth

To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree

The drowsy cuckow, and the humble bee :

Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring

In triumph to the world, the youthful spring.

The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,

Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.

Now all things smile.

Carrov.

The

The ox which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields ; and love no more is made
 By the fire side, but in the cooler shade.

Carrov.

What a verdent weed the spring arrays
 Fresh *Tellus* in ! how *Flora* decks the fields
 With all her tapestry ! And the choristers
 Of ev'ry grove chaunt carols ! Mirth is come
 To visit mortals. Ev'ry thing is blith,
 Jocund and jovial.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers.

S T A T E S M E N.

There can no king imagine aught so bad,
 But shall find some that will perform it glad :
 For sickness seldom doth so swiftly breed,
 As humours ill do grow the grief to feed.

G. Ferrers in the Mirror for Magistrates.

When wilful princes carelessly despise
 To hear th' oppressed people's heavy cries,
 Nor will correct their polling thieves ; then God
 Doth make those thieves, the reckless princes rod.

Mirror for Magistrates

At what a divers price, do divers men
 Act the same things ! another might have had
 Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the ax,
 For what I have this coronet, robes, and wax.
 There is a fate, that flies with tow'ring spirits
 Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.
 Poor plodding priests, and preaching fryars may make
 Their hollow pulpits, and the empty isles
 Of churches ring with that round word : but we
 That draw the subtle and more piercing air,
 In that sublimed' region of a court,
 Know all is good, we make so ; and go on,
 Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.

Johnson's Mortimer.

Forbear, you things,
That stand upon the pinnacles of state,
To brist your slippery height ; when you do fall,
You d sh yourselves in pieces, ne'er to rise :
And he that lends you pity, is not wise.

Johnson's Sijanus.

I will not ask, why *Cæsar* bids do this ;
For joy, that he bids me. It is the bliss
Of courts, to be employ'd ; no matter how ;
A prince's power makes all his actions virtue.
We, whom he works by, are dumb instruments,
To do, but not enquire : his great intents
Are to be serv'd, not search'd : Yet, as that bow
Is most in hand, whose owner best doth know
To affect his aims ; so let that statesman's hope
Most use, most price, can hit his prince's scope.
Nor must he look at what, or whom to strike,
But loose at all ; each mark must be alike :
Were it to plot against the fame, the life
Of one, with whom I twinn'd : remove a wife
From my warm side, as lov'd as is the air ;
Practice away each parent ; draw mine heir
In compass, though but one ; work all my kin
To swift perdition ; leave no untrain'd engine,
For friendship, or for innocence ; nay, make
The gods all guilty : I would undert ke
This, being impos'd me, both with gain and ease :
The way to rise, is to obey and please.
He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
The trodden paths that truth and right respect ;
And prove new, wilder ways : for virtue there,
Is not that narrow thing, she is elsewhere ;
Mens fortune there, is virtue ; reason their will ;
Their licence, law ; and their observance skill.
Occasion is their soil ; conscience their slain ;
Profit their lustre, and what else is vain.
If then it be the lust of *Cæsar*'s pow'r
I have rais'd *Sijanus* up, and in an hour

O'ertum

O'erturn him, tumbling down from height of all ;
 We are his ready engine, and his fall
 May be our rise : it is no uncouth thing,
 To see fresh buildings from old ruins spring.

Johnson's Sejanus.

He must be the organ we must work by now ;
 Though none less apt for trust : need doth allow
 What choice would not. I have heard, that aconite
 B'ing timely taken, hath a healing might
 Against the scorpion's stroke ; the proof we'll give :
 That while too poisons wrestle we may live.
 He hath a sp'rit too working to be us'd
 But to th' encounter of his like : excus'd
 Are wiser sov'reigns then, that raise one ill
 Against another, and both safely kill.

Ibid.

As a city dame
 Brought by her jealous husband, to the court,
 Some elder courtiers entertaining him,
 While others snatch a favour from his wife ;
 One starts from this door, from that nook another
 With gifts and junkets, and with printed phrase
 Steal her employments ; shifting place by place
 Still as her husband comes : so duke *Byron*
 Was woo'd, and worship'd in the arch-duke's court :
 And as the assistance that your majesty
 Join'd in commission with him, or myself,
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
 He ever vanish'd : and as such a dame
 As we compar'd with him before, being won
 To break faith to her husband, lose her fame,
 Stain both their progenies, and coming fresh
 From underneath the burden of her shame,
 Visits her husband with as chaste a brow,
 As temperate, and confirm'd behaviour,
 As she came quitted from confession :
 So from his 'scapes, would he present a presence,
 The practice of his state adultery

And galls, that should a graceful bosom strike,
Drown'd in the set lake of a hopeless cheek.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Thus must we do, who are enchain'd to kings;
Whether they will, just or unlawful things.

Daniel's Philotas.

For they, who speak but privately to kings,
Do seldom speak the best and fittest things.

Ibid.

It will fill the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent;
Who either carry'd in conceit too far,
Do work their own or others discontent,
Or else are deemed fit to be suppress'd:
Not for they are, but that they may be ill.

Since States have ever had far more unrest
By spirits of worth, than men of meaner skill;
And find, that those do always better prove,
Whom equal to employment, not above.
For less objection would be seen more wise,
Than present councils, customs, orders, laws:
And to the end to have them otherwise,
The Commonwealth into combustion draws,
As if ordan'd it embrod the world with wit,
As well as goodness, to dishonour it.

Ibid.

How these great men cloath their private hate
In those fair colours of the publick good!
And to effect their ends, pretend the State;
As if the State by their affections flood:
And arm'd with pow'r and princes jealousies,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest rank of treacheries;
That no one action shall seem innocent:
Yea, valour, honour, beauty shall be made
As necessities unto ends unjust:
And even the service of the State must lade
The needfulst undertakings with distrust.

Ibid.

Who sees not, that sees aught, woe worth the while,

The easy way, that greatness hath to fall !

Environ'd with deceit, hemm'd in with guile ;

Spoth'd up in flatt'ry, sawn'd on of all ;

Within his own, living as in exile ;

Hears but with others ears, or not at all ;

And ev'n is made a prey unto a few,

Who lock up grace, that would to other shew.

And who, as let in lease, do farm the crown,

And 'joy the use of majesty and might ;

Whilst we hold but the shadow of our own,

Pleas'd with vain shews, and dally'd with delight :

They, as huge unproportion'd mountains grown,

Between our land and us, shadowing our light,

Bereave the rest of joy, and us of love ;

And keep down all, to keep themselves above.

Which wounds, with grief, poor unrespected zeal,

When grace holds no proportion in the parts ;

When distribution in the common-weal

Of charge and honour, due to great deserts,

Is stopt ; when others greedy hands must deal

The benefit that majesty imparts ;

What good we meant, comes gleaned home but light ;

Whilst we are robb'd of praise, they of their right.

Daniel's Civil War.

Nor is it so much princes weaknesses,

As the corruption of their ministers,

Whereby the commonwealth receives distress ?

For they attending their particulars,

Make imperfections their advantages,

To be themselves both kings and counsellors :

And sure this commonwealth can never take

Hurt by weak kings, but such as we do make.

Ibid.

And it is just, that they who make a prey

Of princes favours, in the end again

Be made a prey to princes ; and repay

'The spoils of misery with greater gain :

Whose sacrifices ever do allay
 The wrath of men conceiv'd in their disdain :
 For that their hatred persecuteth still
 More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

Daniel: Panegyrick to the King.

But on the stage of state when one must stand
 A publick actor plac'd in all mens sight ;
 And swaying pow'r with an imperious hand
 Doth ho'd the balance both of wrong and right :
 Then, he for ev'ry action that is his,
 The censure of a thousand tongues must have ;
 Not only damn'd for doing things amiss,
 But for not doing all, that all men crave.

E. of Sterline's Alexandrian Tragedy.

But where the better rules the greater part,
 And reason only is the prince's art ;
 There as in margents of great volum'd books,
 The little notes, whereon the reader looks,
 Oft aid his over-pressed memory
 Unto the author's sense, where he would be :
 So do true counsellours assist good kings,
 And help their greatness on, with little things.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

For they must flatter good and evil too,
 That under princes all alone will do.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Why thus should statesmen do,
 That cleave thro' knots of craggy policies,
 Use men like wedges, one strike out another ;
 Till by degrees, the tough and knurly trunk
 Be riv'd in sunder ?

Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.

——— What if I got him !

He's but a shallow old fellow ; and to build
 On the greatest, wisest statesman, in a design
 Of this high daring, is most dangerous :

We see the tops of tall trees, not their heart ;
To find that sound or rotten, there's the art.

Dekker's Match me in London.

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the crown ;
Transporting all the best commodities
Useful to *England*, needed of her own :
And basely sold all offices, till then
The due reward of well deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,
Held all things vile that suited not my vein ;
Nothing might pass, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gain :
Giving vile terms and nick names of disgrace,
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing,
Is that that pull a prince back ; then he sees,
And not till then, truly repents his errors,
When subjects crystal souls are glassies to him.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

Now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villany
Up up the merits, nay the men and all
That do them service, and spout them out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i'th' ocean.

Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.

An honest statesman to a prince,
Is like a cedar planted by a spring ;
The spring baths the tree's root, the grateful tree
Rewards it with the shadow.

Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

The tricks of state-moles that work under princes,
Are at the best, but like the viper's young ;
That howſoe'er prodigious and hurtful
To many open and secure passengers ;

Yet

Yet do they never live, without the death
Of him, that first gave motion to their breath.

Mason's Mulcassus.

A slate villain must be like the wind,
That flies unseen ; yet lifts an ocean
Into a mountain's height, that on the sands
Whole navys may be split in their descent.

Ibid.

—————We, like inferior lights
Take life from your reflection ; for like stars
Unto the sun, are counsellors to kings :
He feeds their orbs with fire, and their shine
Contend to make his glory more divine.

Day's Humour out of Breath.

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means ;
And judgment, being a gift deriv'd from heav'n,
Though sometimes lodg'd i'th' hearts of worldly men
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forfakes such as abuse the giver of it :
Which is the reason, that the politick,
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The councils of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity over-reach'd.

Massinger's new Way to pay old Debt.

'This bile of fate wears purple tissue,
Is high sed, proud, so is his lordship's horse ;
And bears as rich caparisons. I know,
'This elephant carries on his back not only
'Tow'rs, castles, but the pond'rous republick ;
And never stoops for't : with his strong breath'd trunk
Smushs other titles, lordships, offices,
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his rav'nous jaws.

Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.

You have not as good patriots shou'd do, study'd
'The publick good, but your particular ends ;
Factious among yourselves ; preferring such
'To offices and honours, as ne'er read
'The elements of saving policy ;

But

But deeply skill'd in all the principles
 That usher to destruction :
 Your senate-house which us'd not to admit
 A man, however popular, to stand
 At the helm of government, whose youth was not
 Made glorious by action ; whose experience
 Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant to her counsels
 Hand, and receiv'd with rev'rence ; is now fill'd
 With green heads that determine of the state
 Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
 Afford them leisure ; or supply'd by those
 Who rising from base arts and fordid thrift,
 Are eminent for wealth, not for their wisdom :
 Which is the reason, that to hold a place
 In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
 And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
 Lustre, and reputation, and is made
 A mercenary purchase.

Massinger's Bondman.

————— There is
 A statesman, that can side with e'ery faction,
 And yet most subtly can untwist himself,
 When he hath wrought the business up to danger :
 He lives within a labyrinth, some think
 He deals with the devil, and he looks like one,
 With a more holyday face.

Shirley's Court Secret.

Oh he that's active in a state, has more
 Chain'd to him by the pow'r and strength of office,
 Than genuine respect ; and 'tis not worth
 Or person, but the fortunes of a statesman
 That sometimes men adore.

Shirley's Royal Master.

Statesmen, like virgins, first should give denial ;
 Experience and opportunity make the trial.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

Let dull patricians boast their airy titles,
 And count me base, whilst I commend their lives,

And

And for the furtherance of my high intents,
Make noblest men my hated instruments.

May's Agrippina.

Wife counsellors shine nearest to the king,
Upon this lower orb ; as in the sky,
Sol constantly is nearest Mercury.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

————— 'The fox refus'd
'To have the flies remov'd, which suck'd him first ;
He knew that fresh ones would torment him worst.

Ibid.

And as the lower orbs are wheel'd about,
Wrapt by the motions of the orbs above ;
So were inferior agents soon found out,
Which mov'd and turn'd, when he began to move :
For 'tis observ'd, that princes sooner get
Men for their humour, than their honour fit.

Ibid.

Men sweat at helm, as much as at the oar.

Randolph's Muses Looking-glass.

Three tedious winters have I waited here,
Like patient chymists blowing still the coals,
And still expecting, when the blessed hour
Wou'd come, shou'd make me master of
'The court elixir pow'r ; for that turns all.

Suckling's Aglaure.

He has inverted all the rule of state,
Confounded policy ;
'There is some reason why a subject
Should suffer for the errors of his prince ;
But why a prince shou'd bear
'The faults of his ministers, none, none at all.

Suckling's Goblins.

I am a rogue if I do not think
I was design'd for the helm of state :
I am so full of nimble stratagems,
'That I should have order'd affairs, and
Carry'd it against the stream of a faction,

Wish.

much ease, as a skipper
 ver against the wind.

Suckling's Goblins.

res his prince in what is judg'd unjust ;
 vn law, serves not his pow'r, but lust.

Baron.

r's and the courtier's master-peice,
 statesman's, dissimulation is ;
 our and sure friendship to pretend
 whose throat he'll cut, to gain his end :
 t he do, will rise ; and then it's best
 : most love, when he intends it least.

Baron's Mirza.

nce's favour turns to a disease
 r ambitious greediness he feeds,
 oes surfeit with his love : and still
 'cine for that sickness we apply
 upon salve, not to ourselves but him,
 the sword, which made the wound : and this
 'cine is our seeming industry,
 th false cares resembling false alarms,
 of dangers warn when none are near ;
 tors wake, we, with our undisturb'd
 r, sleep safely, and at ease ;
 content ourselves, the world displease.

Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.

-The world would still
 ly round, but for you state-cripples,
 ke it halt with your politick stops
 uch caution.

Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.

ft not, whilst so young and guiltless too,
 gs mean seldom what their statesmen do ;
 asure not the compass of a crown
 e head that wears it, but their own :
 ring peace, because they stewards are,
 account, to that wild spender war.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.

The

The righteous state-physicians that attend
 On sickly kings, prescribing unto us,
 As nature to the hungry disease of tygers
 And of wolves; when to preserve their lives
 They feed on all the weak submitting herd.
 But how accurs'd would subjects be, were we
 Not born with far more virtue, than we're taught?

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite

He was her father's counsellor; a man
 Created in the dark: he walks invisibly,
 He dwells in labyrinths, and loves silence:
 But when he talks, his language carries more
 Promiscuous sense, than ancient oracles:
 So various in his shapes, that oft he is
 Disguis'd from his own knowledge. An error
 Much incident to human politicks,
 Who strive to know others more than themselves.

Sir W. Davenant's Albouine, K. of Lombardy

Th' ambitious statesman not himself admires
 For what he hath, but what his pride desires;
 Doth inwardly confess, he covets sway,
 Because he is too haughty to obey:
 Who yield to him, do not their reason please,
 But hope, their patience may procure them ease.
 How proudly glorious doth he then appear,
 Whom even the proud envy, th' humble fear.

Sir W. Davenant to Henry Jarrin

Thus the court wheel goes round like fortune's ball;
 One statesman rising on another's fall.

Richard Brome's Queen's Exchange

He was not of that strain of counsellors,
 That like a tuft of rushes in a brook,
 Bends ev'ry way the current turns itself,
 Yielding to ev'ry puff of appetite
 That comes from majesty, but with true zeal
 He faithfully declared all.

Brewer's Love-sick K

name I must remember, and with horror ;
 have dy'd for doing,
 y had dy'd for, if they had not done :
 e king's command, and I was only
 ppy minister.
 uch a minister as wind to fire,
 ls an accidental fierceness to
 d fury.
 ere the king's command, 'twas first thy malice
 ded that command, and then obey'd it.
 if you have resolv'd it, truth and reason
 c and idle arguments :
 ie pity thee the unhappy instrument
 e's wills, whose anger is our fate ;
 their love's more fatal than their hate.

Denham's Sophy.

—My Lords,
 : you now to prey upon your selves :
 levours the rest, in time may be
 er, more o'ergrown than e'er I was.
 ou are low and poor, you are all friends,
 one fair pretence together join ;
 v'ry one conceals his own design.
 r country's cause, until full grown
 fought pow'r ; then it proves your own.
 ou seem good, your crimes are not the less ;
 ve all new creations by success.

Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.

ights must not be judg'd by these base slaves,
 ng upon my fortune, not on me ;
 truments, like flatter'd princes,
 ver hear but of prosperity.
 an singly stand on its own trust ;
 ons must depend on truth of others :
 es of victory on mean mens valours ;
 n upon base and wretched Instruments ;
 nens love, more treacherous than all.

I'll find a conquest, in a safe retreat,
And though they rise, I'll sink to be as great.

Sir Robert Howard's Great Favour

He that seeks safety in a statesman's pity,
May as well run a ship upon sharp rocks,
And hope a harbour.

D'ye think that statesmens kindneses proceed
From any principles but their own need ?
When they're afraid, they're wondrous good and fit
But when they're safe, they have no memory.

Sir Robert Howard's Festal Fire

A statesman all but int'rest may forget,
And only ought in his own strength to trust :
'Tis not a statesman's virtue to be just.

E. of Orrery's Henry

But fear in statesmen is the highest crime.
'Those who to empire's upper stations climb,
Are not so useful in their being wise,
As they may hurtful be by cowardice :
For they, fearing to act, what they should do ;
Make with themselves the valiant useless too.

E. of Orrery's Mustapha

Ah ! had I study'd but as much to gain
Heav'n, as this world, I had not sweat in vain :
Instead of horrors that pursue me now,
Immortal crowns had waited for my brow ;
But my amazing miseries now are
Beyond the aid of penitence and pray'r :
'To my own idols I too long did bow,
'To put that fawning cheat on heaven now ;
For he hath my religion understood
'To be but craft, and my devotion blood.
My heav'n was to ascend the papal throne,
Where to save others souls, I've lost my own.
And now, alas ! 'twere folly to deny
Myself the pleasure to despair and die.

great men learn by my wretched fate,
 o stake their souls at games of state ;
 ough a while perhaps they seem to win ;
 find at last, there is no cheat like sin.

Crown's Juliana.

religious to be damn'dly wicked ;
 all villany by holy shews,
 ut for piety on fools impose :
 ll faiths, that so there may be none,
 like religion throw religion down.
 em loyal, the more rogue to be ;
 n the king by's own authority :
 ing men from tyranny to save,
 e foolish cred'lous world enslave.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

S U C C E S S.

m call it mischief——
 t's past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
 e petty crimes are punish'd ; great rewarded.
 ist you think of peril, since attempts
 with danger, still do end in glory ;
 hen need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom.
 ght the care of men or fame to fright you ;
 y that win, do seldom receive shame
 ory, howe'er it be atchiev'd ;
 ngeance least. For who besieg'd with wants,
 stop at death, or any thing beyond it ?
 there was never any great thing yet
 l, but by violence or fraud :
 that sticks for folly of a conscience,
 ch it, is a good religious fool.

Johnson's Catiline.

—— Good success
 ore fatal far than bad ; one winning
 m a flatt'ring die, tempting a gamester
 ard his whole fortunes.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Shews

Shews to aspire just objects, are laid on
 With cost, with labour, and with form enough;
 Which only makes our best acts brook the light,
 And their ends had, we think we have their right;
 So worst works are made good, with good success;
 And so for kings, pay subjects carcasses.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conjur

And tho' the fortune of some age consents
 Unto a thousand errors grossly wrought;
 Which flourish'd over with their fair events,
 Have pass'd for current, and good courses thought
 The least whereof, in other times, again
 Most dang'rous inconveniencies have brought;

Whilst to the time, not to mens wits, pertain
 The good successes of ill manag'd deeds:
 Tho' th' ignorant deceiv'd with colours vain,
 Misd of the causes whence this luck proceeds,
 Foreign defects giving home-faults the way,
 Make ev'n that weakness sometimes well succeed.

Daniel's Musophil

What suit of grace hath virtue to put on,
 If vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
 If wrong, if craft, if indiscretion,
 Act as fair parts, with ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty volume of events,
 The world, th' universal map of deeds,
 Strongly controuls; and proves from all descents,
 That the directest courses best succeeds;
 When craft (wrapt still in many cumberments)
 With all her cunning thrives not, tho' it speeds.

For should not grave and learn'd experience,
 That looks with th' eyes of all the world beside,
 And with all age, holds intelligence,
 Go safer than deceit without a guide?
 Which in the by-paths of her diffidence,
 Crossing the ways of right, still runs more wide.

Prosop

rous success gives blackest actions glory ;
 means are unremembered in most story.

Marston's Sophonisba.

is, like *Lethe*, to the souls in bliss,
 as men forget things past, and crowns our sins
 name of valour. Be we impious,
Ius Felix styles us virtuous ?

Mason's Mulcassus.

is must follow those attempts that rise
 a just cause, and crown the enterprize.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

but endeavour untill perfected
 : success, and that is fortune's only ;
 : shares little in it.

Ibid.

— So they thrive,
 a fate in spight of storms hath kept alive.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

is that in th' period prosp'rously succeed ;
 gh cross'd before, are acted well indeed.

Glaphorne's Hollander.

is once well begun,
 elf perform'd ; the managing an act
 close and hidden practice, 'mongst the wise
 olitick people, brings assur'd success :
 open ways the heavy snail does take,
 untrod paths best please the subtle snake.

Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

of reward, or one victorious field,
 firm ground for any one to build.
 ll success cloath him with discontent,
 allanceth the cause by the event.

Lady Alimony.

— Proud success admits no probe
 tice to correct or square the fate,
 ears down all as illegitimate :
 hatfoe'er it lists to overthrow,
 er finds it, or else makes it so.

Cleveland.

L. III.

K

My

My intent's good, () let it so succeed,
And be auspicious still to each good deed.

Shapham's Flirt.

-----(), success
In a rare point ! that which succeeds is good ;
When the same action, if it fails, is naught.

Haron's Mirror.

All are not ill plots, that do sometimes fail ;
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't prevail.

Horrid.

In tracing human story, we shall find
'The cruel more successful, than the kind.

Sir H. Parnham's Siege of Rhoda.

If we but prosper now, not we on late,
But she on us, shall for direction wait.

Sir Robert Howard's Great Forewarn'd.

1. If all things by success are understood,
Men that make war, grow wicked to be good ;
But bid you vow, those that were overcome,
And he that conquer'd, both should share one doom !
'There's no excuse, for one of these must be
Not your devotion, but your cruelty.

2. 'To that rash stranger, lo, we nothing owe ;
What he had said, he throve to overthrow :
'That duty told, which should our actions guide ;
Courage proves guilt, when merits well to pride.

Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.

As all those sins which for a crown are done,
Heav'n decriab'ly, when heav'n does put it on ;
So all those crimes which are perform'd in love,
Do lose that name when we successful prove.

Ed. of Otway's Black Prince.

'That's villany, that by its ill success
Betrays a man, and into ruin throws ;
When once it gains a crown, it virtue grows.

Crown's Second Part of Henry VI.

It is success, makes innocent a sin ;
And there is nothing but a sword between :

th' end be glorious, glorious is the way;
 ty always have the cause, who have the day.
Crown's Darius.

T A S T I N G.

THE body's life with meats and air is fed;
 Therefore the soul does use the tasting pow'r
 eins, which through the tongue and palate spread,
 istinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sow'r.
 is the body's nurse; but since man's wit
 und th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,
 e bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
 han with the sword, famine, or pestilence.
Sir John Davies.

—————Would'st delight thy taste?
 i *Samian* peacocks, and *Ambracian* kids,
 of *Numidia*, pheasants, phenicopters,
fian lampreys, eels of *Benacus*,
 les of *Lochrine*, *Eleusian* plaice
 fill thy dish, and thousand changes more.
Nabbs's Microcosmus.

T A X E S.

Thy tribute? why should we pay tribute? If
 r can hide the sun from us with a
 cet, or put the moon in his pocket,
 vill pay him tribute for light; else, fir,
 ore tribute.
 u must know,
 he injurious *Romans* did extort
 tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
 h swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 sides o'th' world, against all colour, here
 ut the yoke on us; which to shake off,
 nes a warlike people, which we reckon
 lves to be, to do.

Shakepear's Cymbeline.

Our trade is tax, comprising men, and things;
 And draw not they mankind's wealth under kings!
 Soothing the Tyrant, till by his excess,
 Want makes the majesty of thrones grow less;
 By taxing peoples vice at such a rate,
 As to fill up a sieve, exhausts the state:
 Lastly, so shuffling trade, law, doctrine, will,
 As no soul shall find peace in good or ill:
 Both being traps alike us'd, to entice
 The weak, and humble, into prejudice.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

—————Projector, I treat first
 Of you and your disciples; you roar out
 All is the king's; his will's above his laws:
 And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes
 For his poor subjects; whisp'ring in his ear,
 If he would have them fear, no man should dare
 To bring a sullad from his country garden,
 Without the paying gabell; kill a hen
 Without excise: and that if he desire
 To have his children, or his servants wear
 Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm,
 In policy, 'tis fit the owners should
 Pay for them by the poll: or if the prince want
 A present sum, he may command a city's
 Impossibilities; and for non-performance
 Compel it to submit to any fine
 His officers shall impose. Is this the way
 To make our emperor happy? can the groans
 Of his subjects yield him musick? must his thresholds
 Be wash'd with widows and wrong'd orphans tears,
 Or his power grow contemptible?

Massinger's Emperor of the East

Study some monopoly
 May sweep the kingdom at a stroke; despise
 A project will not bring in half the city:
 Find out a way to forfeit all the charters;
 Have an exchequer of your own, and keep

The princes round about in pension :
 These are becoming businesse, and speak
 An active statesman.

Shirley's Constant Maid.

In things a moderation keep ;
 Kings ought to shear, not skin their sheep.

Herrick.

The law takes measure of us all for cloaths,
 Diets us all, and in the sight of all,
 To keep us from all private leagues with wealth.

Crown's Regular.

T E M P E R A N C E.

————— His most trusty guide,
 Who suffer'd not his wandring feet to slide :
 But when strong passion, or weak fleshline's
 Would from the right way seek to draw him wide,
 He would through temperance and stedfastness,
 Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the strong
 suppress.

Spenser's Fairy Queen

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did I with unbaishful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility :
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.

Shakespeare's As you like it.

Rewards will only crown
 The end of a well prosecuted good.
 Philosophy, religious solitude
 And labour wait on temperance ; in these
 Desire is bounded : they instruct the mind's
 And body's actions.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

Temperance,
 She's the Physician that doth moderate
 Desire with reason bridling appetite.

Nabbs's Microcösa

Yonder's her cave ; whose plain yet decent roof
 Shines not with ivory or plates of gold :
 No *Tyrian* purples cover her low couch,
 Nor are the carv'd supporters, artits work,
 Bought at the wealth of provinces ; she feeds not
 On costly viands in her gluttony,
 Wasting the spoils of conquests : from a rock
 That weeps a running crystal she doth fill
 Her shell-cup, and drinks sparingly.

1. Canst thou be content
 With my poor diet too ? 2. Oh wondrous well !
 'Twas such a diet which that happy age
 That poets stile the golden, first did use.
 1. And such a diet to our chests will bring
 The golden age again. 2. Beside the gain
 That flows upon us, health and liberty
 Attend on these bare meals ; if all were blest
 With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
 Or to his belly sell his liberty ?
 There would be then no slaves, no scycophants
 At great mens tables. If the base *Sarmentus*,
 Or the vile *Galba* had been thus content,
 They had not born the scoffs of *Cæsar's* board.
 He whose cheap thirill the springs and brooks can quæ
 How many cares is he exempted from ?
 He's not indebted to the merchants toil ;
 Nor fears that pyrates force, or storms should rob h
 Of rich *Canary*, or sweet *Candyan* wines :
 He smells, nor feels no feasts ; but in his own
 True strength contracted lives, and there enjoys
 A greater freedom than the *Parthian* king.
Behides, pure chearful health ever attends it ;
 Which made the former ages live so long.

In riotous banquets, sicknesses came in,
 When death 'gan muster all his dismal band
 Pale diseases; such as poets feign
 A sentinel before the gates of hell,
 I bad them wait about the glutton's tables;
 From them, like venom'd pills, in sweetest wines
 Received swallow down, and hasten on
 At most they would eschew, untimely death.
 From our tables here, no painful surfeits,
 Fed diseases grow, to strange nature,
 I suffocate the active brain; no fevers,
 Apoplexies, palsies or catarrhs
 Here; where nature not entic'd at all
 In such a dang'rous bait as pleasant cates,
 Lies in no more than she can govern well.

May's Old Couple.

In what does needy life preserve,
 As those whose bodies wait upon their minds;
 As those minds which not their bodies serve;
 Ready as pilots wak'd with sudden winds.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Who the rules of temperance neglects,
 In a good cause may produce vile effects.

Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

F E M P T A T I O N.

Save your honour.

From thee; ev'n from thy virtue.

It's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?

Tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?

She; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,

That lying by the violet in the sun,

As the carrion does, not as the flow'r,

Up with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty, may more betray our sense,

Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,

I we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 'That make her good ? oh, let her brother live !
 'Thieves for their robb'ry have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What ? do I love her,
 'That I desire to hear her speak again ?
 And feast upon her eyes ? what is't I dream on ?
 Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook ! most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 'To sin, in loving virtue : never could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite : ever till now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd ; and wonder'd how,

Shakespeare's Measure for Measure.

'This is woman, who well knows her strength,
 And trims her beauty forth in blushing pride,
 'To draw, as doth the wanton morning sun
 'The eyes of men to gaze : but mark their natures,
 And from their cradles you shall see them take
 Delight in making babies, devising christ'nings,
 Bidding of gossips, calling to up-sittings,
 And then to festivals, and solemn churchings ;
 In imitation of the wanton ends,
 'Their riper years will aim at. But go further,
 And look upon the very mother of mischief,
 Who as her daughters ripen, and do bud
 'Their youthful spring, straight she instructs them how
 'To set a gloss on beauty, add a lustre
 'To the defect of nature ; how to use
 'The mystery of painting, curling, powd'ring,
 And with strange perriwigs, pin knots, borderings,
 'To deck them up like to a vintner's bush,
 For men to gaze at on a midsummer-night.
 'This done, they are instructed by like art,
 How to give entertainment and keep distance
 With all their tutors, friends, and favourites ;
 When to deny, and when to feed their hopes ;

Now

draw on, and then again put off;
 n and smile ; to weep and laugh outright,
 breath, and all to train poor man
 ruin : nay, by art they know
 form all their gesture ; how to add
 mole on ev'ry wanton cheek ;
 e a grateful dimple when she laughs :
 her teeth be bad, to lisp and simper,
 to hide that imperfection :
 se once learn'd, what wants the tempter now,
 : the stoutest champion of men ?
 re, grave judges, let me thus conclude,
 npts not woman, woman doth him delude.

Sweetnam the Woman Hater.

ast virtue to secure all ; I am confident
 tions will shake thy innocence
 e, than waves, that climb a rock, which soon
 their weakness ; and discover thee,
 ear and more impregnable.

Shirley's Hide-Park.

frail thing is man ! it is not worth
 ry to be chast, while we deny
 nd converse with women : He is good,
 arcs the tempter, yet corrects his blood.

Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.

, tho' late, yet at the last begin
 i the least temptation to a sin ;
 i to be tempted be no sin, untill
 th' alluring object gives his will.

Herrick.

o will run so near the brink of sin,
 ightly push'd, is sure to tumble in.

Crown's Married Bean.

T I M E.

t which might by secret means hath wrought,
 t of time to open shew is brought.

Mirror for Magistrates.

The time is out of joint; oh cursed sight!
That ever I was born to set it right.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

For he is but a baſſard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation.

Shakeſpear's King John.

Time travels in divers paces, with divers perſons;
I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time
Trots withal, who time gallops withal,
And who he ſtands ſtill withal.

2. Prithee whom doth he trot withal?

1. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between
The contract of her marriage, and the day
It is ſolemniz'd; if the interim
Be but a ſe'might, time's pace is ſo hard,
That it ſeems the length of ſeven years.

2. Who ambles time withal?

1. With a prieſt that lacks *Latin*,
And with a rich man that hath not the gout;
For th' one ſleeps eaſily, 'cauſe he cannot ſtudy;
And th' other lives merrily, 'cauſe he feels no pain;
The one lacking the burthen of lean and
Waſteful learning; the other knowing no
Burthen of heavy tedious penury.

2. Whom doth he gallop withal?

1. With a thief to the gallows;
For though he goes as ſoftly as foot can fall,
He thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

2. Whom ſtays it ſtill withal?

1. With the lawyers in the vacation; for they ſleep
Between term and term, and then they perceive
Not how time moves.

Shakeſpear's As you like it.

It is an argument the times are ſore
When virtue cannot ſafely be advanc'd,
Nor vice reprov'd.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Altho' the cauſe ſeem'd right, and title ſtrong,
The time of doing it, yet makes it wrong.

Daniel's Civil W

is time, unto the good unjust ;
 now may weak posterity suppose
 have their merit from the dust,
 nst them thy partiality that knows !
 report, O who shall ever trust !
 mphant arches building unto those
 l the longest memory to have,
 ere the most unworthy of a grave !

Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.
 il at *Jove*, and sigh for *Saturn*'s time,
 to the present, ages past prefer ;
 urden would the gods with ev'ry crime,
 damn the heav'ns, where only earth doth err.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.
 yet am not to destroy succession,
 vice of other kingdoms, give him time :
 es without me, can make no progression ;
 ie alone, ev'n truth doth fall or climb :
 lant petty webs, without me spun,
 ly ended be, as they begun.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.
 er of heaven am I, but God, none greater ;
 like my parents, life and death of action,
 of ill success to ev'ry creature,
 se pride against my periods make a faction :
 ie who go along, rise while they be ;
 g of mine respects eternity.

Ibid.

the truth to light, detect the ill ;
 ative greatness scorneth bounded ways ;
 ly pow'r, a few days ruin will ;
 worth it self falls, till I list to raise.
 rth is mine ; of earthly things the care
 to men, that like them, earthy are.

Ibid.

ath several falls,
 ist up joys, feasts put down funerals.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.
 K 6 Old

Old time will end our story ;
But no time, if we end well, will end our glory.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyag

He cuts the green tusfs off th' enamel'd plain,
And with his scythe hath many a summer shorn
'The plow'd lands lab'ring with a crop of corn :
Who from the cloud-clipt mountains by his stroke
Fells down the lofty pine, the cedar, oak :
He opes the flood gates, as occasion is,
Sometimes on that man's land, sometimes on this.
He had a being, ere there was a birth ;
And shall not cease, untill the sea and earth :
And what they both contain, shall cease to be ;
Nothing confines him but etern.ity.
By him the names of good men ever live,
Which short liv'd men unto oblivion give :
And in forgetfulness he lets him fall,
'That is no other man than natural :
'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,
Who is the true, and who the feigned lover.

Brown's Pastora

'Time is the moth of nature, devours all beauty.

Shirley's Humorous Courti

'The ancient times what is the best do shew ;
'The modern teach what is most fit to do.

Allyn's Poeti

'Time flows from infants, and of these, each one
Should be esteem'd, as if it were alone :
'The shortest space, which we so highly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into th' eternal main,
No realms, no worlds can purchase it again :
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fixt the prints is past.

Sir John Beaun

Weep no more for what is past ;
For time in motion makes such haste

le hath no leisure to descry
those errors, which he passeth by.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Time lays his hand
On pyramids of brass, and ruins quite
What all the fond artificers did think
Immortal workmanship; he sends his worms
To books, to old records, and they devour
Th' inscriptions. He loves ingratitude,
For he destroy'd the memory of man.

Ibid.

Our time consumes like smoke, and passes away;
Nor can we treasure up a month or day.
The sand within the transitory glass
Doth pass, and so our silent minutes pass.
Consider how the ling'ring hour-glass sends
Sand after sand, untill the stock it spends.
Year after year we do consume away,
Untill our debt to nature we do pay.
Old age is full of grief; the life of man,
If we consider, is but like a span
Stretch'd from a swollen hand: the more extent
It is by strength, the more the pains augment:
Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

Watkins.

T I T L E S.

How does he feel his title
Ling'ring loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

'Hou wert the first, mad'st merit know her strength,
And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,
Was not entail'd on titles; that some word
Might be found out as good, and not my lord.
'That nature no such difference had impress'd
On men, but ev'ry bravest was the best:
'That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn,
And to live great, was better, than great born.

These were thy knowing arts : which who doth now
 Virtuously practise, must at least allow
 Them in, if not, from thee ; or must commit
 A desp'rate solœcism in truth and wit

Johnson's Epigram:

Man is a name of honour for a king ;
 Additions take away from each chief thing.

Chapman's Buffs D'ambit.

Where titles presume to thrust before fit
 Means to second them, wealth and respect
 Often grow sullen, and will not follow.

Chapman Johnson and Marston's Eastward Ho.

What tho' he hath no title ? He hath might :
 'That makes a title, where there is no right.

Daniel's Civil War.

He that above the state of man will strain
 His stile, and will not be that which we are ;
 Not only us contemns, but doth disdain
 'The gods themselves, with whom he would compare.

Ibid.

After me, let none whom greatness throws,
 'Trust tumid titles, nor offensive shews,
 Sails swol'n with winds : whilst emulating clouds,
 'That which pulls up, oft at the last o'erthrows.

E. of Sterling's Crash.

All transitory titles I detest,
 A virtuous life I mean to boast alone ;
 Our births our fates, our virtues be our own.

Drayton's Legend of Matilda.

'That height and god-like purity of mind
 Resteth not still, where titles most adorn,
 With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
 'To names, and to be limited doth scorn :
 Man doth the most degenerate from kind ;
 Richest and poorest both alike are born ;
 And to be always pertinently good,
 Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.

— 't' bade

These are lords
 That have bought titles. Men may merchandize
 Wares, ay, and traffick all commodities
 From sea to sea, ay, and from shore to shore :
 But in my thoughts, of all things that are sold ;
 'Tis pity honour should be bought for gold ;
 & eats off all desert.

Heywood's Royal King.

We all are soldiers, and all venture lives :
 And where there is no difference in mens worths,
 Titles are jests.

Beaumont and Fletcher's King or no King.

Look down upon him
 With such contempt and scorn, as on my slave ;
 He's a name only, and all good in him
 He must derive from his great grandfire's ashes :
 For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
 His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
 This is a lord—he had liv'd unobserv'd
 By any man of mark, and dy'd as one
 Amongst the common rout.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country.

How dejectedly
 The baser spirit of our present time
 Hath cast itself below the ancient worth
 Of our fore-fathers ! from whose noble deeds
 Nobly we derive our pedigrees.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

Are you in love with title ?
 Will have a herald, whose continual practice ?
 All in pedigree, come a wooing to you,
 Or an antiquary in old buskins.

Webster's Devil's Law Case.

Am I not emperor ? men call me so :
 A rev'rend title, empty attributes,
 And a long page of words follow my name,
 But no substantial true prerogative.

Goffe's Raging Turk.

————— If that titles
 Or the adorned name of queen could take me,
 Here would I fix mine eyes and look no farther:
 But these are baits to take a mean born lady,
 Not her that boldly may call *Cæsar* father:
 In that, I can bring honour unto any,
 But from no king that lives, receive addition
 To raise desert and virtue by my fortune;
 Though in a low estate 'twere greater glory,
 Than to mix greatness with a prince, that owes
 No worth but that name only.

————— *Messenger and Dekker's Virgin Martyr.*

————— Poor windy titles
 Of dignity and offices, that puff up
 The bubble pride, 'till it swell big, and burst:
 What are they but brave nothings? toys, call'd honour,
 Make them on whom they are bestow'd, no better
 Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar.

————— *Randolph's Mules Looking-Glass.*

————— Brush off
 This honour'd dust that soils your company;
 This thing, whom nature carelessly obtruded
 Upon the world, to teach, that pride and folly
 Makes titular greatness the envy but
 Of fools, the wise man's pity.

————— *Habington's Queen of Aragon.*

————— I'll dissent
 Myself of all; additions can but swell
 Our pride, not virtue up; my ancestors
 Have left me rich enough in title to
 Your friendship.

————— *Sicily and Naples.*

1. Thy blood runs high; there's not one purple stream
 Cas'd in these azure veins, but is deriv'd
 From the spring of princely ancestry; and thou art
 The wealthy storehouse of their fortunes too.
2. 'Las! what are these, but what the owner makes them
 Of themselves nothing, only as we use them,

Ar

are good or bad, a blessing or a curse :
 . But then their virtues, by a thrifty providence,
 are all sum'd up in thy blest self, and make thee
 A happiness, which if enjoy'd, must be
 bestow'd by gift, because above all purchase.

Sicily and Naples.

Had my birth but been
 As free from height as from ambition,
 I might have slept under a silent roof,
 And eat securely of a country feast ;
 Bound to no ceremonious paths of state,
 Nor forc'd to torture mine affections,
 Or chain them till they starve, to some deform'd
 Remedy of love ; and change our lives content
 For a bare title : that forsooth must come
 To edge a line of words, and make our names swell
 To fill th' ambitious thirst of greedy age.

Jones's Adrastus.

No future titles swell'd him ; in his sight,
 The worthy man seem'd greater than the knight :
 True honour he to merit chain'd, and found
 Desert the title gives, kings but the sound.

Lleuellin.

To pow'r, adoption makes thy title good ;
 Preferring worth, as birth gives princes place ;
 And virtue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
 As soul's extraction does the body's race.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

learned to admire goodness ; that
 Gives the distinction to men ; without
 This, I behold them but as pictures, which
 Are flourish'd with a pencil, to supply
 The absence of inward worth, their titles
 Like landskips gracing them only far off.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege.

Princes may easily pay their debts, when
 They enforce their creditors to buy titles
 And places too, at their own rates.

Sir W. Davenant's Alberville.

—————Honours, mighty sir,
When they meet fortunes, are supports to thrones;
But join'd to poverty, are the shakers of it :
And waiting crowns sink with such deep consumptions.

Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.

A fool indeed, has great need of a title.
It teaches men to call him count and duke,
And to forget his proper name of fool.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

1. Have you no titles and distinctions there ?
2. Only what merit makes, we mind not blood,
Nor a vain title floating on that stream ;
Only great actions there beget great sounds.
Your high sprung blood in *Sparta* will be loit ;
I mean all your precedency of birth :
You must give place to aged matrons there,
Whole greatest riches are their silver hair.

Crown's Regular.

Oh ! we with specious names ourselves deceive,
And solid joys for empty titles leave.

Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

T R A V E L.

1. Have you been a traveller ?
2. My lord, I have added to my knowledge the *Low*
Countrys,

France, Spain, Germany and Italy ;
And tho' small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.

1. What do you think of the several *States,*
And princes courts as you have travell'd ?
2. My lord, no court with *England* may compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government :
Last dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor peasant, to the prince's train ;
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, riot serves ;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves :
England ! I praise not, for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.

Shakespeare's Cromwell.

traveller ! by my faith, you have great
 great reason to be sad : I fear you have
 sold your own lands, to see other mens ;
 then, to have seen much, and to have nothing,
 to have rich eyes, and poor hands.
 . Yes, I have gain'd my experience. 1. And your
 experience

takes you sad : I had rather have a fool
 to make me merry, than experience
 to make me sad, and travel for it too.
 Farewell, *Monsieur* traveller ; look you list,
 and wear strange suites ; disable all the benefits
 of your own country, be out of love with your
 nativity, and almost chide God for
 taking you that countenance you are ;
 Or I'll scarce think you have swam in a gondola.
Shakespeare's As you like it.

. Some few particulars I have set down,
 Only for this meridian ; fit to be known
 Of your crude traveller.
 First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious,
 Very reserv'd and lockt ; not tell a secret
 On any terms, not to your father ; scarce
 A fable, but with caution ; make sure choice
 Both of your company and discourse ; beware
 You never speak a truth—2. How ! 1. Not to strangers ?
 For those be they you must converse with most :
 Others I would not know sir, but at distance,
 So as I still might be a fiver in 'em :
 You shall have tricks else past upon you hourly :
 And then for your religion, profess none,
 But wonder at the diversity of them all ;
 And for your part, protest, were there no other
 But simply the laws o'th' land, you could content you.

Johnson's Volpone.

Sir, to a wise man all the world's his soil :
 It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
 That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.

Yet,

Yet, I protest, it is no salt desire
 Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
 Nor any disaffection to the state
 Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
 My dearest plots, hath brought me out ; much less
 That idle, antick, stale, grey-headed project
 Of knowing mens minds and manners, with *Ulysses*
 But a peculiar humour of my wife's,
 Laid for this height of *Venice*, to observe,
 To quote, to learn the language, and so forth——
 I hope you travel fir, with licence ?——

Johnson's Volpone.

——— These same travellers,
 That can live any where, make jests of any thing,
 And cast so far from home, for nothing else,
 But to learn how they may cast off their friends.

Chapman's Monsieur d'Oliva.

'This is that *Colux*, that from foreign lands,
 Hath brought home that infection, that undoes
 His country's goodnels, and impoisons all ;
 His being abroad would mar us quite at home.
 'Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
 He hath outgone that native honesty,
 Which here the breeding of his country gave.

Daniel's Arcadia.

Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with skill,
 Leave here their good, and bring home others ill ;
 Which seem to like all countries but their own,
 Afflicting most, where they the least are known,
 Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head
 As they had been in several countries bred ;
 In their attue, their gesture, and their gait,
 Found in each one, in all *italimate* ;
 So well in all deformity in fashion,
 Borrowing a limb of ev'ry several nation ;
 And nothing more than *England* hold in scorn,
 So live as strangers where as they were born.

thy return in this I do not read,
 art a perfect gentleman indeed.

Drayton's Lady Geraldine to the E. of Surrey.
 travels best, that knows when to return.

Middleton's Phoenix.
 have thought good and meet by the consent
 these our nobles, to move you toward travel,
 : better to approve you to yourself,
 : give you apter power, foundation :
 see affections actually presented
 : by those men that own them, yield more profit,
 more content, than singly to read of them,
 e love or fear, make writers partial :
 : good and free example which you find
 ther countries, match it with your own ;
 : ill to shame the ill ; which will in time,
 y instruct you how to set in frame,
 ingdom all in pieces.

Ibid.

is is a traveller, sir ; knows men and
 nners, and has plow'd up the sea so far
 l both the poles have knock'd ; has seen the sun
 ke coach, and can distinguish the colour
 his horses, and their kinds, and had a
 vders Mare leap'd there.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.
 avell'd he should be, but through himself exactly ;
 : 'tis fairer to know manners well, than countries.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase.
 u shall find his travel has not stop'd him
 you suppose, nor alter'd any freedom,
 : made him far more clear and excellent :
 drains the grossness of the understanding,
 d renders active and industrious spirits :
 : that knows mens manners, must of necessity
 k know his own, and mend those by example :
 s a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse,
 ll in the place he was born in, round and blinded.

Living

Living at home is like it : pite and strong spirits
 That like the fire still covet to fly upward,
 And to give fire as take it, cas'd up, and mew'd bet
 I mean at home, like lully mettled horses,
 Only ty'd up in stables to please their masters,
 Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Carthage

1. How have thy travels

Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents ?

2. Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,
 I found in change of airs ; the fancy flatter'd
 My hopes with ease, as theirs do, but the grief
 Is still the same.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy

1. I'll freely speak as I have found :

In *Spain* you lose experience ; 'tis a climate

'Too hot to nourish arts ; the nation proud,

And in their pride unfociable ; the court

More pliable to glorify it self

'Than do a stranger grace : if you intend

To traffick like a merchant, 'twere a place

Might better much your trade ; but as for me

I soon took surfeit of it.

2. What for *France* ?

1. *France* I more praise and love ; you are, my lord,

Yourself for horsemanship much fam'd, and there

You shall have many proofs to shew your skill ;

'The *French* are passing courtly, ripe of wit,

Kind, but extreme dillibleers. You shall have

A *Frenchman* ducking lower than your knee,

At th' instant mocking ev'n your very shoe-tyes :

To give the country due, it is on earth

A paradise ; and if you can neglect

Your own appropriaments, but prailing that

In others, wherein you excel yourself,

You shall be much belov'd there.

2. *England* ?

1. I'll tell you what I found there ; men as neat,

courtly as the *French*, but in condition
 opposite: put the case that you my lord
 should be more rare on horseback than you are,
 were, as there are many, one excell'd
 in your art, as much as you do others,
 will the *English* think, their own is nothing
 compar'd with you, a stranger; in their habits
 you are not more fantastick, than uncertain:
 sort, their fare, abundance, manhood, beauty,
 nation can disparage but it self.

John Ford's Love's Sacrifice.

My fir, do gallants travel?
 answer that question; but that at their return
 shall wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
 the garb and difference in foreign females.
 the lusty girl of *France*, the sober *German*,
 the plump *Dutch* froe, the stately dame of *Spain*,
 the *Roman* libertine, and spritful *Tuscan*,
 the merry *Greek*, *Venetian* courtesan,
 the *English* fair complexion, that learns something
 in every nation, and will flie at all.

Massinger's Guardian.

Mark ye gallants that will cross the seas,
 you are industrious for a new disease;
 you would needs be gadding, and despise
 foreign toys, our home bred rarities,
 take this example with you; if you go,
 travel not from religion. Why, although
 never touch at *Rome*, or else perchance
 scarce see *Spain*, and glean but part of *France*,
 may be weary, think your travel great.

Gomerfall.

What angle of the earth must be my grave?
 sea and sun have bounds, and know their course,
 sons of men have none:
 titleless he wanders the foreign desarts,
 begets more wonders every hour.

Knave in Grain.

——You

— You have begun,
 'Taught travell'd youth, what 'tis it should have done?
 For't has indeed too strong a custom been,
 'To carry out more wit, than we bring in.

Sackling.

What need I travel, since I may
 More choicer wonders here survey?
 What need I *Tyre* for purple seek;
 When I may find it in a cheek?
 Or sack the eastern shores; there lies
 More precious diamonds in her eyes?
 What need I dig *Peru* for ore,
 When ev'ry hair of hers yields more?
 Or toil for gums in *India*,
 Since she can breath more rich than they?
 Or ransack *Africk*, there will be
 On either hand more ivory?
 But look within, all virtues that
 Each nation would appropriate,
 And with the glory of them rest,
 And in this map at large exprest;
 'That, who would travel, here might know
 'The little world in folio.

Cleveland.

He foreign countries knew, but they were known
 Not for themselves, but to advance his own:
 As merchants trade i'th' *Indies*, not live there,
 'Traffick abroad, but land their prizes here.

Luella.

By's travels, he could make the sun appear,
 A young and unexperienc'd traveller.

Sir William Davenant on Colonel Goring.

Misguided travellers that rove,
 Oft find their way by going somewhat back.

Sir William Davenant's Gondibert.

These

fir, said he, we heedlessly pass by
Great towns, like birds that from the country come
to be scar'd, and on to forests fly ;
Let's be no travell'd fools, but roost at home.

ee, reply'd his friend, you nothing lack
Of what is painful, curious, and discreet
travellers ; else would you not look back,
So often, to observe this house and street :

rawing your city map with coasters's care,
Not only marking where soft channels run,
at where the shelves and rocks, and dangers are ;
To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

'hou art a right traveller ;
n old acquaintance in every town
broad, and a new stranger still at home.

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

lan is a stranger to himself, and knows
othing so naturally as his woes ;
e loves to travel countries, and confer
he sides of Heav'n's vast diameter ;
elights to sit in *Nile*, or *Tibetis* lap,
efore he hath sail'd over his own map ;
' which means he returns, his travel spent,
s knowing of himself than when he went.
'ho knowledge hunt, kept under foreign locks,
ay bring home wit to hold a paradox ;
t be fools still. Therefore might I advise,
ould inform the soul before the eyes :
ake man into his proper opticks look,
d so become the student and the book.

Bishop King.

travellers these heavy judgments hear,
handsome hostess makes a reck'ning dear.

Ibid.

barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

Shakspear's Second Part of King Henry VI.
 stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
 d a double guard of law, and friends :
 / in such an envious state,
 ner will accuse the magistrate,
 : delinquent ; and will rather grieve
 on is not acted, than believe.

Johnson's Catiline.

—— If they be ill men,
 mighty ones ; and we must so provide,
 ile we take one head from this foul Hydra,
 ing not twenty more.

Ibid.

—— Should we take,
 a swarm of Traytors, only him,
 and fears might seem a while reliev'd ;
 ain peril would bide still inclos'd
 the veins and bowels of the state :
 a bodies labouring with fevers,
 y are tost with heat, if they do take
 er, seem for that short space much eas'd,
 vard are ten times more afflicted.

Ibid.

nisters men must for practice use !
 th' ambitious, needy, desperate,
 ind wretched, ev'n the dregs of mankind,
 s and women ! still it must be so ;
 e their proper place, and in their rooms
 the best : grooms fittest kindle fires ;
 ry burdens, butchers are for slaughters,
 ries, butlers, cooks, for poison ;
 or me.

Ibid.

oughts they brake not into deeds ;
 s the cause, not will : the mind's free act
 , still is judg'd as th' outward fact

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Treason hath blister'd heels ; dishonest things
Have bitter rivers, though delicious springs.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortive, and her womb is made the tomb.

Daniel's Philotas.

Treason affords a priviledge to none ;
Who like offends, hath punishment all one.

Ibid.

What need have *Alexander* so to strive,

By all these shews of form, to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive

To have him so adjudg'd ? do what he can,

He must not be acquit, tho' he be clear :

'Th' offender, not the offence, is punish'd here.

And what avails the fore-condemn'd to speak ?

However strong his cause, his state is weak.

2. Ah, but it satisfies the world ; and we

'Think that well done, which done by law we see :

1. And yet your law serves but your private ends,

And to the compats of your pow'r extends.

Ibid.

When darts invisible do fly,

A slave may kill a lion in the eye.

Dekker's Match me in London.

'Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flie ,

By her foul work is found, and in it dies.

Wilder's White Devil.

However you are tainted, be no traitor ;

'Time may outwear the first, the last lives ever.

Traumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom,

Are seldom without some great friends at home.

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

————— Were my breast

'Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,

Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour

Of my allegiance. And I must be bold

To

'o tell you, fir, for he that knows no guilt
 can know no fear, 'tis tyranny t' o'ercharge
 the honest man, and such till now I've liv'd,
 and such my lord will die.

Massinger's Great Duke of Florence.

—————Take heed,
 Treason's a race that must be run with speed.

Goffe's Raging Turk.

This treason is a kind of a quotidian,
 leaves a man no interval.

Shirley's Court Secret.

He's safe in the king's bosom, who keeps warm
 the serpent, till he find a time to gnaw
 at his preserver.

Shirley's Politician.

I have some faction; the people love me,
 they gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the court.
 Unless *Demetrius* yield himself, he bleeds.
 Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds?

Shirley's Coronation.

He seeds of treason choak up as they spring;
 he acts the crime, that gives it cherishing.

Henrick.

—————Treasons are acted,
 soon as thought; though they are ne'er believ'd,
 until they come to act.

Denham's Sophy.

For active treason must be doing still,
 lest she unlearn her art of doing ill.

Llucilin.

There's no suspicion of my treason. Nothing
 so holy villany! am I a saint, or not?
 The saint and devil differ in men so little.
 Those open bare-fac'd mortals look as simply
 as naked dogs, or new-thorn sheep, expos'd
 to th' injuries and scorn of all mankind;
 While I, like visiting angels, kill unseen.

Here I lie round, and close as sleeping serpents:
He that treads on me, feels, before he sees me.

Fane's Sacrifice.

Victorious princes, traitors do disdain,
Though by their treason they do profit gain.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

If I had wail'd this fool to sin, I might
Have lodg'd my treason in his brawny head,
As late as poison in an aile's hoof.

Cromwell's Ambitious Statesman.

And could the traitors find no better time,
But this, the more to aggravate their crime?
When heav'n abandons a declining king,
Rebellion then grows a religious thing:
Though on heav'n's party they devoutly fight,
To whom all kings must bow their sovereign right
And this with vulgar heads succeeds so well,
Success seems heav'n's communion to rebel.

Cromwell's Charles the VIIIth of France.

T R U T H.

Tongue is the fault, though ne'er to quaint the skill,
That conceals truth to lessen any ill.

Mirza Go Magistrate.

Thy truth is mentid by thy tongue,
And thou art judg'd untruthful, because thou
Art unhappy.

Lucy's Exile.

'The best of truth is in our secret hearts,
Not in the tongue, which falsehood oft imparts.

Brander's O'Leary.

What I have said without a word?
Ay, to true Love should do, it cannot speak:
For truth hath better deed, than words, to grace it.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

'The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in, you rob the hour,
When you should bring the plow.

Shakespeare's Tempest
Alonso

bove all, to thine own self be true ;
 : must follow, as the night the day,
 canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

ignity of truth, is lost
 much protelling.

Johnson's Catiline.

her head she wears a crown of stars,
 gh which her orient hair waves to her waist,
 ich, believing mortals hold her fast,
 those golden cords are carry'd even,
 ith her breath she blows them up to heaven.
 ars a robe enchas'd with eagles eyes,
 nify her sight in mysteries ;
 each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,
 her feet do wily serpents move :
 acious arms do reach from east to west,
 ou may see her heart shine through her breast :
 ight hand holds a sun with burning rays,
 k a curious bunch of golden keys ;
 hich heav'n's gates she locketh, and displays :
 al mirror hanging at her breast,
 ch mens consciences are search'd, and drest :
 coach-wheels hypocrisy lies rack'd,
 uint-ey'd slander, with vain glory back'd ;
 ight eyes burn to dust ; in which shines fate :
 el ushers her triumphant gait ;
 with her fingers fans of stars she twists,
 ith them beats back error, clad in mists :
 unity behind her shines ;
 re, and water, earth and air combines.
 ice is like a trumpet, loud and shrill ;
 bids all sounds in earth, and heav'n be still.

Johnson's Masques.

———Thy impartial words
 : brave falcons that dare trust a fowl
 greater than themselves ; flatterers are kites,

That check at sparrows : thou shalt be my eagle,
 And bear my thunder underneath thy wings :
 'Truth's words like jewels, hang in th' ears of kings.
'Chapman's Buffs D'ambou.

Truth's pace is all upright, sound ev'ry where;
 And like a die, sets ever on a square.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

Though love be past, yet truth should still remain;

I virtuous parts ev'n in my foes applaud :

A gallant mind doth greater glory gain,

To dye with honour, than to live by fraud.

R. of Sterling's Alexandrian Tragedy.

'The truth, to suffer force of tyranny,

From his enforced father's jealousy :

Who utters this, is to his prince a traitor :

Who keeps this, guilty is : his life is ruth,

And dying lives, ever denying truth.

'Thus hath the fancy-law of pow'r ordain'd,

'That who betrays it most, is most esteem'd :

Who saith it is betray'd, is traitor deem'd.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Who measure hopes, and losses by the truth,

God's ever naked in this world of might.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

He is an adorer of chaste truth,

And speaks religiously of ev'ry man :

He will not trust obscure traditions,

Or faith implicit, but concludes of things

Within his own clear knowledge : what he says,

You may believe, and pawn your soul upon't,

Shuley's Example.

'Time's daughter will appear, although she blush

'To shew her nakedness.

Nabbi's Unfortunate Mother.

'Twixt truth and error, there's this difference known,

Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

Herrick.

'True

himself and others ; with whom both
alike, a promise and an oath.

Cartwright.

'too oft like friendship shews,
who speak plain truth, we think our foes.

Denham.

time may shine, and virtue sigh ;
like heav'n's sun plainly doth reveal,
ge or crown, what darkness did conceal.

Davenport's City-Nightcap.

——— Oh truth,
whilst tenant in a noble breast,
of crystal in an iv'ry chest !

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

ot seen by judgments prepossest,
than light by eyes with rheum oppress.

Fane's Sacrifice.

T Y R A N T S.

s of kings with sycophants do swarm ;
o want no instruments of harm.

Mirror for Magistrates.

th tyrants down to death amain ;
yet, nor shall be, cruel deed
arded with as cruel meed.

Mirror for Magistrates.

: supple knees, sleek'd brows, but hearts of gall :
ness shall be wash'd off with blood ;
vim safest in a crystal flood.

Marloe's Lust's Dominion.

n tyrannous ; and tyrants fears
ot, but grow faster than their years.

Shakespeare's Pericles.

d *Cæsar* be a tyrant then ?
! I know he wou'd not be a wolf,
: sees the *Romans* are but sheep ;
u lion, were not *Romans* hinds.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

— Tyrants aims,
Are to give flatterers grace ; accusers, pow'r ;
'That those may seem to kill, whom they devour.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Woe be to that state,
Where treach'ry guards, and ruin makes men great !
Chapman's Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.

Th' aspirer once attain'd unto the top,
Cut off those means by which himself got up :

And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,
Doth curb that looseness he did find before ;
Doubting th' occasion like might serve again :
His own example makes him fear the more.

Daniel's Civil War.

Of Tyrants ev'n the wrong revenge affords ;
All fear but theirs, and they fear all mens swords.

R. of Sterling's Julius Cæsar.

'The people who by force subdu'd remain,
May pity those by whom oppress'd they rest ;
They but one tyrant have, whereas there reign
A thousand tyrants, in one tyrant's breast.

Ibid.

'Thus tyranny, their brood whose courage fails,
Doth force the parent in despair to fall ;
To fight a dastard : proud when it prevails,
But yet, as fear'd of all, doth still fear all :
And tyrants no security can find,
For ev'ry shadow frights a guilty mind.

R. of Sterling's Cæsar.

'Tyrants ! why swell you thus against your makers ?
Is rais'd equality so soon grown wild ?

Dare you deprive your people of succession,
Which thrones, and scepters, on their freedoms build ?

Have fear, or love, in greatness no impression ?
Since people who did raise you to the crown,
Are ladders standing still to let you down.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Even

ants covet to uphold their fame ;
ing evil deeds, but evil name.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

Isful is that pow'r that all may do ;
, that all men fear, are fearful too.

Ibid.

ald be tyrants, tyrants would be gods ;
y become our scourges, we their rods.

Lord Brooke of Wars.

the tree, that serveth for a shade,
big-grown body doth bear off the wind,
his wastful branches do invade
new-sprung plants, and them in prison bind ;
a tyrant to his weaker made,
s a vile devourer of his kind,
their hands at his large root to hew,
greatness hind'reth others that would grow.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

—————Alas,
a man sequester'd from the world,
private person, is preferr'd,
y allows of in a king !
just, or thankful, makes kings guilty ;
h, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
good fate forsakes. Join with the gods,
the man they favour, leave the wretched ;
s are not more distant from the earth,
rofit is from honesty ; all the pow'r,
ive, and greatness of a prince,
if he descend once but to steer
se, as what's right guides him : let him leave
pter, that strives only to be good,
ngdoms are maintain'd, by force and blood.

Beaumont and Fletcher's False One.

ot thy blade unsheath'd ; a tyrant's heart
own sword a scabbard should impart.

True Trojans.

To know the heads of danger ; where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it :
All this is valour !

Johnson's Underwoods.

1. What is true valour ?

2. It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind ; the object of it's danger.
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence ;
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things,
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is always honour, and the publick good :
It is no valour for a private cause.

1. No, not for reputation ?

2. That's man's idol,

Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill :
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation ?
Fear, to do base unworthy things, is valour,
If they be done to us, to suffer them,
Is valour too. The office of a man

'That's truly valiant, is considerable
'Three ways ; the first is in respect of matter,
Which still is danger ; in respect of form,
Wherein he must preserve his dignity ;
And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

1. But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
Cannot consider. 2. Then it is not valour.

I never thought an angry person valiant :
Virtue is never aided by a vice.

What need is there of anger, and of tumult,
When reason can do the same things, or more ?

1. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of use,
It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.

2. Why, so will drink make us both bold and rash,

y if you will ; do these make men valiant ?
 poor helps, and virtue needs them not.
 s valianter by being angry,
 at could not valiant be without:
 comes not in the aid of virtue,
 ead of it. 1. He holds the right.
 is an odious kind of remedy,
 ur health to a disease.

Johnson's New Inn.

: angry valiant ?
 does that differ from true valour ?

ficient, or that which makes it :
 ceeds from passion, not from judgment :
 e beasts have it, wicked persons : there
 in the subject ; in the form,
 'd rashly, and with violence ;
 the end, where it respects not truth,
 ck honesty, but meer revenge.
 fident, and undertaking valour,
 m the true, two other ways ; as being
 our own faculties, skill, or strength,
 the right, or conscience of the cause,
 ks it : then in the end, which is the
 and not the honour.
 e ignorant valour,
 ows not why it undertakes, but doth it
 : the infamy meerly ? —————
 vorst of all :
 our lies in th' eyes of the lookers on,
 ill'd valour with a witness. 2. Right.
 things true valour's exercis'd about,
 rty, restraint, captivity,
 ent, loss of children, long disease :
 : is death. Here valour is beheld ;
 een ; about these, it is present,
 al things, which but require our confidencee :
 t to those, we must object ourselves,

Only

Only for honesty: if any other
 Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.
 And as all knowledge, when it is remov'd,
 Or separate from justice, is call'd craft,
 Rather than wisdom: so a mind affecting,
 Or undertaking dangers for ambition,
 Or any self-pretext, not for the publick,
 Deserves the name of daring, not of valour;
 And over-daring is as great a vice,
 As over fearing. 2. Yes, and often greater.
 1. But as it is not the meer punishment,
 But cause, that makes a martyr; so it is not
 Fighting or dying, but the manner of it
 Renders a man himself. A valiant man
 Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
 But worthily, and by select'd ways,
 He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
 His valour is the salt t' his other virtues,
 'They're all unseason'd without it: The waiting-maid
 Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
 His magnanimity, his confidence,
 His constancy, security, and quiet:
 He can fling himself against all rumour;
 Despairs of nothing; laughs at contumelies;
 As knowing himself advanced in a height
 Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
 'Touch him with soyle.'

Johnson's New In

He is shor' free, in battle is not hurt,
 Not he that is not hurt: for he is valiant,
 'That yields not unto wrong; not he that escapes them.

Johnson's New In

And thus we see, where valour most doth vaunt,
 What 'tis to make a coward valiant.

Cleopatra's Revenge of Puffy D'ambai

It fends the colliect of dishonour,
 Hath kill'd thy courage with a host of fears.

Let of Richard's David

—Uke

Then shines valour,
 ration from her fix'd sphere draws,
 omes burnish'd with a righteous cause.

Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel.

valour hath this gift assign'd,
 may dye, yet deeds still rest in mind.

Goffe's Couragious Turk.

it will: in midst of horrors noise,
 ling flames, when all is lost, we'll dye
 pons in our hands, and victory scogn:
 one that dye so poor, as they were born.

True Trojans.

ld have thought, had *Mars* his actions seen,
 he transumpt, this the pattern been.

Allyn's Henry VII.

ose lets which did his valour stay;
 ive self-motions, take the dams away.

Allyn's Poitiers.

my fancy fees great *Edward* rise
 is enthusiast; his actions were
 of valour, and deep extasies
 above himself: for drawing here
 from their matter, 'passed more
 than he surpris'd the world before.

stage of *Aquitain* did play
 art, which none beside can personate:
 ourse, or sound, or made a way,
 ostrates as infallible as fate:
 eath's harbinger his passage made,
 death lodged, where he lodg'd his blade.

Ibid.

— Thus noble causes
 to the spirits of full men:
 sometimes seeming valour may arise
 lust, or wine, from hateful cowardice.

Nabbi's Covent-Garden.

Who

Who may do most, does least: the bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have pow'r to kill.

Herri

When fortune, honour, life, and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Suckling's Agamemnon

In envy of thy hopes they hither came,
And envy, men in war, ambition name,
Ambition, valour: but 'tis valour's shame,
When envy feeds it more than noble fame.

Sir W. Davenant's Madagaskar

Most to himself, his valour fatal was,
Whose glories oft to others dreadful are;
So comets, though suppos'd destruction's cause,
But waste themselves to make their gazers fear.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert

His courage, like to powder, carelessly
Laid up, is in continual danger
Of ev'ry accidental spark that may
Inkindle it to ruin.

Sir W. Davenant's Discretion

'That courage which the vain for valour take,
Who proudly danger seek for glory's sake,
Is impudence; and what they rashly do,
Has no excuse, but that 'tis madness too:
Yet, when consid'rd, it reaches valour's name,
Which seeks fair virtue, and is met by fame:
It weighs the cause, ere it attempts the fact,
And bravely dares forbear, as well as act:
It would reclaim much rather than subdue;
And would the chace, not the chace'd pursue:
Would rather hide success, than seek applause,
And though of strength secur'd, yet trusts the cause
And all the aid of strength it measures too,
Not by the acts it did, or still can do,
But passively, by what it well endures:
'This noble valour is, and this is yours.

Sir W. Davenant to the E. of Orr

ght us, all assaults, all ills to bear,
fly from danger, but from fear.

Lluellin.

in great distress, can only aid,
of what should help, will be afraid.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.

rs a manlike soul, or valiant breast,
not dangers to disturb his rest :
prodigal on ev'ry cause
t, to spend his strength, but when the laws
religion, or his country's good
; assistance, freely spills his blood.
way our lives denotes a fear ;
ows not off that life he cannot bear ?
'*affius* scarce deserv'd a room
and virtue groan'd to raise their tomb ;
it more justly praise to *Oisbo* lend,
d a woman, like a man did end.

Dancer.

in scorn death, but yet they value life ;
their lives are useful to the world.

Crown's Darius.

ntemn thy self ; he who will have
or women love him, must be brave.
n's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

V E R T U E

e and greatness, vertue seldom dwells ;
rs pride, pride all good grace expells.

Mirror for Magistrates.

the steps, that happily do end
rse, begun in vertue's painful race ;
gin that steep hill to ascend,
rtue dwells ; but few do find such grace
faint, ere they attain that place.

Ibid.

self turns vice, b'ing misapply'd ;
sometime by action's dignify'd.

Shakeſpear's Romeo and Juliet.

Forgive

Forgive me this my virtue :
 For, in the fittest of the e purify times,
 Hence it fell of vice and pardon beg,
 'Tis, count, and worse, for leave to do it good.

Shakspear's Hamlet.

————— Virtues forces
 Shew ever noblest in conspicuous courses.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Happen what there can, I will be just;
 My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue:
 That shall go with me, and before me still,
 And glad me doing well, though I hear ill.

Johnson's Catiline.

Herdick virtue sinks not under length
 Of years, or ages, but is still the same,
 While he preserves, as when he got good fame.

Johnson's Masques.

As nothing equals right to virtue done,
 So is her wrong past all comparison:
 Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her,
 Is righted ever, when men grant they err.

Chapman's Monsieur d' Olive.

'Tho' virtue be the same, when low she stands
 In th' humble shadows of obscurity,
 As when she either sweats in martial bands,
 Or sits in court clad with authority;
 Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room,
 Greatly detract from her ability:
 For, as inwall'd within a living tomb,
 Her hands and arms of action labour not;
 Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
 Come never born, tho' happily begot:
 But where she hath, mounted in open sight,
 An eminent and spacious dwelling got,
 Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
 There is she more herself, and more her own;
 There in the fair attire of honour dight,
 She sits at ease, and makes her glory known.

Applause.

Applause attends her hands, her deeds have grace :

Her worth, new born, is straight as if fully grown.

With such a godly and respected face

Doth virtue look, that's set to look from high ;

And such a fair advantage by her place

Hath state and greatness to do worthily.

Daniel to the Countess of Bedford.

A worthy mind needs never to repent,

The suff'ring crosses for an honest cause.

Whilst trav'ling now with a contented mind,

The memory of this my fancy feeds ;

Though to great states their periods are assign'd,

Time cannot make a prey of virtuous deeds.

E. of Sterline's Cræsus.

Virtue, those that can behold thy beauties,

Those that suck, from their youth, thy milk of goodness,

Their minds grow strong against the storms of fortune ;

And stand, like rocks, in winter gusts unshaken ;

Not with the blindness of desire forsaken.

Lord Brooke's Mustapha.

States may afflict, tax, torture, but our minds

Are only sworn to *love* : I grieve, and yet am proud

That I alone am honest ; high powers ! ye know,

Virtue is seldom seen with troops to go.

Marston's Sephonisba.

Man's wit doth build, for time but to devour ;

But virtue's free from time and fortune's pow'r.

Drayton's Jane Grey, to Gilford Dudley.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so

In their whole substance ; but their virtues grow

But in their humour, and at seasons shew.

For when, through tasteless flat humility

In dough-bak'd man, some harmlessness we see,

'Tis but his phlegm that's virtuous, and not he :

So is the blood sometimes ; who ever ran
 To danger unimportun'd, he was then
 No better than a languine vertuous man :
 So cloyster'd men, who in pretence of fear,
 All contributions to this life forbear,
 Have vertue in melancholy, and only there.
 Spiritual cholerick criticks, which in all
 Religions find faults, and forgive no fall,
 Have, thro' this zeal, vertue but in their gall.
 We're thus but parcel gilt ; to gold we're grown,
 When vertue is our soul's complexion :
 Who knows his vertue's name or place, hath none.
 Vertue's but aguish, when 'tis several,
 By occasion wak'd and circumstantial ;
 'Tis true vertue's soul, always in all deeds all.

Dr. Donne.

Extraordinary vertues, when they soar
 Too high a pitch for common sight to judge of,
 Losing their proper splendor, are condemn'd
 For most remarkable vices.

Massinger's Unnatural Combat.

Titles may set a gloss upon our name,
 But vertue only is the soul of fame.

Shirley's Coronation.

Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell ;
 That man lives twice, who lives the first life well.

Herrick.

What though he nor rewards, nor knows my pain ?
 In vertuous acts the very doing's gain.

Baron.

To honour vertue, is to set it forth.

Ibid.

Vertue's no vertue whilst it lives secure ;
 When difficulty waits on't, then 'tis pure.

John Quarles to Baron.

Black-side, long put, or standing opposite,
 Doth use to add more lustre unto white :

pearl shines brighter in a negroe's ear :
 Some ladies look more fair who patches wear :
 Vice, if counterplac'd, or seated near,
 Takes vertue shew more lovely, strong, and clear.

Howell.

For vertue, though a rarely planted flow'r,
 Was in the seed by this wise florist known ;
 Who could foretel, ev'n in her springing hour,
 That colours she shall wear when fully blown.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

Vertue's defensive armour must be strong,
 To 'scape the merry, and malicious tongue.

Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.

The frowns of heav'n are to the virtuous, like
 Those thick dark clouds, which wandering seamen spy,
 And often shew the long expected land
 Near.

Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.

He hath done mankind wrong ; vertue may aim
 Toward of conscience, never can of fame.
Edward Hyde, (E. of Clarendon,) on Dr. Donne's *Death*.
 Vertue doth man to virtuous actions steer ;
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear.

Denham.

Thillst passion holds the helm, reason and honour
 To suffer wrack ; but they sail safe, and clear,
 Who constantly by vertue's compass steer.

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

'Tis not to vertue that you now resort,
 'Tis it wants strength, its own self to support ;
 'Tis only sin not suff'ring that it fears,
 That grows the stronger, the more weight it bears.

E. of Orrery's Black Prince.

O gods ! to what must I hereafter trust ;
 Since you destroy me but for being just ?
 If you of vertue only will admit,
 Why am I ruin'd for pursuing it ?

E. of Orrery's Tryphon.
The

The conful's loft ! dreadful reverse of fate !
 It over turns my reason, makes me doubt
 If virtue ough to have regard from men,
 Since it has none from heaven.

Coron's Regulus.

The gods in vain, plant vertue here below ;
 It ripens not by any sun, or time :
 This world for virtue is too cold a clime.

Coron's Calisto.

V I C I S S I T U D E.

For what is it on earth,
 Nay under heav'n, continues at a stay ?
 Ebb's not the sea, when it hath overflown ?
 Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?
 And see we not sometimes the eye of heav'n
 Dimm'd with o'er flying clouds ? there's not that work
 Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
 How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
 But falls in time to ruin.

Shakespeare's Sen. John Oldcastle.

Though land tarry in your hands, some forty,
 Fifty decents, the longer liver at last yet
 Must thrust them out of it ; if no quick in law,
 O' odd vice of their own not do it first.
 We see those changes, daily : the fair lands,
 That were the clients, are the lawyers, now :
 And those rich manors, there, of good man *Taylor's*,
 Had once more wood upon them, than the yard
 By which they were measur'd for the last purchase.
 Nature hath these vicissitudes, she makes
 No man a state of perpetuity

Johnson's Devil's an Ass.

Ev'n like some empty creek, that long hath lain
 Left or neglected of the river by,
 While teaching sides pleas'd with a wand'ring vein,
 Finding some little way that cloy'd did lie,
 Stood in at first, then other streams again
 Second the full, then more than all supply ;

“C”

ill all the mighty main hath borne at last
 The glory of his chieftest pow'r that way ;
 Ring this new found pleasant room so fast,
 'Till all be full, and all be at a stay :
 And then about, and back again doth cast,
 Leaving that full to fall another way :

fares this hum'rous world ; that ever more
 Wrapt with the current of a present course,
 Runs into that which lay condemn'd before ;
 Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse :
 Now zeal holds all, no life but to adore ;
 The cold in spir't and faith is of no force.

Right all that holy was, unhallow'd lies,
 The scatter'd carcasses of ruin'd vows ;
 When truth is false, and now hath blindness eyes ;
 Then zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows ;
 That evermore too foolish or too wise,
 It fatal is to be seduc'd with shews.

Daniel's Musophilus.

Thus doth the ever-changing course of things
 Run a perpetual circle, ever turning ;
 And that same day, that highest glory brings,
 Brings us unto the point of back-returning.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

There no constancy in earthly things ?
 No happiness in us, but what must alter ?
 No life, without the heavy load of fortune ?
 What miseries we are, and to ourselves ?
 When then when full content seems to set by us,
 What daily foreshows and sorrows ?

Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.

Thus run the wheels of state, now up, now down,
 And none that lives finds safety in a crown.

Markham and Sampson's Herod and Antipater.

——— Oh sad vicissitude
 Of earthly things ! to what untimely end
 We all the fading glories that attend

Upon the state of greatest monarchs, brought !
 What safety can by policy be wrought,
 Or rest be found on fortune's restless wheel !
 Tost humane states are here inforc'd to feel
 Her kingdom such, as floating vessels find
 The stormy ocean, when each boist'rous wind
 Let loose from *Eol's* adamantine caves,
 Rush forth, and rowl into impetuous waves
 The sea's whole waters ; when some times on high
 The raised bark doth some time kiss the sky,
 Some times from that great height descending down,
 Doth seem to fall as low as *Acheron*.
 Such is the frail condition of man's state.

May's Henry II.

V I C T O R Y.

1. Are not conquests good titles ?
2. Conquests are great thefts.
3. Then would I rob for kingdoms, and if I
 Obtain'd, fain would I see him that durst call
 The conqueror a thief ?
2. Thy council hath shed as much blood as would
 Make another sea : Valour I cannot
 Call it, and barbarousness is a word too mild.

Lilly's Midas.

Base seem'd the conquest, which no danger grac'd.

E. of Sterling's Darius.

Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit ;
 For howsoe're nice virtue censures it,
 He hath the grace of war, that hath war's profit.

Marston's Sophonisba.

Discretion

And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
 And nurs'd together make a conqueror ;
 Divided, but a talker.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduci.

In all designs, this still must be confest,
 He that himself subdues, conquers the best.

Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder.

The

is ours, tho' it cost dear ; yet 'tis not
to get a victory, if we lose
use of it.

Massinger's Bashful Lover;

er to choice spirits to relieve
ll as conquer men ; and when they dye,
ore crown their memory, to leave
rs, than conquests in their diary,

Aleyn's Poitiers;

his numbers : victories consist
ads not multitudes : most of their part
our cause, and coldly will resist :
not the hand, assured of the heart.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

not victory to win the field,
'e make our enemies to yield
our justice, than our force ; and so
instruct, as overcome our foe.

Gomerfall,

deny your conquest, for you may
rues to intitle 't yours ; but otherwise,
f strange and ill contriv'd desires,
a narrow or intemp'rate mind,
after of the field, I cannot say,
hath conquer'd, but that he hath had
hand of it ; he hath got the day,
ubdu'd the men : victory being
ine's gift, but the deserving's purchase.
m dost thou call deserving ?

who dares
t his heart in cold blood ; him, who fights
of thirst, or the unbridled lust
sh'd sword, but out of conscience,
the enemy, not the man : who when
rell's planted on his brow, ev'n then
hat safe protecting wreath, will not
a the thunderer ; but will
ledge all his strength deriv'd, and in

A pious way of gratitude return
Some of the spoil to heaven in sacrifice ;
As tenants do the first fruits of their trees,
In an acknowledgment that the rest is due.

Caraculight's Royal Speech

1. 'To be o'come by his victorious sword,
Will comfort to our fall afford ;
Our strength may yield to him, but 'tis not fit
Our virtue should to his submit ;
In that, *Anthe*, I must be
Advanc'd, and greater far than he.
2. Fighting with him who strives to be your friend,
You not with virtue, but with pow'r contend.

Sir W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes

Conquest of realms compar'd to that of minds,
Shews but like mischief of outrageous winds ;
Making no use of force, but to debase,
Or tear the rooted from their native place :
Who by distress at last are valiant made,
And take their turn invaders to invade :
From woods they march victorious back again
'To cities, the wall'd parks of headed men
Victors by conqu'ring realms are not secure ;
Nor seem of any thing, but hated sure.
A king who conquers minds does so improve
'The conquer'd, that they still the victor love.

Sir W. Davenant to the King

He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the pow'r,
And glorifies the worthy conqueror.

Henrick

For he who conquers wisely has desigu'd,
Will never leave an enemy behind.
Beginnings should to th' end still useful be ;
'Tis more to use, than gain a victory.

E. of Ormeray's Mustapha

What *Alexander* ne'er could reach, I won ;
Had he subdu'd to the *Chinusan* shore,
Then with some reason he had wept for more :

But,

like a froward child, at meals too great,
 'd for want of stomach, not of meat.

Sir Francis Fane's Sacrifice.

V I R G I N I T Y.

not politick in the common-wealth
 ure, to preserve virginity.
 'virginity is national increase;
 ere was never virgin got, till virginity
 rst lost. Virginity, by being
 ost, may be ten times found: by being
 ept, it is ever lost; 'tis too
 companion, away with it.
 ill stand for it a little, though
 ore I die a virgin.
 ere's little can be said in it: 'tis 'gainst
 ile of nature. To speak on the part
 ginity, is to accuse your mother;
 is most infallible disobedience.
 t hangs himself is a virgin:
 ity murders itself, and should
 y'd in highways, out of all sanctify'd
 , as a desp'rate offendress against
 . Virginity breeds mites; much like
 se, consumes it self to the very
 , and so dies with feeding its own
 h. Besides virginity's peevish,
 idle, made of self-love, which is the
 rohibited sin in the canon.
 : not, you cannot chuse but lose by't.
 th't; within ten months it will make it
 o, which is a goodly increase, and
 incipal it self not much the worse.
 ommodity will lose the gloss
 ing. The longer kept, the less worth:
 th't whilst 'tis vendible. Answer the
 of request. Virginity, like an
 rtier, wears her cap out of fashion;
 futed, but unfutable; just like

The brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not
 Now ; your date is better in your pye and your
 Porridge, than in your cheek ; and your virginity,
 Your old virginity is like one of our
French wither'd pears ; it looks ill, it eats dryly ;
 Marry, tis a wither'd pear : 'twas formerly
 Better ; marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear.
 Will you any thing with it ?

Shakespeare's All's Well that ends Well.

1. What an honest work it would be, when we find
 A virgin in her poverty and youth,
 Inclining to be tempted, to employ
 As much perswasion, and as much expence
 To keep her upright, as men use to do upon her falling.
2. 'Tis charity, that many maids will be unthankful for ;
 And some will rather take it for a wrong,
 'To buy them out of their inheritance,
 The thing that they were born to.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.

That which thy lascivious will doth crave,
 Which if once had, thou never more canst have ;
 Which if thou get, in getting thou dost waste it,
 'Taken is lost, and perish'd if thou hast it :
 Which if thou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast won ;
 I losing nothing, yet am quite undone :
 And yet of that, if that a king deprave me,
 No king restores, though he a kingdom gave me.

Drayton's Matilda to King John.

A treasure 'tis, able to make more thieves
 'I han cabinets set open to entice ;
 Which learn them theft, that never knew the vice.

Thomas Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

'There's a cold curse laid upon all maids ;
 Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades.
 Virginity is paradise lock'd up ;
 You cannot come by yourselves without see,
 And 'twas decreed that man should keep the key.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

ns would, mens words could have no pow'r ;
honour is a crystal tow'r,
eing weak, is guarded with good spirits ;
basely yields, no ill inherits.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

number ; maids are nothing then
the sweet society of men.
a live single still ? one shalt thou be,
never singling *Hymen* couple thee.
ages that drink of running springs,
water far excels all other things :
that daily take neat wine despise it.
albeit some highly prize it,
d with marriage, had you try'd them both,
s much as wine and water doth.

Cook's Green's Tuquoque.

ne's your cloister, your best friends, your beads ;
ist and single life shall crown your birth,
s a virgin, lives a saint on earth.
revel world, and worldly thoughts adieu,
e chaste vows, my self I yield to you !

John Ford's 'Tis pity she is a Whore.

dom that a virgin hath,
to be preferr'd ; who would endure
nours of so excellent a thing
usband ? which of all the herd,
t possess'd with some notorious vice,
g or whoring, fighting, jealousy,
a page at twelve, or of a groom
bs horses heels ? is it not daily seen,
e wives but to dress their meat, to wash
rch their linnen ? for the other matter
g with them, that's but when they please ;
atsoever the joy be of the bed,
ngs that follow procreation
ous, or you wives have gull'd your husbands
our loud shriekings, and your deathful throes.

Field's Amends for Ladies.

M 4

1. What

1. What are you ?

2. Sir, I am a chambermaid.

1. What are you damn'd for ?

2. Not for revealing

My mistress secrets, for I kept them better
'Than mine own ; but keeping my maiden-
Head till it was stale, I am condemned
'To lead apes in hell.

1. Alas, poor wench ! upon condition
You will be wise hereafter, and not refuse
Gentlemens proffers ; learn pride ev'ry day,
And painting ; bestow a courtesy now
And then upon the apparitor to
Keep council, I releate you ; take your apes
And monkeys away with you, and bestow
'Them on gentlemen and ladies that want play-fellows

Shirley's School of Compliments

Virginity is but a single good,
A happiness, which like a miser's wealth,
Is as from others, so from your own use,
Lock'd up, and closely cabin'd, since it not admits
Communication of it's good ; when you
Shall, in the state of marriage, freely taste
Nature's choice pleasure, the same happiness
You were created for.

Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenfish

'Tho' you *Diana* like, have liv'd still chaste,
Yet must you not, fair, dye a maid at last :
'The roses on your cheeks were never made
'To bleb the eye alone, and so to fade ;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,
'To please no other sense than that of seeing :
You were not made to look on, tho' that be
A bliss too great for poor mortality :
In that alone those rarer parts you have,
'To better uses sure wise nature gave,
'Than that you put them to : to love, to wed,
For Hymen's rite, and for the marriage bed

ordain'd, and not to lie alone;
number, 'till that two be one.

Suckling.

thing that we espy
, saving you and I:
he fields, survey the bow'rs,
the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
they so rich could be
base virginity.
t so coy as you are now,
gly admits the plow:
ad man or beast been fed,
kept her maidenhead?

Randolph.

s are nothing; they are shy,
re what they deny.

Herrick.

f I have solemnly protested
nd dye a virgin?
ou must
ly break that oath; such temerarious
udent vows are better broke than
none can by an ordinary way
whether they have that special gift
ency, as to be able to live
unmarry'd. What woman hath so
at the world of her own heart,
ach creek, survey'd each corner, but
there may remain much *terra incognita*
? besides, concupiscences
restrain'd will swell the more; had
been kept in a brazen door,
y'd a harmless virgin, not a whore.

Neville's Poor Scholar.

— Suppose
virgin, alas poor green thing what
d for! why to steal gooseberrys,
young apricots in *May*, before

The stones are hard ; or pick the mortar
From an aged wall, and swallow it most greedily.

Sir W. Davenant's News from Plymouth.

————— What's virginity ?
A something nothing, singularity,
Unsociable, so slightly reckon'd of,
'That either sex, but to thy number grown,
Has a desire to leave it.

Alexander Brome's Cunning Lovers.

V O W S.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit, t' exchange the bad for better.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. He hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my lord.
With almost all the holy vows of heav'n.
2. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks ! I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
'Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments shew,
But meer implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctify'd and pious bawds,
'The better to beguile.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Are vows so cheap with women ? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind ? or doth their breath
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death ?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
'Tun'd to our words, so many sighs should meet
Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and tears
Sprinkled

sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,
 And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove empty blisses ?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit ? sign to break ?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the truth out the wrong way ? or must
 The first desire you false, would wish you just.

Johnson's Underwoods.

They must ever strive to be so good ;
 Who sells his vow is stamp'd the slave of blood.

Tho. Middleton's Phoenix.

————— These are feeble vows,
 Made only by our fears : we ought to have
 Our reason undismay'd, when e'er a promise
 Can force performance.

Habbington's Queen of Arragon.

First, let me seek my vows where they were seal'd,
 They were so strictly kept, that I shall find
 Them warm, as if but newly breath'd——
 These are the funeral rights of love.

Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.

Why, since you Orgo's words so soon believe,
 Will you less civilly suspect my vows ?
 Ay vows which want the temple's seal, will bind
 (Though private kept) surer than publick laws ;
 For laws but force the body, but my mind
 Your virtue counsels, whilst your beauty draws.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

. For 'tis in vain to waste
 Thy breath for them : the fatal vow is past.
 .. To break that vow is juster, than commit
 A greater crime, by your preserving it.
 . The gods themselves their own will best express
 So like the vow, by giving the success.

Sir Robert Howard's Indian Queen.

When vows with vows, altars with altars jarr,
 It seems to breed in heav'n a civil war.

Crown's Juliana.
 U S U R-

U S U R P A T I O N.

A scepter snatch'd with an unuly hand,
Must be as busily maintain'd, as gain'd :
And he, that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hand to hold him up.

Shakspear's King John.

Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone ;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is star'd, and all is born away,
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own :
So *Tor*k must sit, and flet, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Shakspear's Second Part of K. Henry VI.

For tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heav'n's are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

Shakspear's Third Part of K. Henry VI.

'To keep an usur'd crown, a prince must swear,
Fortwear, poison, murder, and commit all
Kind of villaines, provided it be
Cunningly kept from the eyes of the world.

Chapman's Alphonfus.

'Think what the worst have done ; what they enjoy,
'That pluck down states to put up private laws,
Whom fame ennobles whilst she would destroy.

LORD BROCKE'S Alabam.

All usurpers have the falling sickness,
'They cannot keep up long.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

Whilst you usurp thus, and my claim deride,
If you admire the vengeance I intend,
I more shall wonder where you got the pride
'To think me one you safely may offend.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

'Tis

'Tis love, not faction, where the good
 conspire to kill usurping blood.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

W A N T.

WANT of that torments us most,
 Whose worth appears in being lost.

Brandon's Othello.

Twere best, not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine,
 Ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace, breed cowards ; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he, which is, was wish'd, untill he were ;
 And the ebb'd man, (ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,)
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.

Men ne'er are satisfy'd with what they have ;
 but, as a man match'd with a lovely wife,
 Whon his most heav'nly theory of her beautys
 dull'd, and quite exhausted with his practise,
 He brings her forth to feasts ; where he, alas,
 falls to his viands with no thought like others,
 That think him blest in her ; and they, (poor men)
 court, and make faces, offer service, sweat
 With their desire's contention, break their brains
 on jests, and tales, sit mute, and lose their looks,
 Far out of wit, and out of countenance) :
 As all men else, do, what they have, transplant,
 And place their wealth in thirst of what they want.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

'He only plague, from men, than rest doth reave,
 , that they weigh their wants, not what they have.

E. of Sterline's Julius Cæsar.

Why

Why should we grieve at want?

Say the world made thee her minion, that
 Thy head lay in her lap, and that she danc'd thee
 On her wanton knee, she could but give thee a wh
 World; that's all, and that all's nothing: the worl
 Greatest part cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.
 Say, the three corners were all fill'd, alas!

Of what art thou possess'd? a thin-blown glass,
 Such as by boys are puff'd into the air.
 Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou'dst live in care;
 'Thou could'st not sleep the better, nor live longer,
 Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger?
 If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasur
 No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest W

Your Wolf no longer seems to be a wolf,
 'T hen when she's hungry.

Webster's White De

Want made him scared more than his disgrace:
 As 'tis observ'd, that *Cathline* ne'er meant
 His country's ruin, 'till his means were spent.

Alcyn's Henry V.

What though the scribe of *Florence* doth maintain,
 'To keep men quiet, is to keep them scant:
 Clouds of examples, and all *Henry's* reign

Retell him, whole rebellions sprung from want.
 Want's a strange herald! For some men had bore
 No arms at all, unless they had been poor.

'To Men exhaust, and worn with penury,
 New things are pleasing, and the old ingrate,
 And novation is their remedy:

Rebellions are the monsters of a state;
 And nature shews, that they proceed no less
 From the defect of matter, than th' excess.

'They who to fortune's lowest form are thrown,
 'To ruin, and confusion do aspire,
 As if another's wound could cure their own:
 And when their own Estates are set on fire,

Then *Catiline's* resolve is judg'd most fit,
With fire, not water, to extinguish it.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Want is a softer wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and ev'ry base Impression.

Herrick.

Need is no vice at all; though here it be
With men, a loathed inconveniency.

Herrick.

For want's a real evil to mankind;
What e'er we need, we languish till we find.

Alex. Brome.

W A R.

It is the best with foreign foes to fight
Abroad, as did the haughty *Hannibal*,
And not at home to feel their hateful spight:
Of all the rest it is the greatest thrall,
That foes arriv'd should spoil our subjects all:
And for a truth this always hath been found,
He speedeth best, which fights on foreign ground.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Lastly stood war, in glitt'ring arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hew'd;
In his right hand, a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embu'd:
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms ru'd,)
Famine and fire he held, and there withal
He razed 'Towns, and threw down tow'rs and all.

Cities he sack'd, and realms that whilome flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule above the best,
He over-whelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceast,
'Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress:
His face fore-hew'd with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide:

In

In midst of which depainted there we found

Deadly debate, all full of snaky hair,

'That with a bloody fillet was ybound,

Out breathing nought, but discord ev'ry where

Lord Dorset in the Mirvour for Magistrate.

When thou famous victory hast won,

And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,

'Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest thun,

And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:

For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrow yield.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry, courage! to the field! and thou hast talk'd

Of sallies and retirees; of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of bills, of cannon, culverin,

Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,

And all the current of a heady fight.

Shakespeare's First Part of K. Henry IV.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

'Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage;

'Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the pageant of the head,

Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,

As fearfully, as doth a gall'd roe,

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd with the wild and wastful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

'To his full height.

Shakespeare's K. Henry V.

. Methinks, I could not die any where so
 Contented as in the king's company ;
 His cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.
 1. That's more than we know.

. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for
 We know enough, if we know we are the
 King's subjects : if his cause be wrong, our obedience
 To the king, wipes the crime of it out of us.

2. But if the cause be not good, the king himself
 Hath a heavy reck'ning to make ; when all
 Those legs, and arms, and heads chop'd off in a
 Battle, shall join together at the latter
 Day, and cry all, we dy'd at such a place ;
 Some swearing, some crying for a surgeon ;
 Some, upon their wives left poor behind them ;
 Some, upon the debts they owe ; some, upon
 Their children rawly left. I am afraid
 Their are few dye well, that dye in battle ;
 For how can they charitably dispose
 Of any thing, when blood is their argument ?
 Now, if these men do not dye well, it will
 Be a black matter for the king that led
 Them to it, whom to disobey, were against
 All proportion of subjection.

3. So, if a son, that is sent by his father
 About merchandize, do fall into some
 Lewd action and miscarry, th' imputation
 Of his wickedness, by your rule, should be
 Imposed upon his father that sent
 Him ; or if a servant, under his master's
 Command, transporting a sum of money,
 Be assail'd by robbers, and dye in many
 Irreconcil'd iniquities ; you may call
 The business of the master, the author
 Of the servant's damnation ; but this is
 Not so : the king is not bound to answer
 The particular endings of his soldiers,
 The father of his son, nor the master

Of his servant ; for they purpose not their
 Death, when they purpose their
 Services. Besides, there is no king, be
 His cause never so spotless, if it come
 To the arbitrement of swords, can try it
 Out with all unspotted soldiers : Some,
 Peradventure, have on them the guilt of
 Premeditated and contrived murder ;
 Some, of beguiling virgins with the broken -
 Seals of perjury ; some, making the wars
 Their bulwark, that have before gored the
 Gentle bosom of peace with pillage and
 Robbery. Now if these men have defeated
 The law, and out-run native punishment ;
 Though they can out-strip men, they have no wing
 To fly from God. War is his beadle, war
 Is his vengeance ; so that here men are punish'd,
 For before breach of the king's laws, in the
 King's quarrel now : Where they fear'd the death,
 They have born life away ; and where they would
 Be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided,
 No more is the king guilty of their damnation,
 Than he was before guilty of those impieties
 For which they are now visited. Ev'ry
 Subject's duty is the king's, but ev'ry
 Subject's soul is his own. Therefore should ev'ry
 Soldier in the wars do, as ev'ry sick man
 In his bed, wash ev'ry moth out of his
 Conscience : and dying so, death is to him
 Advantage ; or not dying, the time was
 Blessedly lost, wherein such preparation
 Was gained : and in him that escapes, it
 Were not sin to think, that making God so
 Free an offer, he let him out live that
 Day to see his greatness, and to teach others
 How they should prepare.

Shakespeare's K. Henry

Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout :
 Fear frames disorder ; and disorder wounds,
 Where it should guard. O War ! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance ! Let no soldier flie.
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love ; for he that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.

Shakespeare's Second Part of K. Henry VI.

O war ! begot in pride and luxury,
 The child of malice, and revengeful hate ;
 Thou impious good, and good impiety !
 Thou art the foul refiner of a state,
 Unjust scourge of mens iniquity,
 Sharp easer of corruptions desperate !
 Is there no means, but that a sin-sick land
 Must be let blood with such a boist'rous hand ?

Daniel's Civil War.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive ear,
 But stratagems, assaults, surprizes, fights :
 How to give laws to them that conquer'd were ;
 How to articulate with yielding wights.
 The weak with mercy, and the proud with fear,
 How to retain : to give deserts their right ;
 Were now the arts—and nothing else was thought,
 But how to win, and maintain what was got.

Ibid.

Affection finds a side, and out it stands ;
 Not by the cause, but by her int'rest led :
 And many urging war, most forward are,
 Not that 'tis just, but only that 'tis war.

Ibid.

Who would make war, must not have empty coffers ;
 Where one for glory, thousands fight for gain.

E. of Sterline's Darinus.

Audit

Audit the end : How can humanity,
 Preserved be in ruin of mankind ?
 Both fear and courage feel her cruelty,
 'The good and bad, like fatal ruin find :
 Her enemies do still provide her food,
 From those she ruins, she receives her good.

Lord Brooke of War.

Scipio, advanced like the god of blood,
 Leads up grim war, that father of soul wounds,
 Whose sinewy feet are sleep'd in gore, whose hideous
 voice

Makes turrets tremble, and whole cities shake ;
 Before whose brows, flight and disorder hurry,
 With whom march burnings, murder, wrong, war,
 rapes ;

Behind whom, a sad train is seen, woe, fears,
 Torture, lean need, famine, and helpless tears.

Marston's Sephorisba.

For all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
 Committed in the horrid lust of war,
 He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
 Shall find it in his grave, and in his seed.

Webster's White Devil.

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions set,
 Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet fast,
 The archers now their bearded arrows whet,

Whilst ev'ry where the clam'rous drums are bra'd ;
 Some taking view where they sure ground might get,

Not one, but some advantage doth forecast :
 With ranks and files each plain and meadow swarms,
 As all the land were clad in angry arms.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

All wars are bad : yet all wars do good ;
 And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdoms blood.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.

He is unwise that to a market goes,
 Where there is nothing to be sold but blows.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

The

These fair exordiums are the ways to win,
Is war's rhet'rick bravely to begin.

Aleyn's Poitiers.

For is it wisdom where no treasons are,
To hope for succour from a strange supply :
Money's the nerve and ligament of war,
It makes them fight, and keeps from mutiny.
Raders are souls, armies the bodies, coin
The vital spirits that do both combine.

Aleyn's Cresfey.

—————The subject's large,
Or can we there too much dispute, where, when
'e err, 'tis at a kingdom's charges ; peace
And war are in themselves indifferent,
And time doth stamp them either good or bad :
At here the place is much considerable ;
War in our own, is like to too much heat
Within, it makes the body sick ; when in
Another country, 'tis but exercise,
Conveys that heat abroad, and gives it health.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Effation for short times in war, are like
Small fits of health, in desp'rate maladies :
Which while the instant pain seems to abate,
Turns into debauch and worse estate.

Ibid.

Though war's great shape best educates the fight,
And makes small soft'ning objects less our care ;
Yet war, when urg'd for glory, more than right,
Shews victors, but authentick murd'ers are.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

How various are th' effects of war !
That fury rules
O'er human sense, that we should struggle to
Destroy in mangled wounds, our life, which
Can't decreed so short ? It is a myltery,
So sad to be remember'd by the wise,

'That

That half mankind consume their noble blood
In causes not belov'd, or understood.

Sir W. Davenant's Love and Honour

To broach a war, and not to be assur'd
Of certain means to make a fair defence,
Howe're the ground be just, may justly seem
A wilful madness.

Hemmings's Jews Tragedy

1. I ne'er thought fame a lawful cause of war.
2. Wars are good physick, when the world is sick:
But he, who cuts the throats of men for glory,
Is a vain savage fool ; he strives to build
Immortal honours upon man's mortality :
And glory on the shame of human nature,
'To prove himself a man by inhumanity :
He puts whole kingdoms in a blaze of war,
Only to still mankind into a vapour ;
'Emptys the world to fill an idle story :
In short, I know not why he should be honour'd,
And they that murder men for money hang'd.

Croton's Ambitious Statesman

War, is the harvest fir, of all ill men :
In war, they may be brutes with reputation.

B

W H O R E.

A hufwife, that, by telling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature
'That dotes on *Cassio* ; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
'To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

Shakeſpear's Othello

'Tis there civility to be a whore ;
He's one of blood and faſhion ! and with theſe
'The bravery makes, ſhe can no honour leeſe.
'To do't with cloth, or ſtuff, luſt's name might me
With velvet, pluſh, and tiſſues, it is ſpirit !

Johnſon's Underwoods

Farewell thou private ſtrumpet, worſe than common
Man were on earth an angel, but for woman !

7

ren-fold branch of hell from them doth grow ;
 uft, and murder, they raife from below,
 | their fellow fins. Women were made
 d, without fouls : when their beauties fade,
 ir luft's paff, avarice or bawdery
 hem ftill lov'd : then they buy venery,
 damnation, and hire brothel flaves ;
 : their executors, infamy their graves.

Marston's Infatiate Countess.

ood creatures ! what would you have them do ?
 you have them get their living by the
 man, the sweat of their brows ? fo they
 ery man muft follow his trade,
 ery woman her occupation :
 decayed mechanical man's
 er husband is lay'd up, may not she
 ly be lay'd down, when her husband's
 fing is by his wife's falling ?
 in's wife wants means, her commander
 open field abroad, may not she
 civil arms at home ? a waiting
 woman, that had wont to take, fay,
 lady, mifcarrys, or fo ; the
 misfortune throws her down, may not the
 urtefy take her up ? do you know
 erman would pity fuch a woman's
 why is charity grown a fin, or
 ng the poor and impotent an
 : ? you will fay beafts take no money
 ir flefhly entertainment ; true, becaufe
 re beafts, and therefore beaftly ; only men
 o loofe, becaufe they are men, therefore
 ; and indeed, wherein fhould they beftow
 money better ? in land, the title
 e crack'd ; in houfes, they may be burnt ;
 arrel, 'twill wear ; in wine, alas for pity,
 roat is but fhort : but employ your money
 women, and a thoufand to nothing,

Some

Some one of them will bestow that upon you,
Which shall stick by you as long you live:
'They are no ingratel persons, they will
Give you *quid* for *quo*: do you protest, they'll swear;
Do you rise, they'll fall, do you fall, they'll rise?
Do you give them the *French* crown, they'll give
You the *French*———O *justus, justa, justum*.
They sell their bodies; do not better persons
Sell their souls? nay, since all things have been sold,
Honour, justice, faith, nay ev'n God himself,
Ay me, what base ignobleness is it
'To sell the pleasures of a wanton bed?
Why do men scrape, why heaps to full heaps join?
But for his mistress, who would care for coin?
For this I hold to be deny'd of no man,
All things are made for man, and man for woman.

Marston's Dutch Courtesan.

Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me,
He needs nor thief, disease, or enemy.

Middleton's Mad World my Master.

Stand forth——thou one of those,
For whose close hells the plague ne'er leaves the city.
'Thou, worse than common; private, subtle harlot,
'Thou dost deceive three with one feigned lip;
'Thy husband, the world's eye, and the law's whip:
'Thy zeal is hot, for 'tis to lull and fraud,
And dost not dread to make thy book thy bawd.
'Thou'rt curse enough to husbands ill got gains,
For whom the court rejects, his gold maintains.
How dear and rare was freedom wont to be?
How few but are by their wives copies free,
And brought to such a head, that now we see,
City and suburbs wear one livery.

Middleton's Phoenix.

Our term ends once a month; we should get more
'Than the lawyers, for they have but four terms
A year, and we have twelve, that makes them
Run to fall to us in the vacation.

Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

———You have no soul,
 That makes you weigh so light: heav'n's treasure
 bought it,
 And half a crown hath sold it:——for your body,
 'Tis like the common shore, that still receives
 All the town's filth. The sin of many men
 Is within you; and thus much I suppose,
 That if all committers stood in a rank,
 They'd make a lane (in which your shame might dwell)
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell:
 Nay, I shall urge it more, there has been known
 As many by one harlot maim'd and dismember'd,
 As would have stuff'd an hospital: this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right:
 O y're as base as any beast that bears,
 Your body's ev'n hir'd, and so are theirs.
 For gold and sparkling jewels, (if he can)
 You'll let a *Jew* get you with *Christian*:
 Be he a *Moor*, a *Tartar*, though his face
 Look'd uglier than a dead man's skull;
 Could the devil put on a humane shape,
 If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets;
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
 So that y're crueller than *Turks*, for they
 Sell *Christians* only, you sell your selves away.
 Why those that love you, hate you; and will term you
 Lickorish damnation: with themselves half sunk
 After the sin is laid out, and ev'n curse
 Their fruitless riot, (for what one begets
 Another poisons): lust and murder hit;
 A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore

. A harlot is like *Dunkirk*, true to none,
 wallows both *English*, *Spanish*, fulsome *Dutch*,
 ack-door'd *Italian*, last of all the *French*,
 and he sticks to you 'faith, gives you your diet,
 rings you acquainted, first with monsieur doctor,
 and then you know what follows.

VOL. III.

N

2. Misery.

2. Misery.

Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery !
 1. Methinks a toad is happier than a whore,
 'That with one poison swells, with thousands more
 'The other stocks her veins : harlot, fie, fie !
 You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
 The very slaves of nature : mark me else,
 You put on rich attires, other eyes wear them ;
 You eat, but to supply your blood with sin :
 And this strange curse ev'n haunts you to your graves,
 From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves :
 Like bears and apes, y'are baited, and shew tricks
 For money, but your bawd the sweetness licks.
 Indeed you are their journey-women, and do
 All base and damn'd works they list set you to :
 So that you ne'er are rich ; for do but shew me,
 In present memory, or in ages past,
 'The fairest and most famous courtesan,
 Whose flesh was dearest, that rais'd the price of sin
 And held it up ; to whose intemperate bosom,
 Princes, earls, lords, the worst has been a knight,
 'The mean'st a gentleman, have offer'd up
 Whole hecatombs of sighs, and pain'd in show'rs
 Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last
 Disease suck'd her marrow, grew so poor,
 'That she has begg'd ev'n at a beggar's door.
 And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this idol
 From coast to coast has leap'd on foreign shores,
 And had more worship, than th' outlandish whores ;
 When sev'ral nations have gone over her,
 When for each sev'ral city she has seen,
 Her maidenhead has been new, and been sold dear :
 Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknown,
 And undelam'd ; back comes she to her own,
 And there both miserably lives and dies,
 Scorn'd ev'n of those that once ador'd her eyes :
 As if her fatal circled life thus ran,
 Her pride should end there, where it first began.

Dickens's First Part of the Unsettled W'here.

A strumpet is one of the devil's vines ;
 All the fins like so many poles, are stuck
 Upright out of hell, to be her props, that
 She may spread upon them : and when she's ripe,
 Every slave has a pull at her, then
 Must she be prest : The young beautiful grape
 Sets the teeth of lust on edge, yet to taste
 That liquorish wine, is to drink a man's
 Own damnation.

Dickker's Second Part of the Honest Whore;

Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear ;
 For men account them good but for one year :
 And then, like Almanacks whose dates are gone,
 They are thrown by, and no more look'd upon.

Ibid.

She is a right strumpet ; I ne'er knew any
 Of their trade rich two years together : sieve
 Can hold no water, nor harlots hoard up
 Money ; they have many vents, too many
 Slaices to let it out ; taverns, taylors, bawds,
 Panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools and knaves,
 Do all wait upon a common harlot's
 Trencher ; she is the gally-pot to which
 These drones fly ; not for love to the pot, but
 For the sweet sucket within it, her money, her money.

Ibid.

For to turn a harlot
 Honest, it must be by strong antidotes ;
 'Tis rare, as to see panthers change their spots :
 And when she's once a star, fix'd and shines bright,
 Tho' 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
 Because we see such tapers seldom burn .
 Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
 To change her to a blazing star again.

Ibid.

A drab of state, a cloath of silver flirt!
 Her train borne up, her foul trails in the dirt.

Ask but the thriving'd harlot in cold blood,
 She'd give the world to make her honour good :
 Perhaps you'll say but only to the duke's son
 In private : why, the full begins with one,
 Who afterwards to thousands proves a whore ;
 Break ice in one place, it will crack in more.

Your honour's Revenger's Tragedy.

Your punk is like your politician ; for they
 Both consume themselves, for the common people :
 And your punk of the two, is the better
 Member ; for she, like a candle to burn
 Others, burns herself.

Cupid's Wklingig.

Not sale-ware, mercenary stuff, that ye may
 Have i'th' suburbs, and now maintain traffick with
 Ambassadors servants ; nor with landladies,
 Like your students in law, who teach her to
 Augue the case so long, till she find a
 Statute for it ; nor with mistress silkworm
 In the city, that longs for creams and cakes,
 And loves to cuckold her husband in fresh
 Lin ; nor with your waiting gentlewoman,
 That is in love with perry, and will
 Not part with her honour, under a copy
 Of five verses, or an anagram ; nor
 With your court lady herself, that keeps a
 Staboon, and cozens the old knight, and
 The two part of spectacles, in the shape
 Of a serving man ; but with your rich, fair,
 High bred, glorious, and springing out a mountain,
 Full of blood, whose eyes will make a soldier
 Cuck, and he were compos'd of marble ; whose
 Every smile hath a magnetick force to
 Draw up souls, whose voice will charm a satyre,
 And turn a man's pray'r into ambition ;
 That can be made too, to hell for a touch
 Of her, and there hug his own damnation.

Steele's Careful Servant.

W H O

us be friends, and most friendly agree :
 up, and the punk, and the doctor are three ;
 not but thrive, when united they be :
 p brings in custom ; the punk she gets treasure ;
 h the physician is sure of his measure,
 t that she makes him, in sale of her pleasure :
 h, when she fails by diseases or pain,
 for new vamps and upsets her again.

Richard Brame's City Wit.

should love a whore, a very
 i cocatrice ! my thoughts are drown'd in
 of sin ; she's a very cannibal,
 oth devour man's flesh, and a horse-leach
 ks out mens best bloods perfection :
 ris'ners box that ope's for ev'ry
 nevolence.

Sharpham's Flirt.

and whores are near ally'd,
 h their tails maintain their pride.

Baron.

harlots fair, like gilded tombs,
 without, within all rottenness :
 : a painted fire upon a hill,
 ure the frost-nipt passengers,
 ve them after hope : she is indeed
 as strumpets are, angel in shew,
 heart.

Hoffman's Tragedy.

ot is the broad way unto hell,
 nth, a ditch, a poisonous well :
 nightly glow-worm, canker'd bras,
 on inn, a sink, a broken glas :
 is lust, her lover is a slave,
 s are fetters, and her bed's a grave.
 own fountain ; stollen waters please
 is minds, and breed the soul's disease.

Watkins.

And as this wit should goodness truly know,
 We have a will, which that true good should chuse,
 Though will doth oft (when wit false forms doth shew)
 'Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse :

Will puts in practice, what the wit deviseth :
 Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still :
 And as from wit, the pow'r of wisdom riseth,
 All other virtues daughters are of will.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
 Which doth for common good in council sit ;
 And when wit is resolv'd, will lends her pow'r
 'To execute what is advis'd by wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth controul
 Of fancy's courts the judgments false and vain ;
 Will holds the royal scepter in the soul,
 And o'er the passions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,
 Nought can restrain her gentle liberty :
 No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r
 'To make us will, when we unwilling be.

Sir John Davies.

What we would do,
 We shou'd do, when we would ; for this would changes,
 And hath abatements and delays as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;
 And then this should, is like a spend-thrift sigh
 'That hurts by easing.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our will and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown ;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

Ibid.

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dang'rous shores
 Of will and judgment

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

—The cloyed will,
 tiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, (that tub
 'd, and running :) rav'nish first the lamb,
 ster, for the garbage.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

not in my virtue to amend it.
 ue ? a fig : 'tis in ourselves that we
 s, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens,
 which our wills are gardeners : so
 we plant nettles, or sow lettuce ;
 op, and weed up thyme ; supply it
 ie gender of herbs, or distract it
 any ; either have it steril with
 , or manur'd with industry ;
 he pow'r and corrigible authority
 , lies in our will.

Shakespeare's Othello.

rs are man's religion, pow'r his laws ;
 : confusion, and his will the cause.

Lord Brooke's Inquisition on Fame and Honour.

ertainty is in our bloods, our fates ?
 re still write, is blotted out by fates :
 lls are like a cause, that is law-toft,
 ne court orders, by another's croft.

Middleton's Game at Chess.

re you know my will is like
 smooth and cold ; but being stricken,
 s forth fire ev'n in the striker's eyes.

Cupid's W'irligig.

if is grown so desprate, but the ill
 way cured, if the party will.

Herrick.

man is punish'd, he is plagued still,
 : the fault of nature, but of will.

Ibid.

W I N T E R.

The wrathful winter halting on apace,

Whom blarney blasts had all year'd the green,

And old Saturnus with his frosty face

Whom chilling cold had pierc'd the tender green.

The marest vent wherein enwrapped been

The glaucous groves, that now lay overthrown,

The apperance, and ev'ry tree down blown.

The fair was erst so seemingly was seen,

That she defied of her beauty's hue,

And while fresh flowers twizewith the summer's green

Hath been the scene, now Boreas blasts down blew,

And from their freezing, in their long del row

The winter's scene, watewith each thing delaid,

Is woful witness'd the summer past.

Flowermen had left his noxley livery;

The naked wings were flur'ring all for cold,

And cropping down the reas abundantly;

Each thing 'mongst 'mongst, with weeping eye me told

The cold was coming, withing the wint'old

Mild I wot, for I was gotten cold

From the north, as great I wot'd about.

That of *Dejeu* in the *Mirror for Magistrates*

— *Dejeu* in the *Mirror*

My eyes, that once, how do I appear broken,

I see the world, how do I appear broken,

Long ago, how do I appear broken,

My eyes, that once, how do I appear broken,

Long ago, how do I appear broken,

My eyes, that once, how do I appear broken,

Long ago, how do I appear broken,

My eyes, that once, how do I appear broken,

Long ago, how do I appear broken,

My eyes, that once, how do I appear broken,

Long ago, how do I appear broken,

My eyes, that once, how do I appear broken,

Long ago, how do I appear broken,

Then

When ev'ry barn rung with the threshing flails,
And shepherds boys for cold 'gan blow their nails.

Brown's Pastorals.

————— When winter doth the earth array
In silver suit, and when the night and day
Are in dissention, night locks up the ground,
Which by the help of day is oft unbound.

Ibid.

Fair *Flora's* pride into the earth again
Was sunk : cold winter had begun his reign,
And summon'd beauteous daylight to restore
To night, those hours, which he had stol'n before.

May's Henry II.

December rag'd, the northern winds did blow,
And by their pow'r had glaz'd the silver flood
Of near adjoyning *Thames*, whose waters stood
Congealed still ; o'er which the snow around
Had fall'n, and with white fleeces cloath'd the ground.

Ibid.

Now shiv'ring winter fledg'd with feather'd rain,
Cover'd the earth with beds of watrish down,
Which warns the prince to quit the open plain,
And have his soldiers winter'd in a town ;
Who unto *Bordeaux* unimpeach'd retreats,
And for this year takes leave of martial seats.

The piercing frosts candy'd in *Gallick* skies,
Against their countrys foes would so combine,
The tunicles should not secure their eyes,
And all the humours would turn cristalline :
In their blue channels the red streams had stood,
And spirits been congealed in that flood.

Therefore the prince will not his men bestow,
In fields unshelter'd, whilst the leagu'ring cold,
And batt'ring engines of chill ice and snow,
Assault the spirits, and surprize their hold :
Who let their men i'th' field in winter lie,
Both combat nature, and the enemy.

W I S

W I S D O M.

And as from senses, reason's work doth spring,
 So many reasons understanding gain,
 And many understandings knowledge bring,
 And by much knowledge, wisdom we obtain.
 As many stairs we must ascend upright,
 Ere we attain to wisdom's high degree :
 So doth the earth eclipse our reason's light,
 Which else no infants would like angels see.

Sir John Davis.

— — — — — Men wife,
 By the same steps by which they fell, may rise.
Shakespeare and Rowley's Birth of Moline.

Wisdom will e'er to appear most bright,
 When it doth tax itself; as these black masques
 Proclaim on our bold beauty ten times louder,
 Than beauty could display'd
Shakespeare's Measure for Measure.

A wife man's home is wheretoe'er he's wife;
 Now that, here man, not from the place doth rise.
Shakespeare's Second Part of Antonio and Melinda.

A wife man wrongfully, but never wrong
 Can take : his breast's of such well temper'd proof,
 It may be rack'd, not pierc'd by savage tooth
 Of burning malice : show'rs of darts may dark
 Heaven's ample brow, but not strike out a spark;
 Much less pierce the sun's cheek.

Rid.

— — — — — He that's a man for men,
 Ambitious as a god, must like a god
 Live free from passions ; his full aim'd at end,
 Inmense to others, sole self to comprehend ;
 Round in his own globe, not to be clasp'd, but holds
 Within him all, his heart being of more folds,
 Than shield of *Ishamon* ; not to be pierc'd, though struck :
 The God of wife men is themselves, not luck.

Martston's Sophonista.

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All things are lawful that do profit bring ;
A wife man's bow goes with a two-fold string.

John Day's Isle of Gulls.

The opinion of wisdom, is a foul tetter,
That runs all over a man's body : if simplicity
Directs us to have no evil, it directs us
To a happy being, for the subtlest folly
Proceeds from the subtlest wisdom.

Webster's Dutcheffs of Malfy.

This is the wife man's cure,
That any thing, fate wills, he can endure.

Daubourne's Poor Man's Comfort.

Let a wife man place his strength
Within himself, nor trust to outward aids :
That whatsoever from the gods can come,
May find him ready to receive their doom.

May's Cleopatra.

Move on then stars, work your pernicious will :
Only the wife rule, and prevent your ill.

Maffinger and Field's Fatal Downy.

True wisdom, planted in the hearts of kings,
Needs no more glory than the glory't brings ;
And like the sun, is view'd by her own light,
Shining, by her own reflection, made more bright.

Quarles.

Wealth, without wisdom, may live more content,
Than wit's enjoyers can, debarr'd of wealth ;
All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet
Of any since Solomon that pray'd for wit :
He's counted wise enough in these vain times,
That hath but means enough to wear gay cloaths,
And be an outside of humanity ; what matters it a pin,
How indiscreet so e'er a natural be,
That his wealth be great ? that's it doth cause
Wisdom in these days to give fools applause.
And when gay folly speaks, how vain so'e're ;
Wisdom must silent sit, and speech forbear.

Taylor's Hog hath lost his Pearl.

————— In such like affairs,
Which do concern th' uncertain rule of states,
Wife men should always be above their fates.
Glaphorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

————— But let
E'en the plotting destinies contrive,
And be themselves of council ; all their malice
Shall only shew an idle fruitless hate,
While wisdom takes the upper hand of fate.
Cartwright's Royal Slave.

Excellent morality ! O the vast extent
O'th' kingdom of a wife man ! such a mind
Can sleep secure, when the brine kisses the moon,
And thank the courteous storm for rocking him !
Baron's Mirza.

The wife men were but seven : now we scarce know
So many fools, the world so wife doth grow.
Heath's Clarabella.

Your wisdom hath the skill to cure
Dilemppers, stronger than your fortune feels.
Sir W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.

The wife I here observe,
Are wise tow'ids God ; in whose great service still,
More than in that of kings, themselves they serve.
Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.

I can but smile to think how foolish wife
Those women are, that chuse their loves for wisdom.
Wisdom in man's a golden chain, to tie
Poor women in a glorious slavery.

Sicelides.

Justice and faith never forsake the wife,
Yet may occasion put him in disguise ;
Not turning like the wind, but if the state
Of things must change, he is not obdurate ;
Things past, and future, with the present weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour says ;
Few things, by wisdom are at full believ'd ;
An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd.

Debarre.

But seven wise men the antient world did know ;
We scarce know seven, who think themselves not so.

Denham.

Wisdom of what her self approves, makes choice ;
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear sighted reason wisdom's judgement leads,
And sense, her vassall, in her footsteps treads.

Ibid.

All human wisdom to divine, is folly ;
This truth, the wisest man made melancholy.

Ibid.

Greatness we owe to fortune, or to fate ;
But wisdom only can secure a state.

Denham's Sophy.

1. Are there divinities below ?
2. There are ; ev'ry wise thing is a divinity,
That can dispose, and check the fate of things.

Sir Robert Howard's Great Favourite.

1. Consult a little with your prudence.
2. Wisdom's too froward to let any find
Trust in himself, or pleasure in his mind ;
She takes by what she gives ; her help destroys ;
She shakes our courage, and disturbs our joys :
Rashness allows unto the sudden sense
All it's own joys, and adds her confidence.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgins.

For 'tis the fate of wise men, to be thought
To act what int'rest, not justice, bids them :
And Histories do oft'ner palliate crimes,
Than publish them.

Fane's Sacrifice.

Were all things of one temper,
The universe would not subsist one minute :
Were all men wise, the world would be at a
stand, whilst each do prove unmanageable
To others designs.

Hectors.

The

The wise do always govern their own fates,
 And fortune with officious zeal attends
 To crown their enterprizes with success.

Abdicated Prince.

W I T.

Wit not avails, late bought with care and cost ;
 Too late it comes, when life and all is lost.

Mirror for Magistrates.

The wit, the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
 And in man's world the only shining star :
 Look in the mirror of the fantasy,
 Where all the gath'rings of the senses are :

From thence, this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,
 And them within her passive part receives,
 Which are enlighten'd by that part which acts,
 And so the forms of single things perceives:

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
 Anticipating, and comparing things,
 She doth all universal natures know,
 And all effects into their causes brings;

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
 The name of reason she obtains by this :
 But when by reason she the truth hath found,
 And standeth fix'd, she understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
 To either part, she has opinion's light:
 But when she doth by principles define
 A certain truth, she hath true judgment's sight.

Lat. John De Witt.

But they that know that wit can shew no skill,
 But when she things in senses glass doth view,
 Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
 It nothing sees, or sees the false for true :

For if that region of the tender brain,
 Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
 And th' outward sense's gath'rings should retain,
 By nature, or by chance, become unfix'd.

Either at first incapable it is,
 And so few things, or none at all receives :
 Or marr'd by accident, which haps amifs,
 And so amifs it ev'ry thing perceives.

Sir *John Davies*,

As the most forward bud
 Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow ;
 Ev'n so by love, the young and tender wit
 Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud ;
 Losing his verdure, ev'n in the prime,
 And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The only foil of his fair vertue's gloss,
 If vertue's gloss will stain with any foil,
 Is a sharp wit, match'd with too blunt a will ;
 Whose edge hath pow'r to cut, whose will still wills,
 It should spare none that come within his pow'r.

Shakespeare's Love's Labour's lost.

Short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Ibid.

Your wit makes wise things foolish ; when we greet
 With eyes best seeming heaven's fiery eye,
 By light we lose light ; your capacity
 If of that nature, as to your huge store
 Wise things seems foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ibid.

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Johnson's Volpone.

But as of lions it is said, and eagles,
 That when they go, they draw their feres and talons
 Close up, to shun rebating of their sharpness :
 So our wit's sharpness, which we should employ
 In noblest knowledge, we should never waste
 In vile and vulgar admirations.

Chapman's Revenge of Buffy D'Ambois.

Her wit stings, blisters, galls off the skin
 With the tart acrimony of her sharp quickness :

By

By sweetness she is the very *Pallas*

'That flew out of *Jupiter's* brain-pan.

Marston's First Part of Antonio and Mellida.

One excellence to many is the mother ;

Wit doth as creatures, one beget another.

Drayton in the Mirror for Magistrates.

'The wit of man wanes and decreases soon ;

But woman's wit is ever at full moon.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

When she has reapt what I have sown,

She'll say one grain tails better of her own,

'Than whole sheave gather'd from another's land ;

Wit's never good, till bought at a dear hand.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

————— 'Tis most fit,

He should have state, that riseth by his wit.

Barrey's Ram Alley.

He's a good husband, who so buys his wit,

'That others, not himself, doth pay for it.

Shyn's Henry VII.

When wit makes not abuse its exercise,

'The use of it then are truly wise :

But 'tis a foolish vanity, not wit,

When conscience bounds are broke to practise it.

Nabbs's Covent Garden.

In meaner wits that proverb chance may hold,

'That they who soon are ripe, are seldom old.

Gyldenow on Ho. Randolph's Death.

Dread not the shackles ; on with thine intent :

Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

Herrick.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking

Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :

Hail thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :

But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.

Many affecting wit beyond their pow'r,

Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

Hobart.

As buds to blossoms, blossoms turn to fruit ;
So wits ask time to ripen and recruit,

Howell.

Thy wit's chief virtue, is become it's vice ;
For ev'ry beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
That now coarse faces carry such a price,
As must undo a lover that should buy.

Sir W. Davenant to Tho. Carew.

The nimble packing hand, the swift
Disorder'd shuffle, or the slur, or his
More base employment, who makes love for bread,
Do all belong to men that may be thought
To live, sir, by their sins, not by their wits.

Sir W. Davenant's Wits.

These are the victories of wit : by wit
We must atchieve our hopes ; which to refine
And purify, with paces doubled let us
Descend a marble vault : there taste the rich
Legitimate blood of the mighty grape :
It magnifies the heart, and makes the agile
Spirits dances ;
It drowns all thoughts adulterate and sad,
Inspires the prophet, makes the poet glad.

Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.

Wit flies beyond the limit of that law,
By which our sculptors 'grave, or painters draw,
And statuarys up to nature grow ;
Who all their strokes of life to poets owe.
Their art can make no shape for wit to wear,
It is divine, and can no image bear :
None by description can that soul express ;
Yet all must the effects of it confess :
States boast of those effects, when they relate,
How they in treatys foil'd a duller state :
And warriors, shewing how they gain'd the day,
How they drew up, and where their ambush lay :
And lovers, telling, why a rival fail'd,
Whilst they but whisper'd beauty, and prevail'd :

And

And cloister'd men, when they with smiles declare
How rigidly they are confin'd from care,
And how they let the world plough troubled seas,
Whilst they for penance must endure their ease.

Sir W. Davenant to the E. of Orrery.

As fullen heirs, when wastful fathers dye,
'Their old debts leave for their posterity
'To clear; and the remaining acres strive
'I enjoy, to keep them pleasant whilst alive :
So I (alas!) were to my self unkind,
If from that little wit, he left behind,
I simply should so great a debt defray;
I'll keep it to maintain me, not to pay.
Yet, for my soul's last quiet when I dye,
I will commend it to posterity :
Although 'tis fear'd, 'cause they are left so poor,
'They'll but acknowledge, what they should restore.

Sir W. Davenant to Doctor Duppa.

You can't expect that they should be great wits,
Who have small purses, they usually
Sympathize together; wit is expensive,
It must be dieted with delicacies,
It must be suckled with the richest wines,
Or else it will grow flat and dull.

Nevile's Poor Scholar.

Time runs, love flies;
He that thinks least, is the most wise:
And fortune ever did approve
A present wit, in war, or love.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

W I V E S.

I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my
Butter, parson *Hugh* the *Welshman* with my
Cheese, an *Irishman* with my *aqua vitae*
Bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling
Gelding, than my wife with her self: then she
Plots, then she ruminates, then she devises:

And

And what they think in their hearts they may effect,
They will break their hearts but they will effect.

Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too ;
We do not act, that often jest and laugh :
'Tis old, but true, still swine eat all the brock.

Id.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Ev'n such a woman oweth to her husband :
And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, slower,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a soul contending rebel,
And graceless traytor to her loving lord ?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway.
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason happily more,
'To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;
But now I see, our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare ;
'That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands foot :
In token of which duty if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew.

After you are marry'd, sir, suffer valiantly ;
For I must tell you all the perils that you are
Obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and
Vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more
Flies ; all the yellow doublets, and great roses

In the town will be there : if foul and crooked,
 She'll be with them, and buy those doublets and
 Roses, fir ; if rich, and that you marry
 Her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house,
 As imperious as a widow : if noble,
 All her kindred will be your tyrants : if
 Fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humorous
 As *April* ; she must have her doctors, her
 Midwives, her Nurses, her longings ev'ry
 Hour ; though it be for the dearest morsel
 Of man : if learned, there was never such
 A parrot ; all your patrimony will
 Be too little for the guests that must be
 Invited, to hear her speak *Latin* and *Greek* :
 And you must lie with her in those languages
 Too, if you will please her : if precise, you
 Must feast all the silenc'd brethren once in
 Three days, salute the sisters, entertain
 The whole family, or woo'd of them, and
 Hear long-winded exercises, singings,
 And catechisings, which your not giv'n to,
 And yet must give for, to please the zealous
 Matron your wife ; who, for the holy cause,
 Will cozen you over and above : then, if
 You love your wife, or rather doat on her,
 O, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure
 In your torments ! you shall lye with her but
 When she lists ; she will not hurt her beauty,
 Her complection, or it must be, for that
 Jewel, or that pearl, when she does ; ev'ry
 Half hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and
 With the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first.
 Then, you must keep what servants she please, what
 Company she will ; that friend must not visit
 You without her license ; and him she loves
 Most, she will seem to hate eagerliest
 To decline your jealousy, or feign to be
 Jealous of you first ; and for that cause go
 Live with her she-friend, or cozen at the

College, that can instruct her in all the
 Mysterys of writing letters, corrupting
 Servants, taming spies; where she must have that
 Rich gown for such a great day, a new one
 For the next, a richer for the third; be
 Serv'd in silver, have the chamber fill'd with
 A succession of grooms, footmen, ushers,
 And other messengers; besides embroiderers,
 Jewellers, tire-women, semsters, feather-men,
 Perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land
 Drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees
 The change, when the mercer has your woods
 For her velvets: never weighs what her pride
 Costs, sir, so she may kiss a page, or a
 Smooth chin, that has the despair of a beard;
 Be a Stateswoman, know all the news, what
 Was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*,
 What at court, what in progress: or, so she
 May censure poets, and authors, and stiles,
 And compare them, *Daniel* with *Spencer*,
Johnson with th'other youth, and so forth; or
 Be thought cunning in controversies, or
 The very knots of divinity, and have often
 In her mouth the state of the question:
 And then skip to the mathematicks, and
 Demonstration and answer in religion
 To one, in state to another, in bawdry
 To a third. All this is very true, Sir.
 And then her going in disguise to that
 Conjuror, and this cunning woman; where
 'The first question is, how soon you shall dye?
 Next, if her present servant love her? next,
 That if she shall have a new servant? and
 How many? which of her family would
 Make the best bawd, male or female?
 What precedence she shall have by her next
 Match? and sets down the answers, and believes
 Them above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll

Study

Study the art : and then comes reeking home
 Of vapour and sweat, with going a foot,
 And lies in a month of a new face, all
 Oil, and bird-lime; and rises in asses
 Milk, and is cleans'd with a new fucus: God
 Be with you sir, one thing more (which I had
 Almost forgot) This too, with whom you are
 'To marry, may have made a conveyance
 Of her virginity aforehand, as
 Your wife widows do of their estates, before
 'They marry, in trust to some friend, sir; who
 Can tell? or if she have not done it yet,
 She may do, upon the wedding day, or
 'The night before, and antidate you cuckold.

Johnson's Silent Woman.

He that will choose
 A good wife from a bad, come learn of me,
 'That hath try'd both, in wealth and misery.
 A good wife will be careful of her fame,
 Her husband's credit, and her own good name,
 And such art thou : a bad wife will respect
 Her pride, her lust, and her own name neglect,
 And such art thou ; a good wife will be still
 Industrious, apt to do her husband's will ;
 But a bad wife, cross, spiteful and madding,
 Never keep home, but always be a gadding,
 And such art thou ; a good wife will conceal
 Her husband's dangers, and no thing reveal
 'That may procure him harm, and such art thou :
 But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlock's vow,
 On this side virtue, and on that side sin,
 On this who strive to loose, or this to win :
 Here lives perpetual joy, here burning woe.
 Now husbands choose on which hand will you go ?
 Seek virtuous wives, all husbands will be blest;
 Fair wives are good, but virtuous wives are best.
 They that my fortunes will peruse, shall find
 No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.

How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad.

———My dear lord's wife, and knows
 That tinsel glitter, or rich purpled robes,
 Curled hairs, hung full of sparkling carcanets,
 Are not the true adornments of a wife:
 so long as wives are faithful, modest, chaste,
 Wife lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste
 With each slight flame of crackling vanity.
 A modest eye forceth affection,
 Whilst outward gayness, light looks but entice;
 Fairer than nature's fair, is foulest vice.
 She that loves art, to get her cheek more lovers,
 Much outward gawds, slight inward grace discovers:
 I care not to seem fair, but to my lord.
 Those that strive most to please a stranger's sight,
 Folly may judge most fair, wisdom most light.

Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.

In the election of a wife, as in
 A project of war, to err but once, is
 To be undone for ever. You are a man
 Well sunk in years, and to graft such a young
 Blossom into your stock, is the next way
 To make ev'ry carnal eye bespeak your injury.
 Troth I pity her too; she was not made
 To wither and go out by painted fires,
 That yields her no more heat than to be lodg'd
 In some bleak banquetting house in the dead
 Of winter; and what follows then? your shame,
 And the ruin of your children; and there's
 The end of a rash bargain.

Middleton's Any thing for a quiet Life.

'Tis not enough for one that is a wife
 To keep her spotless from an act of ill,
 But from suspicion she should free her life,
 And bare her self of pow'r as well as will:
 'Tis not so glorious for her to be free,
 As by her proper self restrain'd to be.

When

When she hath spacious ground to walk upon,
 Why on the ridge should she desire to go?
 It is no glory to forbear alone
 Those things, that may her honour overthrow:
 But 'tis thank-worthy, if she will not take
 All lawful liberties for honour's sake.

That wife, her hand against her fame doth rear,
 That more than to her lord herself will give
 A private word to any second ear;
 And though she may with reputation live,
 Yet, though most chaste, she doth her glory blot,
 And wounds her honour, though she kills it not.

When to their husbands they themselves do bind,
 Do they not wholly give themselves away?
 Or give they but their body, not their mind,
 Reserving that though best for others, pray?
 No sure, their thoughts no more can be their own;
 And therefore should to none but one be known.

Then she usurps upon another's right,
 That seeks to be by publick language grac'd:
 And though her thoughts reflect with purest light,
 Her mind, if not peculiar, is not chaste.
 For in a wife it is no worse to find,
 A common body, than a common mind.

And ev'ry mind though free from thought of ill,
 That out of glory seeks a worth to shew:
 When any's ears but one therewith they fill,
 Doth in a sort her pureness overthrow.

Lady Carrev's Marian.

Let all young sprightly wives that have
 Dull foolish coxcombs to their husbands,
 Learn by me their duties, what to do;
 Which is, to make them fools, and please them too.

Baumont and Fletcher's Noble Gentlemen.

————— I know
 The sum of all that makes a man, a just man happy,
 Consists in the well choosing of his wife ;
 And there well to discharge it, does require
 Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;
 For beauty being poor, and not cry'd up
 By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither :
 And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
 And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.

Massinger's New Way to pay old Debts.

A witty wife, with an imperious will,
 Being cross, finds means to cross her husband still.

Richard Brome's Mad Couple well match'd.

If e'er I take a wife, I will have one,
 Neither for beauty nor for portion,
 But for her vertues ; and i'll marry'd be
 Not for my lust, but for posterity :
 And when i'm wed, i'll never jealous be,
 But make her learn how to be chaste by me :
 And be her face what 'twill, i'll think her fair,
 If she within the house confine her care :
 If modest in her words and cloaths she be,
 Not daub'd with pride, and prodigality :
 If with her neighbours she maintains no strife,
 And bears her self to me a faithful wife ;
 I'd rather unto such a one be wed,
 Than clasp the choicest *Hellen* in my bed :
 Yet though she were an angel, my affection
 Should only love, not doat on her perfection.

Randolph.

Suspicion, discontent, and strife,
 Come in for dowry with a wife.

Herrick.

Oh servile state of conjugal embrace !
 Where seeming honour covers true disgrace.
 We with reproaches, mistresses defame ;
 But we poor wives endure the greatest shame :

We to their slaves are humble slaves, whilst they
 Command our lords, and rule what we obey :
 Their loves each day new kindnesses uphold,
 We get but little, and that little cold ;
 That a poor wife is with her state reproach'd,
 And to be marry'd, is to be debauch'd.

Crowe's Collo.

W O M E N.

It is thought wonderful
 Among the fœmen, that mugill, of all
 Fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly
 Of the best, of all, the slowest : and shall
 It not seem monstrous to wise men, that the
 Heart of the greatest conqu'ror of the world,
 Should be found in the hands of the weakest
 Creature of nature ? of a woman ! of
 A captive ! Ermines have fair skins, but foul
 Livers ; sepulchers fresh colours, but rotten
 Bones ; women fair faces, but false hearts.

Lilly's Alexander and Campass.

Mens due deserts each reader may recite,
 For men of men do make a goodly shew,
 But womens works can never come to light ;
 No mortal man their famous acts may know ;
 No writer will a little time bestow,
 The worthy acts of women to repeat ;
 Though their renown and due deserts be great.

Mirror for Magistrates.

1. You're pictures out of doors,
 Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
 Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
 Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds!
2. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !
 1. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
 You rise to play, and go to bed to work,

Shakespeare's Othello.

be black, and thereto have a wit,
find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Shakespeare's Othello.

's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
oes soul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Ibid.

man sometimes scorns what best contents her ;
her another, never give her o'er ;
orn at first, makes after love the more :
do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
ther to beget more love in you :
do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
hy, the fools are mad, if left alone :
no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
get you gone, she doth not mean away :
r, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
ne'er so black, say they have angel's faces.
man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
th his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

woman reads another's character,
out the tedious trouble of decyphering.

Johnson's New Inn.

at holds religious and sacred thoughts
woman ; he that bears so reverend
pect to her, that he will not touch
but with a kiss'd hand and a timorous
; he that adores her like his goddess,
im be sure, she'll shun him like her slave.
good souls, women of themselves are
able and tractable enough, and
d return *quid* for *quod* still, but we are
that spoil them, and we shall answer for't
er day ; we are they that put a
of wanton melancholly into them,
makes them think their noses bigger than
saces, greater than the sun in brightness ;

And whereas nature made them but half fools,
We make them all fools.

Chapman's May Day.

'Tis women! ah *Myrtillus*, rather trust
'The summer's winds, th' ocean's constancy;
For all their substance is but levity:
Light are their wav'ring veils, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their desires:
Let them lay on what coverture they will
Upon themselves, of modesty and shame,
'They cannot hide the woman with the same.
'Tis women! ah *Myrtillus*, rather trust
'The false devoting crocodile of *Nile*,
For all they work is but deceit and guile:
What have they but is feign'd? their hair is feign'd,
'Their beauty feign'd, their stature feign'd, their pace,
'Their gesture, motion, and their grace is feign'd:
And if that all be feign'd without, what then
Shall we suppose can be sincere within?
For if they do but weep, or sing, or smile,
Smiles, tear, and tunes, are engines to beguile;
And all they are, and all they have of grace,
Consists but in the outside of a face.

Daniel's Arcadia.

But how durst he of one the glory raise,
Where two condemn'd would needs the wrong repair?
It spites our sex, to hear another's praise:
Of which, each one would be thought only fair.

Paul of Sterlin's Julius Cæsar.

A woman's hate is ever dipp'd in blood,
And doth exile all councils that be good.

Lord Brooke's Alabam.

Alas, fair princess! those that are strongly form'd,
And truly shap'd, may naked walk; but we,
We things call'd women, only made for shew
And pleasure, created to bear children,
And play at shuttle-cock; we imperfect mixture,
Without respective ceremony us'd,

End

ver compliment, alas, what are we?
 from us formal custom, and the courtesies
 h civil fashion hath still us'd to us,
 ll to all contempt. O women! how much,
 much are you beholden to ceremony?

Marston's Sophonisba.

be a virgin of a modest
 shame fac'd, temp'rate aspect, her very
 ity inflames me, her sober blushes
 ne: If I behold a wanton, pretty,
 ly, petulant ape, I am extreamly
 e with her, because she is not clownishly rude,
 hat she assures her lover of no
 ant, dull, moving *Venus*: Be she
 ly severe, I think she wittily counterfeits,
 love her for her wit: If she be
 ed and censures poets, I love her soul,
 or her soul, her body: Be she a
 of profest ignorance, oh I am
 ely taken with her simplicity;
 sur'd to find no sophistication
 her! Be she slender and lean, she's
Greek's delight: Be she thin and plump, she's
italian's pleasure: If she be tall, she's
 goodly form, and will print a fair
 rtion in a large bed: If she be
 and low, she's nimbly delightful,
 rdinarily quick witted: Be she young,
 or mine eye: Be she old, she's for my
 rse, as one well knowing there is much
 leness in a grave matron: But be
 ung, or old, lean, fat, short, tall, white, red,
 y, nay even black, my discourse shall find
 n to love her, if my means may procure
 untunity to enjoy her.

Marston's Faun.

hen that sex leave vertue to esteem,
 greatly err, which think them what they seem.
 Their

Their plighted faith, they at their pleasure leave,
 'Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate ;
 On whom they smile, they surely those deceive ;
 In their desires, they be insatiate :
 Them of their will, there's nothing can bereave,
 Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date :
 They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim,
 'They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

To dote on weakness, slime, corruption, woman !
 What is she, took asunder from her cloaths ?
 Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces,
 Much like your *German* clock, and near ally'd ;
 Both are so nice, they cannot go for pride :
 Beside a greater fault, but too well known,
 'They'll strike to ten, when they should stop at one.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

When there comes a restraint upon flesh, we
 Are always most greedy upon't ; and that
 Makes your merchant's wife often times pay so
 Dear for a mouthful : give me a woman
 As she was made at first, simple of herself,
 Without sophistication, like this wench :
 I cannot abide them, when they have tricks,
 Set speeches, and artful entertainments :
 You shall have some so impudently aspected,
 'They will out-cry the forehead of a man,
 Make him blush first, and talk him into silence ;
 And this is counted manly in a woman ;
 It may hold so, sure womanly it is not : no,
 If e'er I love, or any thing move me,
 'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.

Ibid.

— Oh hapless creatures !
 'There is in woman a devil from her birth ;
 Of bad ones we have thefts, of good a dearth.

Dickens's Match me in London.

She

that bad that hath desire to ill,
that hath no pow'r to rule that will.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Woman Hater.

that are call'd women, know as well
it were a far more noble thing,
where we are grac'd, and give respect
here we are respected; yet we practise
course, and never bend our eyes
with pleasure, till they find the way
us a neglect: then we, too late
the loss of what we might have had,
to death.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.

me, what is that only thing,
which all women long:
know what they most desire,
give it, does them wrong?
not to be chaste, nor fair,
but, malice may impair;
suffic'd, to walk or ride,
without unespied;
serve an honest name,
to give it up to fame;
the toys: in good or ill,
suffice to have their will;
when they have it, they abuse it,
we know not how to use it.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleas'd.

notorious women that are fam'd
for culine virtue, have been vitious;
happier silence did betide them:
no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

Webster's White Devil.

are caught as you take tortoisés:
to be turn'd on her back.

Ibid.

This is the tyranny we men endure ;
 Women can make us mad, but none can cure.

Webster and Rowley's Thracian Wonder

—————It shall suffice ;

By women man first sell, by them I'll rise.

Mason's Muleasses.

Women and honesty are as near ally'd,
 As parsons lives are to their doctrines,
 One and the same.

Barry's Ram Alley.

Never regard the passions of a woman :
 They're wily creatures, and have learnt this wit,
 Where they love most, best to dissemble it.

Smith's Hector of Germany.

How have I wrong'd thee ! oh who would abuse
 Your Sex, which truly knows ye ! O women,
 Were we not born of ye ? should we not then
 Honour ye ? nurs'd by ye, and not regard
 Ye ? begotten on you, and not love ye ?
 Made for ye, and not seek ye ? and since we
 Were made before ye, should we not love and
 Admire ye as the last, and therefore perfect't work
 Of nature ? Man was made, when nature was
 But an apprentice, but woman, when she
 Was a skilful mistress of her art ; therefore
 Cursed is he that doth not admire those
 Paragons, those models of heav'n, angels
 On earth, goddesses in shape : by their loves
 We live in double breath, even in our
 Offspring after death. Are not all vices
 Masculine, and virtues feminine ? are
 Not the *Muses* the loves of the learned ?
 Do not all noble spirits follow the *Graces*,
 Because they are women ? there's but one phoenix,
 And she's a female : is not the princess
 And foundress of good arts, *Minerva*, born
 Of the brain of highest *Jove*, a woman ?
 Have not these women the face of love, the

Tongue

Tongue of persuasion, the body of delight ?
 O divine perfection'd woman, whose praises
 No tongue can full express, for that the matter
 Doth exceed the labour ! O, if to be
 A woman be so excellent, what is
 It then to be a woman enrich'd by
 Nature, made excellent by education,
 Noble by birth, chaste by vertue, adorn'd
 By beauty ! a fair woman which is the
 Ornament of heaven, the grace of earth,
 The joy of life, and the delight of all sense,
 Ev'n the very *summum bonum* of man's life.

Cupid's Whirligig,

—————What a plague
 Of vary'd torture is a woman's heart ?
 How like a peacock's tail, with diff'rent lights
 They differ from themselves ! the very air
 Alters the aspen humours of their bloods,
 Now excellent good, now super-excellent bad.

Sir Giles Goose-Case,

Creatures the most imperfect, nothing of
 Themselves, only patch'd up to cozen and
 Gull men, borrowing their hair from one, and
 Complexions from another ! nothing
 Their own that's pleasing ; all dissembled, not
 So much, but their very breath is sophisticated
 With amber-pellets, and kissing caules.
 Marry a woman ! — Thou undergo'st an
 Harder task, than those bold spirits, that did
 Undertake to steal the great *Turk* into *Christendom*.
 A woman ! she's an angel at ten, a
 Saint at fifteen, a devil at forty,
 And a witch at fourscore.

Sweetnam the Woman Hater.

—————We are all
 But flesh and blood ; the same thing that will do
 My lady good, will please her woman too.

John Ford's Lover's melancholy.

Here's th' unhappiness of woman still,
 That having forfeited, in old time, their trust,
 Now makes their faith suspected, that are just.

Mayfinger, Middleton, and Rowley's Old Law.

O never love, except thou be belov'd !
 For such an humour ev'ry woman seizeth,
 She loves not him that 'plaineth, but that pleaseth.
 When much thou lovest, most disdain comes on thee,
 And when thou think'st to hold her, she flies from thee :
 She follow'd flies, she fled from, follows post,
 And loveth best, where she is hated most.
 'Tis ever noted, both in maids and wives,
 Their hearts and tongues are never relatives :
 Hearts full of holes (so elder shepherds feign)
 As apter to receive, than to retain.

Brown's Pastorals.

Women, as well as men, retain desire,
 But can dissemble more than men, their fire.

Ibid.

Trust not a woman ! they have found the herb
 To open locks ; not brazen towers can hold 'em ;
 Or if they get not loose, they have the virtue
 Of loadstones ; shut up in a box, they'll draw
 Customers to them ; nay, being dead and bury'd,
 There is a Suspicion they will break the grave ;
 Which puts so many husbands to the charge
 Of heavy stones to keep their bad wives under.

Shirley's Constant Maid.

It is

The nature of women to be vext,
 When they know any of their servants court
 Another ; and that love they thought not worth
 Their own reward, will sting 'em to the soul,
 When 'tis translated where it meets with love :
 And this will either break her stubborn heart,
 Or humble her.

Shirley's Brothers.

All mankind are alike to them ;
 And though we iron find
 That never with a loadstone join'd,
 'Tis not the iron's fault,
 But, because the loadstone yet was never brought,
 Where a gentle bee hath fall'n
 And labour'd to his pow'r,
 New succeeds not to that flow'r,
 But passes by ;
 'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his thigh.
 Or still the flowers ready stand,
 One buzzes round about,
 One lights, one tastes, gets in, gets out,
 All, all ways use them,
 Till all their sweets are gone, and all again refuse them.

Suckling.

will not love one minute more, I swear,
 No, not a minute ; not a sigh or tear
 Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
 No, thou should'st court me to't, and would'st begin,
 Will not think of thee, but as men do
 Of debts and sins ; and then, I'll curse thee too ;
 For thy sake, woman shall be now to me
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be :
 I hate so perfectly, that it shall be
 Reason, to love that man that loves a she ;
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there :
 Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
 And all for thee : —what, wilt thou love me yet ?

Ibid.

—These silly women, when they feed
 Their expectation so high, do but like
 Ignorant conjurers, that raise a spirit
 Which handsomely they cannot lay again.

Suckling's Aglaure.

This is a parricide to his mother's name,
 And with an impious hand murders her fame,

'That wrongs the praise of women ; that dares write
 Libells on saints, or with foul ink requite
 'The milk they lent us : Better sex, command
 'To your defence, my more religious hand
 At sword, or pen ; yours was the nobler birth ;
 For you of man were made, man but of earth,
 'The son of dult : and tho' your sin did breed
 His fall, again you rais'd him in your seed :
 Adam in's sleep again full lost sustain'd,
 'That for one rib, a better self regain'd ;
 Who had he not your blest creation seen,
 An *Anchorite* in *Paradise* had been.
 Why in this work did the creation rest,
 But that eternal providence thought you best
 Of all his six days labour ? Beasts should do
 Homage to man, but man shall wait on you :
 You are of a comelier sight, of daintier touch,
 A tender flesh, and colour bright, and such
 As *Parians* see in marble ; skin more fair,
 More glorious head, and far more glorious hair ;
 Eyes full of grace and quickness ; purer roses
 Blush in your cheeks ; a milder white composes
 Your stately fronts ; your breath more sweet than his
 Breaths spice, and nectar drops at ev'ry kiss.
 Your skins are smooth, bristles on theirs do grow
 Like quills of porcupines ; rough wooll doth flow
 O'er all their faces ; you approach more near
 The form of angels, they like beasts appear :
 If then in Bodies where the souls do dwell
 You better us ; do then our souls excel ?
 No, we in souls equal perfection see,
 There can in them, nor male nor female be.
 Boast we of knowledge ? you are more than we,
 You were the first ventur'd to pluck the tree :
 And that more rhet'rick in your tongues do lie,
 Let him dispute against, that dares deny
 Your least commands ; and not persuaded be
 With *Samson's* strength, and *David's* piety,

To be your willing captives : vertue sure
 Were blind as fortune, should she choose the poor
 Rough cottage, man, to live in, and despise
 To dwell in you, the stately edifice :
 Thus you are prov'd the better sex ; and we
 Must all repent, that in our pedigree,
 We chose the father's name ; where should we take
 The mother's, a more honour'd blood, twould make
 Our generation sure and certain be,
 And i'd believe some faith in heraldry.
 Thus perfect creatures, if detraction rise
 Against your sex, dispute but with your eyes,
 Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
 So subtle and so strong an argument,
 Will teach the stoick his affection too,
 And call the cynick from his tub to wooe.
 Thus must ring up your beauteous troops go on,
 The fairest, is the valiant *Amazon*.

Randolph.

Let them imagine, who did ever know
 What mis'd womens wild desires will do,
 When they extremely do, or lust, or loath;
 Cruel alike, alike unjust in both,
 And from their worst desires most hardly chang'd.

May's Edward III.

The wanton nymph doth more delight me far ;
 The modest nymphs do more seem chaste than are :
 Women are all alike ; the difference this,
 This seems and is not, that both seems and is ;
 Or if some are not, as they call it, ill ;
 They want the pow'r and means, but not the will.

Sicelides.

Women in the beginning (as 'tis said)
 To be an help to man was chiefly made :
 Then ought not women much to be commended,
 Who answer th' end for which they were intended ?
 Women were made to help men, so they do :
 Some unto sorrow, grief, diseases too :

Others,

Others, do their kind husbands help to spend.
 Their whole estates ; thus answer they their end :
 Some help men unto more than they were born
 To have, I mean *Atton's* head and horn.
 Crooked condition'd nature made her, when
 She form'd her of the crooked'th parts in men :
 Nature first fram'd her of a man's rib, she
 Then can't chuse but a crof-grain'd creature be :
 And ever since (it may not be deny'd)
 Poor man hath subject been t'a litch i' th' side.

Cleolan

For shame you pretty female elves,
 Cease thus to candy up your selves ;
 No more you fettarys of the game,
 No more of your calcining flame.
 Women commence by cupid's dart,
 As a king hunting dubs a hart.

B

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,
 Such as evap'rates through the coarser male ;
 As through coarse stone, elixir passage finds,
 Which scarce through finer chryſtal can exhale.

Sir W. Davenant's Gondibe

— A woman's will

Is not to strong in anger, as her skill.

Sir W. Davenant's Albovi

Oh what a feeble fort's a woman's heart,
 Betray'd by nature, and besieg'd by art !

Fane's Love in the Du

Dangers and business are cut out for men ;
 Women are spar'd, to stock the world again.

Fane's Sacrif

No woman takes her self to be a monster ;
 Yet she would be so, if her eyes were flars,
 Her lips of roses, and her face of lilies.
 Why, traps were made for foxe, gins for hares,
 Junc-twigs for birds, and lies and oaths for women.

Bb

C

Oh women, mens subduers !
 Natures extreams ! no mean is to be had ;
 Excellent good, or infinitely bad.

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

Womens sweet words
 As far are from their hearts (though from their breasts
 They flie) as lapwings crys are from their nests.

Davenport's City Night Cap.

He is a fool who thinks by force, or skill,
 To turn the current of a woman's will.

Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

Seek for the star that's shot upon the ground,
 And nought but a dim gelly there is found :
 Thus foul and dark our female stars appear,
 If fall'n or loosned once from vertue's sphere.

Bishop King.

Women, like china, should be kept with care ;
 One flaw debases her to common ware.

Crown's Sir Courtly Nice.

'oor womankind——
 Heav'n for our ruin, gifts on us bestows,
 Charms to allure, no power to oppose.
 In passion we are strong, in reason weak,
 Constant alone, to error and mistake ;
 In vertue feign'd, in vanity sincere ;
 Witty in sin, and for damnation fair.

Crown's Darins.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confess ;
 Too stately for a womans narrow breast.
 'oor love is lost in mens capacious minds ;
 In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

Crown's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

From men we only seem to fly,
 To meet them with more privacy.

Crown's Calisto.

W O R D S

As the vapour which the fire repells,
 Turns not to earth, but in the mid air dwells ;

Where

Where while it hangs, if *Boreas*' frosty flaws,
 With rigour rattle it, not to rain it thaws,
 But thunder, light'nings, ratt'ling hail or snow
 Sends down to earth, whence first it rose below :
 But if fair *Phæbus* with his count'nance sweet
 Resolve it, down the dew, or manna fleet :
 The manna dew, that in the eastern lands,
 Excel the labour of the bees small hands.
 Else for her *Memnon* grey *Aurora*'s tears
 On the earth it still; the partner of her fears.
 Or sends sweet show'rs to glad their mother earth,
 Whence first they took their first inconstant birth :
 To so great griefs, ill taken words do grow :
 Of words well taken, such delights do flow.

Mirror for Magistrates.

———— His plausible words

He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
 To grow there and to bear.

Shakespeare's All's well that ends well.

Your words are ear-wigs to my vexed brains,
 Like hen-bane juice, or aconite diffus'd,
 They strike me senseless.

True Trojans.

Words are the soul's ambassadors, who go
 Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
 They are the sole expounders of the mind,
 And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
 They are those airy keys that ope (and wrest
 Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.
 By them the heart makes sallies: wit and sense
 Belong to them: They are the quintessence
 Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,
 And so calcine and melt again, until
 They drop forth into accents; in whom lies
 The salt of fancy, and all faculties.
 The world was fram'd by the eternal word,
 Who to each creature did a name afford;

And

And such an union made 'twixt words and things,
 That ev'ry name a nature with it brings.
 Words do involve the greatest mysteries :
 By them the *Jew* into his *Cabal* pries.
 The chymick says, in stones, in herbs, in words,
 Nature for ev'ry thing a cure affords :
 Nay, some have found the glorious stars to be
 But letters, set in an orthography,
 The fate of kings and empires to foretell ;
 With all things else below, could we them spell.
 That grand distinction between man and brute,
 We may to language chiefly attribute.
 The lion roars, the elephant doth bray ;
 The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh ;
 Man speaks : 'Tis only man can words create,
 And cut the air to sounds articulate
 By nature's special charter. Nay, speech can
 Make a shrewd discrepance 'twixt man and man :
 It doth the gentleman from clown discover ;
 And from a fool the grave philosopher :
 As *Solon* said to one in judgment weak,
 I thought thee wise until I heard thee speak.
 For words in man bear the most critick part ;
 We speak by nature ; but speak well by art.
 And as good bells we judge of by the sound,
 So a wise man by words well plac'd is found :
 Therefore it may be call'd no vain pretence,
 When 'mongst the rest the tongue would be a sense.
 The tongue's the rudder which man's fancy guides,
 Whilst on this world's tempestuous sea he rides.
 Words are the life of knowledge ; they set free,
 And bring forth truth by way of midwifery :
 The activ'st creatures of the teeming brain,
 The judges who the inward man arraign :
 Reason's chief engine and artillery
 To batter error, and make falsehood fly :
 The cannons of the mind, who sometimes bounce
 Nothing but war, then peace again pronounce.

The

This *faun* will turn the fringe of wood,
And turn those *males* deeper *warrior* than *spear* or *sword*.

Huxell.

There were *war* and *war* as from *at* their *cage*, the
The *war* is *war* for the *war* and *war* beyond
The *war* and *war* as from *at* their *cage*, the

The *war* is *war* for the *war* and *war* beyond
The *war* and *war* as from *at* their *cage*, the

The *war* is *war* for the *war* and *war* beyond
The *war* and *war* as from *at* their *cage*, the

Deirdre's Poor Scholar.

W O R L D

How *severe*, *fast*, *fast*, and *unprofitable*
How *severe*, *fast*, *fast*, and *unprofitable*

How *severe*, *fast*, *fast*, and *unprofitable*
How *severe*, *fast*, *fast*, and *unprofitable*

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Shakespeare's Hamlet.

This world's a *city* full of *straying* *streets*,
And *death* is the *market-place* where each one *meets*.

Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher's Two noble Kinsmen.

Lo, how the *stormy* world doth *worldlings* *tofs*,

'Tis *what* *fancy* *pleasures*, and a *rocky* *will*!

While *them* that *court* it *most*, it *most* doth *cross*,

'Tis *vice* *indulgent*, *virtue's* *step-dame* *still*.

R. of Sterline's Cresset.

Who to the *full*, thy *vileness*, world, e'er *told*!

What is in *thee*, that's not *extremely* *ill*?

A *loathsome* *shop*, where *poison's* only *fold*,

Whole *very* *entrance* *instantly* doth *kill*:

Nothing in *thee* but *villany* doth *dwell*,

And all thy *ways* lead *head* long into *hell*,

Drayton's Legend of Pierce Gaveston.

'This world is like a *mint*, we are no *sooner*

Call into the *fire*, taken out *again*,

Hammer'd, stamp'd, and made *current*, but

Presently we are *chang'd*.

Dickker and Webster's Westward Ho.

As mankind, so is the world's whole frame
 Quite out of joint, almost created lame :
 For before God had made up all the rest,
 Corruption enter'd, and deprav'd the best :
 It seiz'd the angels, and then first of all
 The world did in her cradle take a fall,
 And turn'd her brains ; and took a general maim,
 Wronging each joint of th' universal frame :
 The noblest part, man, felt it first ; and then,
 Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man ;
 So did the world from the first hour decay,
 'That evening was beginning of the day ;
 And now the springs and summers, which we see,
 Like sons of women after fifty be :
 And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
 The element of fire is quite put out :
 'The sun is lost, and th' earth ; and no man's wit
 Can well direct him where to look for it.

Dr. Donne.

—————The world contains
 Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains,
 Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more,
 The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor ;
 The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
 By which remote and distant countries meet.

Ibid.

They say the world is like a byas-bowl,
 And it runs all on the rich mens sides : others
 Say, 'tis like a tennis ball, and fortune
 Keeps such a racket with it, as it tosses
 It into time's hazard, and that devours all.

Cupid's Whirligig.

This world's the chaos of confusion :
 No world at all, but mass of open wrongs,
 Wherein a man, as in a map may see
 'The high road way from woe to misery.

Willy begui'd.

1. What

1. What other is the world than a ball,
Which we run after with hoop and with hollie,
He that doth catch it, is sure of a fall,
His heels tript up by him that doth follow!
2. Do not women play too?
3. They are too light, quickly down.
1. O yes, they are the best gamesters of all;
For though they often lie on the ground,
Not one amongst a hundred will fall,
But under her coats the ball will be found.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

No marvel, thou great monarch didst complain,
And weep, there were no other worlds to gain:
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiss;
Hea's grief enough, that finds no world but this.

Quarles.

Thus having travers'd the fond world in brief,
The lust of th' eyes, the flesh, and pride of life;
Unbias'd and impartially we see,
'Tis lighter in the scale, than vanity.
What then remains? But that we still should strive
Not to be born to die, but dye to live.

Cleveland.

Well hath the great creator of the world
Fram'd it in that exact and perfect form,
'That by itself unmoveable might stand,
Supported only by his providence.
Well hath his pow'rful wisdom ordered
The in nature disagreeing elements,
'That all affecting their peculiar place,
Maintain the conservation of the whole.
Well hath he taught the swelling ocean
'To know his bounds, lest in luxurious pride
He should insult upon the conquer'd land.
Well hath he plac'd those torches in the heav'ns
'To give light to our else all darkned eyes:
'The chrystal windows thorough which our soul
Looking upon the world's most beauteous face,

with sight and knowledge of his works.
 hath he all things done : for how, alas !
 any strength or wit of feeble man
 ned have that greater universe
 weak an *Atlas* for one commonwealth ?
 could he make the earth, the water, air,
 ire, in peace their duties to observe,
 idle up the headstrong ocean,
 cannot rule the wits and tongues of men,
 keep them in ? It were impossible
 ve light to the world, with all his art
 kill, that cannot well illuminate
 darkned understanding.

Sophister.

s grand wheel, the world, we're spokes made all ;
 that it may still keep its round,
 mount while others fall.

Alex. Brome.

looks upon this world, and not beyond it,
 e abodes it leads to, must believe it
 bloody slaughter-house of some ill pow'r,
 r than the contrivance of a good one.
 thing here breeds misery to man ;
 sea breeds storms to sink him : If he flies
 ore for aid, the shore breeds rocks to tear him :
 earth breeds briars to rend him, trees to hang him ;
 e things that seem his friends, are false to him :
 air that gives him breath, gives him infection ;
 takes his health away, and drink his reason.
 eason is so great a plague to him,
 ever is so pleas'd as when he's robb'd on't
 ink or madness.

Crown's ambitious Statesman.

—Oh cursed troubled world !
 e nothing without sorrow can be had,
 tis not easy to be good or bad !
 orroure attends evil, sorrow good,
 plagues the mind, and vertue flesh and blood.

Crown's Desires.

'The world is a great dance, in which we find
 'The good and bad have various turns assign'd ;
 But when they've ended the great masquerade,
 One goes to glory, th' other to a shade.

Crown's Julian

Y O U T H.

BE affable and courteous in youth, that
 You may be honour'd in age. Roses that
 Lose their colours, keep their favours, and pluck'd
 From the stalk, are put to the still. *Cotonea*,
 Because it boweth when the sun riseth,
 Is sweetest when it is oldest : and children,
 Which in their tender Years sow courtesy,
 Shall in their declining states reap pity,

Lilly's Sappho and Phao

———Let me not live (quoth he)
 After my flame lacks oil ; to be the snuff
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
 Meer fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions.

Shakspear's All's well that ends well

———For Youth no less becomes
 'The light and careless livery that it wears,
 'Than settled age his fables, and his weeds
 Importing health and graveness.

Shakspear's Hamlet

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course,
 For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse :
 His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,
 Time may recall, and all his madness tam'd.

Shakspear's London Prodigal

I will

I'll not practice any violent means to stay
 Th' unbridled-course of youth in him : for that
 Restrain'd, grows more impatient ; and, in kind,
 Like to the eager, but the gen'rous grey-hound,
 Who, ne'er so little from his game withheld,
 Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

What Stoick strange, who most precise appears,
 Could that Youth's death with tearless eyes behold ?
 In all perfections ripe, tho' green in years ;
 A hoary judgment under locks of gold.

E. of Sterling's Crasus.

—————The heat
 Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
 Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
 Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
 Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

—————Folly may be in youth :
 But many times 'tis mixt with grave discretion
 That tempers it to use, and makes its judgment
 Equal, if not exceeding that, which palsies
 Have almost shaken into a disease.

Nabbs's Covent Garden.

I love to see a nimble activeness
 In noble youth ; it argues active minds
 In well shap'd bodies, and begets a joy
 Dancing within me.

Ibid.

1. Though youthful blood be hot,
 Yet it must be allay'd and cool'd by snowy age ;
 And those of elder years ought to restrain
 Its violent and impetuous course.

2. Ay, but with this caution and proviso,
 That the restraint be not unseasonable :
 'Tis a receiv'd opinion 'mong anatomists,
 That the ligature and binding of a member,
 If seasonably apply'd, preserves the heart

From

From violent influxes of the blood ;
 But if the application be untimely, it causes
 Gangreens and hæmorrhagies ;
 So youthful blood if check'd unseasonably,
 Becomes more insolent and impetuous,
 More vicisted and corrupt, than if
 Its natural course had not been hinder'd ;
 'The age of youth is the strong rein of
 Passion, and vice does ride in triumph
 Upon the wheels of vehement desire,
 Which run with infinite celerity,
 When the body drives the chariot,
 They can't be stopp'd on a sudden ;
 Art and deliberation must be us'd.

Neville's Poor Scholar.

All hardy youths ! from valiant fathers sprung,
 Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,
 That th' aged fetch'd examples from the young,
 And hid the vain experience which they brought.

Sir William Davenant's Gondibert.

Something of youth, I in old age approve ;
 But more the marks of age in youth I love.
 Who this observes, may in his body find
 Decrepit age, but never in his mind.

Denham.

And they whose high examples youth obeys,
 Are not despised, though their strength decays ;
 And those decays, to speak the naked truth,
 Though the defects of age, were crimes of youth :
 Intemp'rate youth, by sad experience found,
 Ends in an age imperfect and unbound.

Denham.

And to rash youth 'tis an unhappy fate,
 To come too early to a great estate.

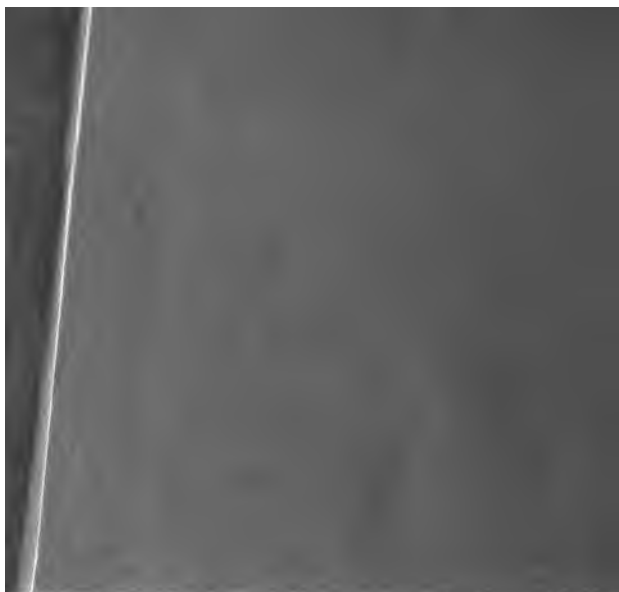
Crown's Calisto.

I I N I S.













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